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MAD

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OUR MEATIEST ARTICLES FROM
THE PAGES OF INSIDE MAD

PERSONALLY SELECTED BY
MAD'S WRITERS, ARTISTS AND BUTCHERS

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MAD

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By Norman Mingo

From "The Soul of MAD" Collection

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MAD **CHOICE** **CUTS**



**A PREMIUM ASSORTMENT
OF OUR MEATIEST ARTICLES**

Edited by John Ficarra



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Special thanks to Al Feldstein and Nick Meglin, who originally edited many of the articles in this book, and to John Putnam and Lenny Brenner, who art directed them. Thanks to writer/editor Vic Arkoff, for her untiring work in obtaining the celebrity appreciations for this book. Thanks to Doug Gilford and Mike Slaubaugh for their always handy and accurate MAD fan sites. An extra special thanks to Bill Gaines, who started it all and whose spirit lives on in the MAD offices, to all the “Usual Gang of Idiots” past and present and, of course, to Max Korn.

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Foreword

For a magazine that has published an embarrassing number of articles called "A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at ...", we had never once presented "A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at... MAD" — Now we have!

For this collection, culled from the book *Inside MAD*, we tasked our writers and artists, affectionately known as "The Usual Gang of Idiots" (and we have to add "affectionately" or things tend to get pretty tense around the coffee machine), to choose a favorite MAD article, either by themselves or someone else. Then we directed them to pen an essay, telling why it's one of their favorites. Their essays are sort of like the "commentary" feature on a DVD. But you have to read it. And there's no DVD. But at least you don't have to waste ten minutes trying to open one of those execrable shrink-wrapped packages. You're welcome.

The selections in this book span from the 1950s through the 2000s, as do the careers of many of our contributors. So for those who chose a piece of their own creation, many had dozens and dozens of MAD articles to pick from. Their self-imposed dilemma: "Which one to pick?" In that way, it was similar to *Sophie's Choice* — but with laughs.

Yet the story (and this foreword) doesn't end there. We also enlisted the services of showbiz reporter Vic Arkoff to track down celebrities from all aspects of the entertainment industry and convince them to contribute their own thoughts regarding MAD. Just before being strong-armed by the celebrities' bodyguards and studio security, she came through.

So there you have it. I'd call this book an important document chronicling our culture over the past six decades and offering keen insight into the creative process of some of America's most talented writers and artists. But after reviewing current truth-in-advertising laws, MAD'S attorney has advised against it.

Charlie Kadan
Senior Editor, MAD
September 2014

SPECIAL HARD-TIMES SURVIVAL ISSUE

MAD

**HARRY
POTTER
AND THE
HALF-BAKED
MOVIE**

**USELESS
iPHONE
APPS**

**BO
OBAMA'S
NEW
BOOK
EXCLUSIVE
PREVIEW**

**THAT
SHAMWOW
IDIOT**

**SHATNER
TWITTERS**



MAD #501/OCTOBER 2009

by Mark Fredrickson
ARTIST

A personal favorite of mine from MAD is my own cover of a homeless Alfred with his cardboard "Will Worry for Food" sign. This cover was featured on a few financial blogs that dealt with the stock market. Ironically, the image was seen as a contrarian Wall Street indicator — when Wall Street is bearish, contrarians say it's time to buy stocks. Strangely enough, the cover presaged a huge rally in the stock market that's still

going strong. Yes, you can make money by reading MAD. The cover was also memorable for the type on the sign. My favorite art director, MAD's extraordinarily talented Sam Viviano, gave me his usual goofy doodle to get me going on the cover art. His roughly sketched type for the sign was impossible to improve upon, so it appears as he sketched it on Alfred's piece of cardboard.

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD'S new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're



HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

WRITER: PHIL HAHN



Breaking out of a SLUMP



Giving in to a WHIM



Pointing out an ABSURDITY



Plugging a LEAK

by Paul Coker
ARTIST



his assignment gives me a chance to express my gratitude to the writers who have kept me cartooning all these years. Without them I would, no doubt, be sitting at my drawing board just sucking air.

I especially want to thank my old friend and fellow Kansan, Phil Hahn, who many years ago wrote a funny script for MAD and encouraged me to illustrate it. My lifetime association with MAD began as a result of Phil's idea.



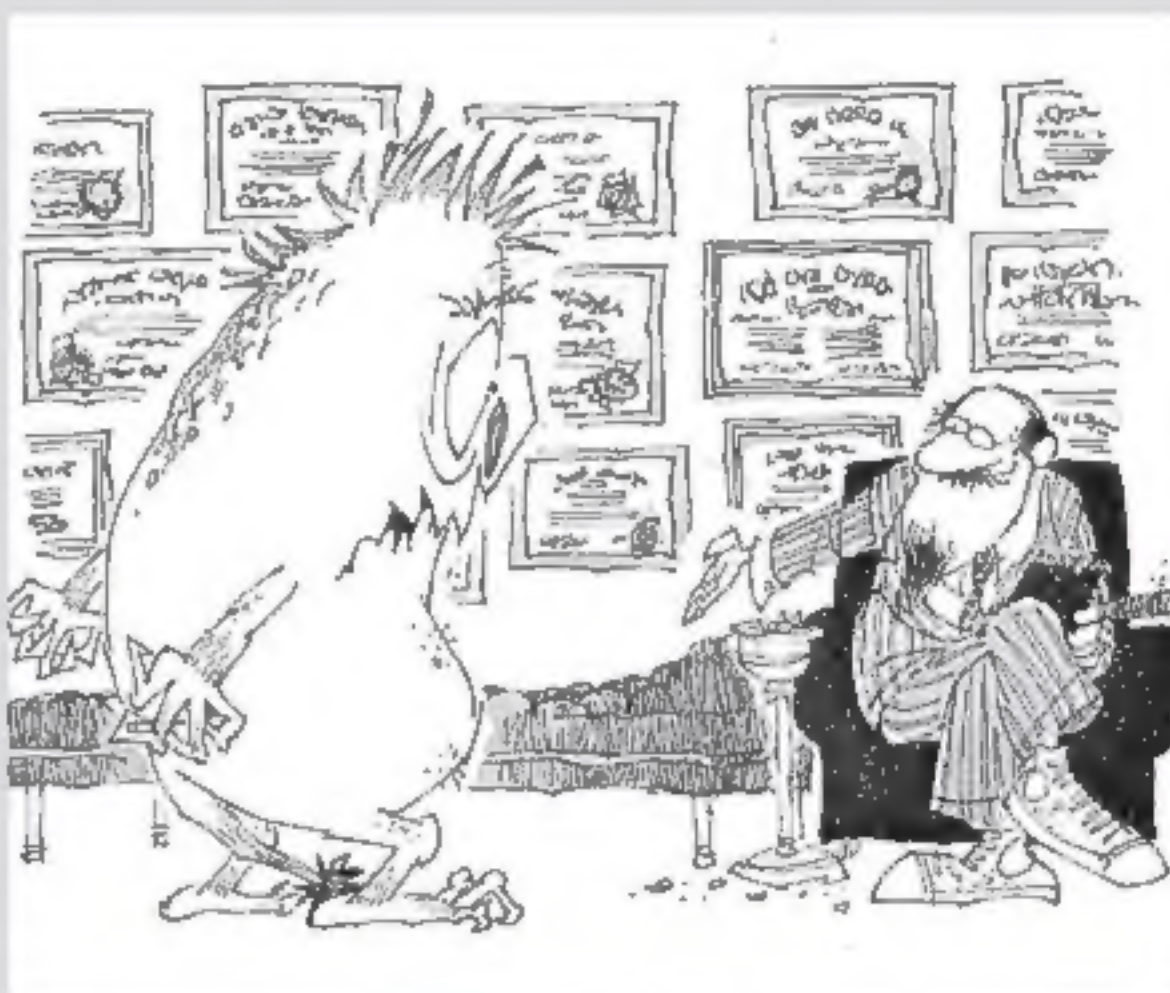
Laying out a **PLAN**



Covering up a **SCANDAL**



Feeding one's **EGO**



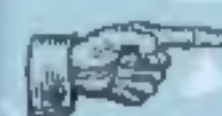
Couching a **PHRASE**



Working out your **HOSTILITIES**



Hitting the **NAIL** on the head



RE: VERSE PSYCHOLOGY DEPT.

Parents love reading "Mother Goose" to their kids. The problem is that those old Nursery Rhymes don't prepare

youngsters for their future careers. Wouldn't it be a great idea if career-oriented mothers and fathers were

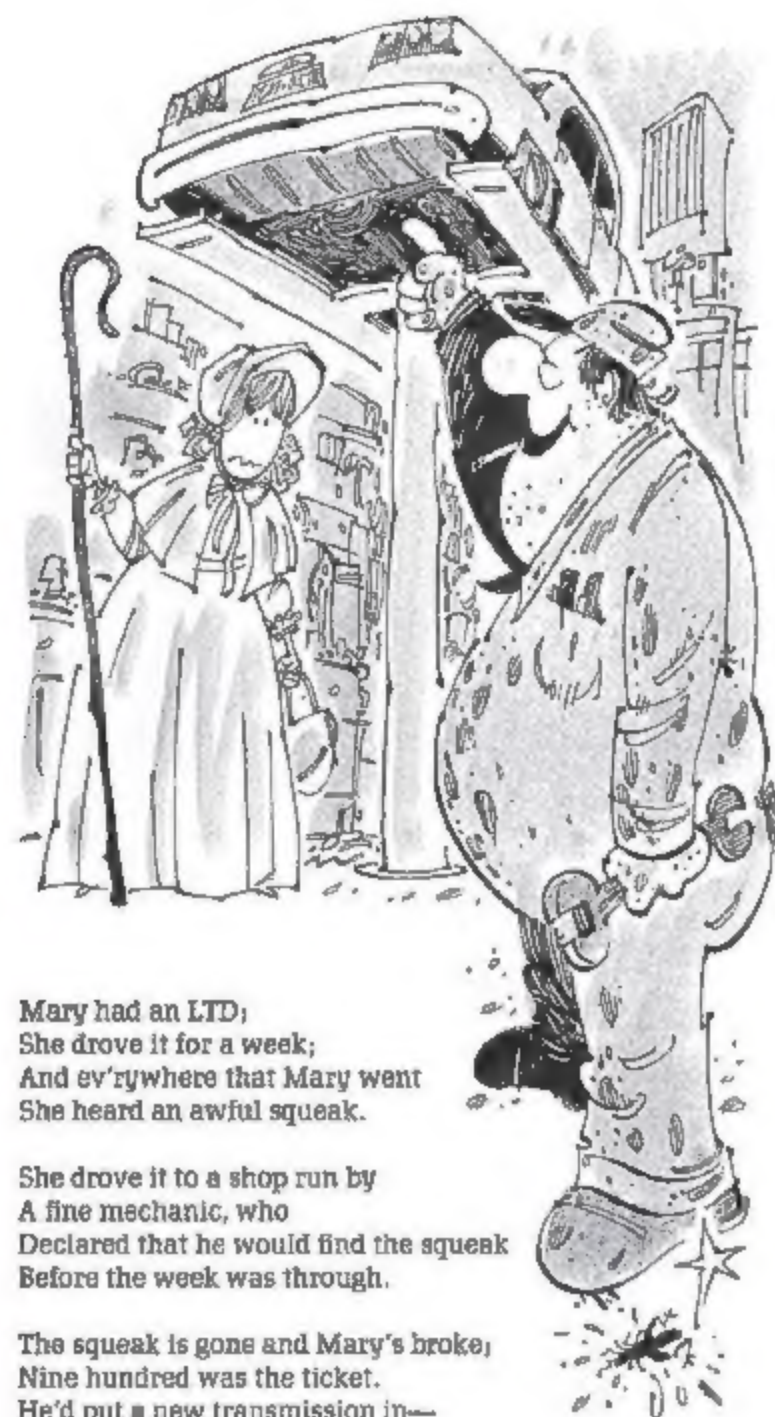
supplied with verses dealing with their particular jobs and professions? Then they could inspire their kids with

MAD'S CAREER-ORIENTED MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

MARY HAD AN LTD

as told by an
AUTO MECHANIC



Mary had an LTD;
She drove it for a week;
And ev'rywhere that Mary went
She heard an awful squeak.

She drove it to a shop run by
A fine mechanic, who
Declared that he would find the squeak
Before the week was through.

The squeak is gone and Mary's broke;
Nine hundred was the ticket.
He'd put a new transmission in—
And taken out the cricket!

JACK AND JILL

as told by an
ECONOMIST



Jack and Jill
Climb down their hill
With water for the nation;
Already, twice,
They've raised their price
To keep up with inflation.

Jack and Jill
More buckets fill;
They work until they totter;
But though they're beat,
They can't compete
With cheap, imported water!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

as told by a
GOSSIP COLUMNIST



Little Miss Muffet
Is sharing her tuffet
With Bo-Peep and Solomon Grundy;
They say Georgie Porgie
Was seen at an orgy
With Old Mother Hubbard last Sunday.

Seems Little Boy Blue
Gets it on in the shoe
'Cause he's heard the Old Woman is kinky;
And as for Jack Sprat,
Well, his wife left him flat
And is living with Wee Willie Winkie.

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES

as told by a
DOCTOR

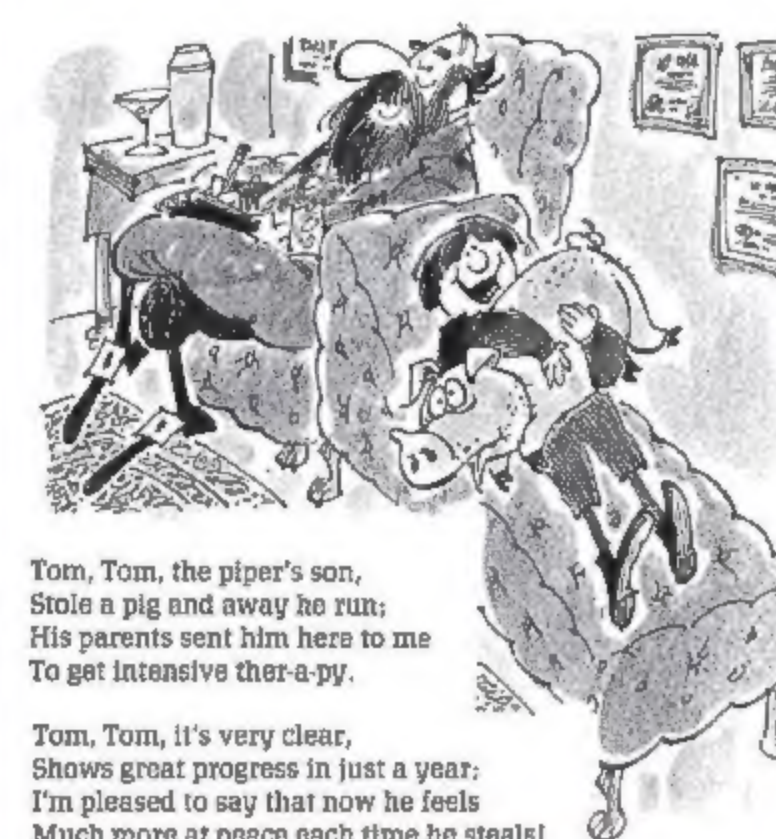


As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man who had the luvies,
A woman with a fractured hip,
A dozen children with the grippe,
Two cyclists in a head-on crash,
A tourist with a dreadful rash,
Six barefoot girls with broken toes,
A shepherd with a twisted nose;

How many people did I tell to call my nurse
for an appointment during office hours after
I returned from playing golf at St. Ives?

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

as told by a
PSYCHIATRIST



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
His parents sent him here to me
To get intensive ther-a-py.

Tom, Tom, it's very clear,
Shows great progress in just a year;
I'm pleased to say that now he feels
Much more at peace each time he steals!

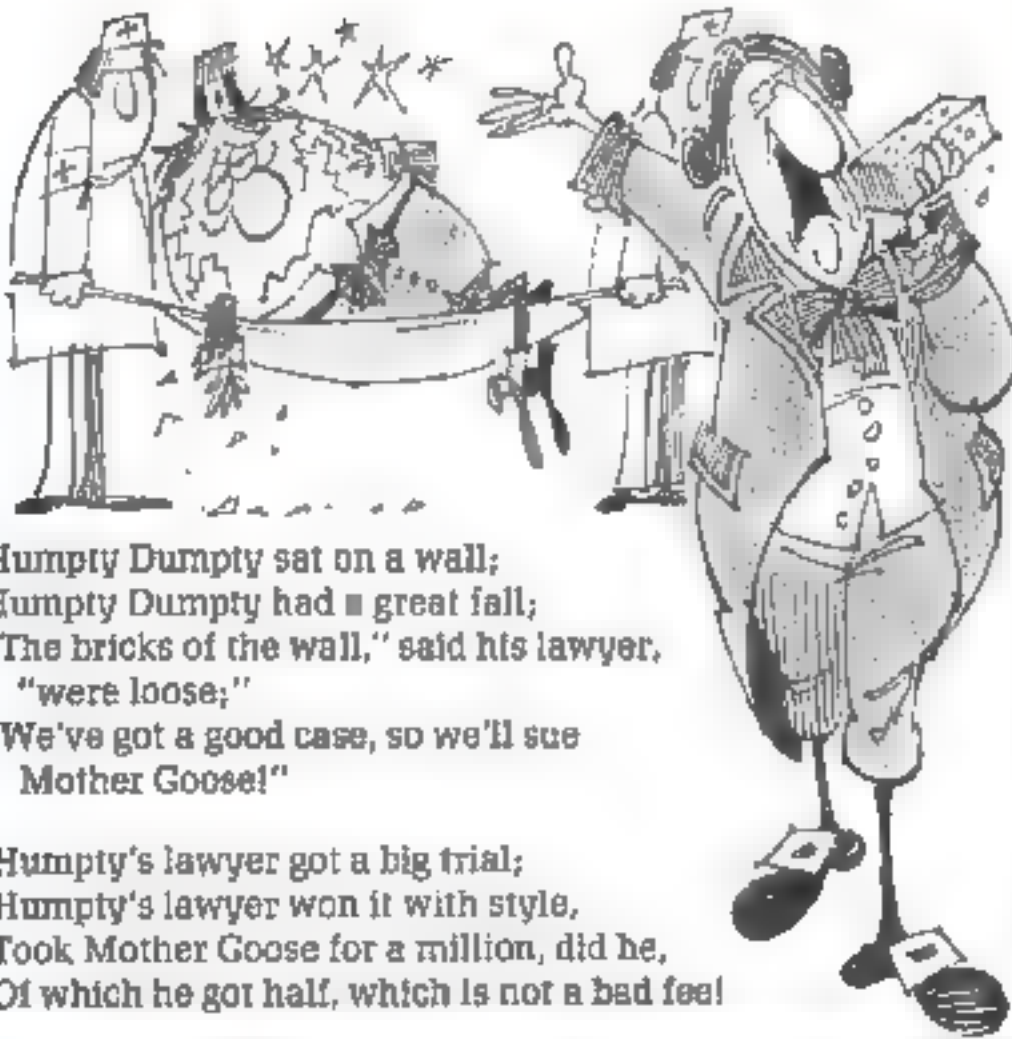


Frank Jacobs is another MAD writer to whom I owe many thanks. His clever, witty verses in the manner of Mother Goose, Shakespeare, Francis Scott Key, etc., are not only entertaining but also great fun to illustrate.



HUMPTY DUMPTY

as told by a
LAWYER

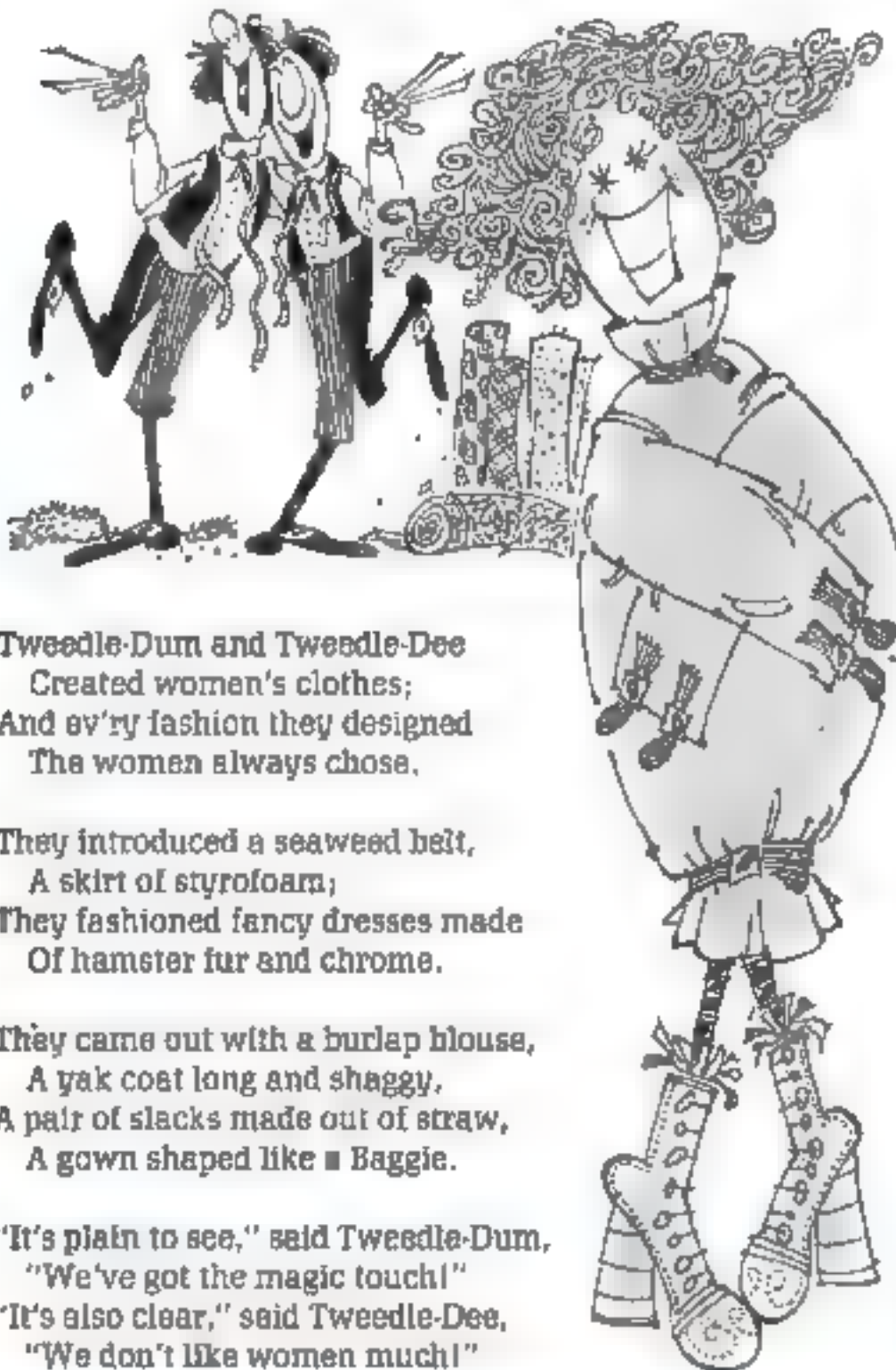


Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
"The bricks of the wall," said his lawyer,
"were loose;"
"We've got a good case, so we'll sue
Mother Goose!"

Humpty's lawyer got a big trial;
Humpty's lawyer won it with style,
Took Mother Goose for a million, did he,
Of which he got half, which is not a bad fee!

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

as told by a
FASHION DESIGNER



Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee
Created women's clothes;
And ev'ry fashion they designed
The women always chose.

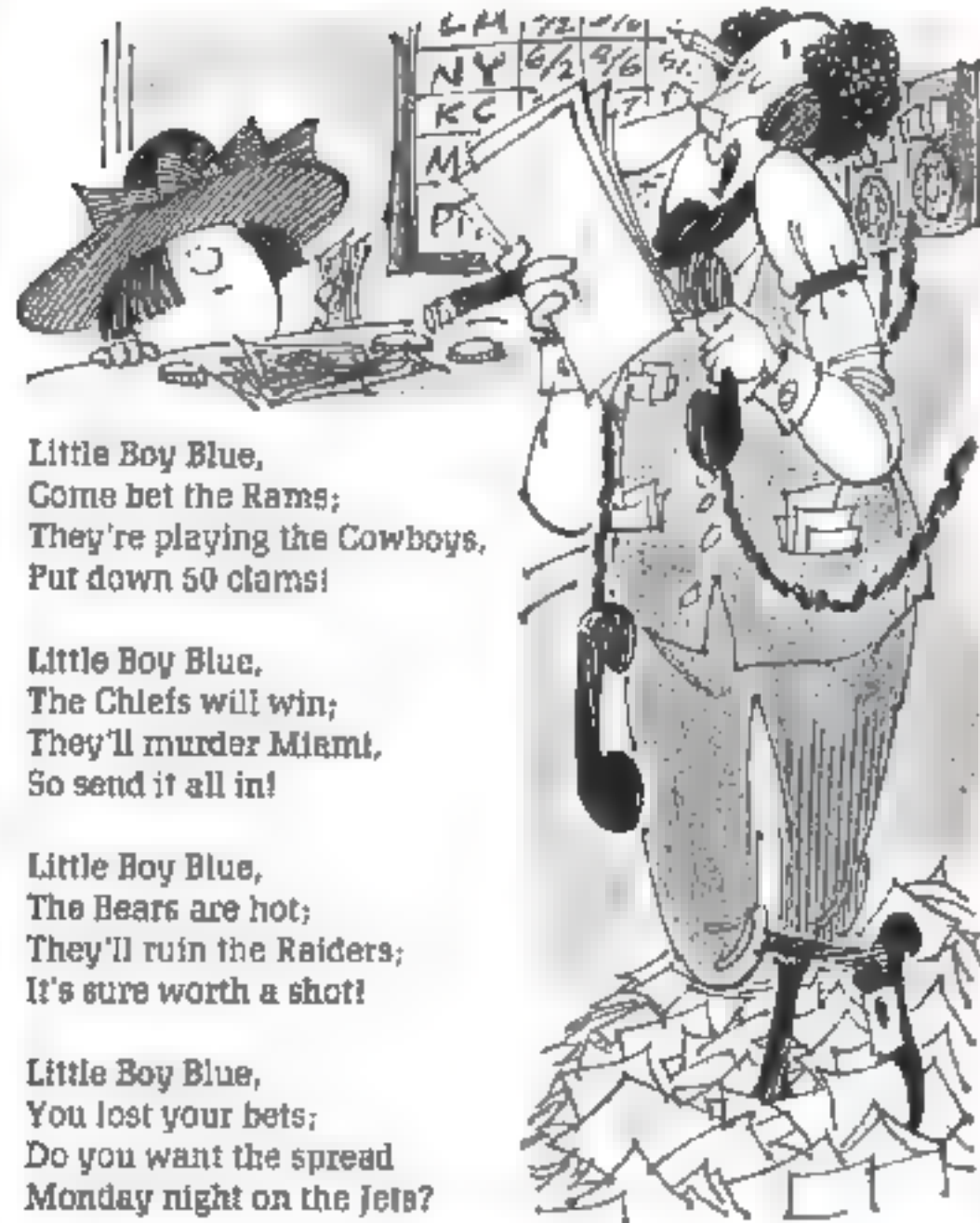
They introduced a seaweed belt,
A skirt of styrofoam;
They fashioned fancy dresses made
Of hamster fur and chrome.

They came out with a burlap blouse,
A yak coat long and shaggy,
A pair of slacks made out of straw,
A gown shaped like a Baggie.

"It's plain to see," said Tweedle-Dum,
"We've got the magic touch!"
"It's also clear," said Tweedle-Dee,
"We don't like women much!"

LITTLE BOY BLUE

as told by a
BOOKIE



Little Boy Blue,
Come bet the Rams;
They're playing the Cowboys,
Put down 50 clams!

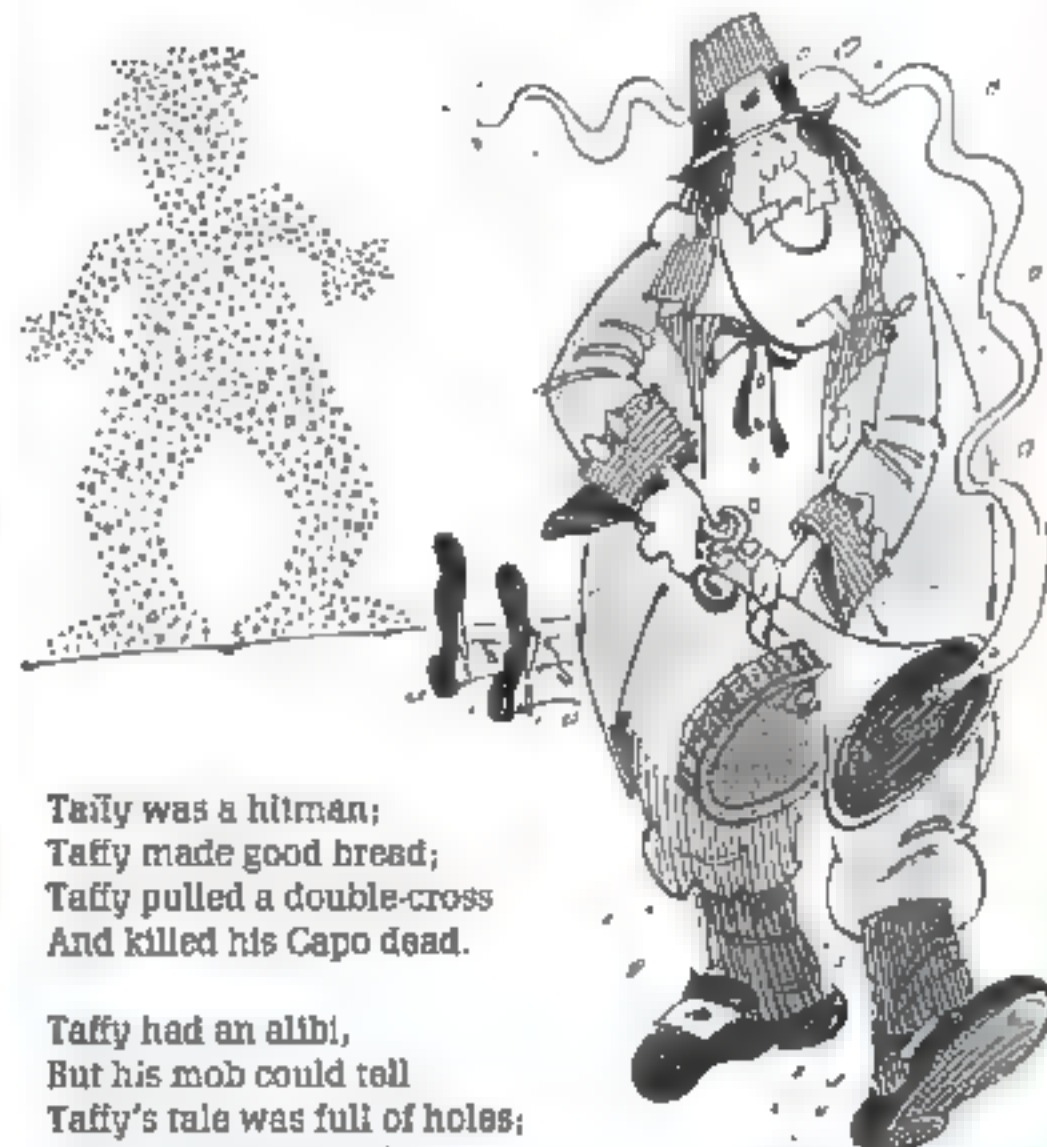
Little Boy Blue,
The Chiefs will win;
They'll murder Miami,
So send it all in!

Little Boy Blue,
The Bears are hot;
They'll ruin the Raiders;
It's sure worth a shot!

Little Boy Blue,
You lost your bets;
Do you want the spread
Monday night on the Jets?

TAFFY WAS A HITMAN

as told by a
MAFIA DON



Taffy was a hitman;
Taffy made good bread;
Taffy pulled a double-cross
And killed his Capo dead.

Taffy had an alibi,
But his mob could tell
Taffy's tale was full of holes;
Now Taffy is, as well!



he third person I want to acknowledge is Don "Duck" Edwing. He's a MAD writer and artist whose wildly imaginative and zany ideas I have enjoyed illustrating for many years and, I hope, many more to come (See Back Cover).

Too often, the idea person does not get the recognition he or she deserves, simply because the drawing is so much more showy and obvious. I hope this brief acknowledgement will help remedy the long-overdue credit the writers deserve.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LECTER "EXPLAINED" APR 82

**I'm the guy who puts
eight great tomatoes
in that
little bitty can!!**

All day long — squashing, squooshing, slamming, splattering . . . Yecch, what a mess! Thank goodness it's my last week at this gooky job! Next week my company starts using a new-type can, and I'll be able to stuff those eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can without ending up looking like I've been attacked with a meat cleaver. Mainly because our new "little bitty can" expands into a "biggy wiggy can" like an accordion.



MAD #84/JANUARY 1984

by Stan Sinberg
WRITER



hat for many years MAD, singularly among all newsstand publications, didn't accept advertising (or, as I secretly suspected, couldn't attract advertisers) bestowed upon it a certain level of integrity. Not beholden to anyone, it was free to go after powerful, behemoth targets that no one else would dare touch. Like Contadina, a tomato paste company that asked, in their catchy jingles, who put "eight great tomatoes in that itty-bitty

can?" (The answer was "Contadina.") Really, Contadina? Eight? And "great?" And the can was small, but "itty-bitty?" No. It took a fearless publication like MAD to expose the lies and obfuscations behind this patently absurd claim. Plus, by pounding the &%%\$ out of the tomatoes in the ad parody, and making a total mess, the result was unbridled hilarity and chaos! (And for a burgeoning satirist, it was my first realization that TV commercials basically just lie to us — a notion that caused me to turn away from a potentially lucrative career on Madison Avenue and slave away for MAD.) So yeah — thanks, MAD.



Ken Burns

I grew up reading MAD, loving every chapter, remembering always to watch for what's going on in the margins. I learned irony, how to spot a fraud and what's the best way to drop 19 stories.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

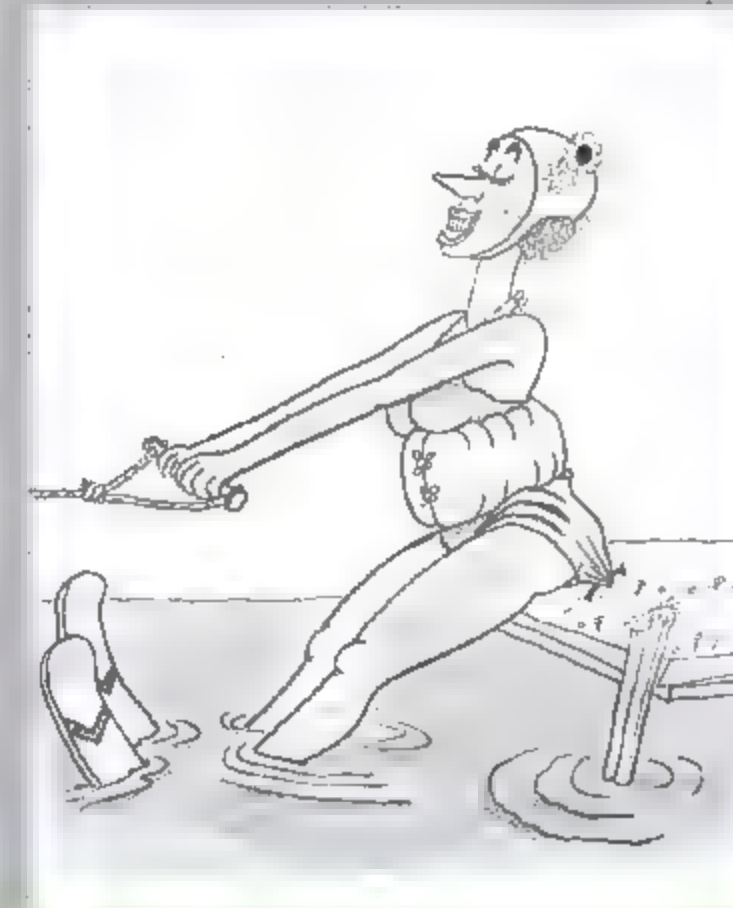
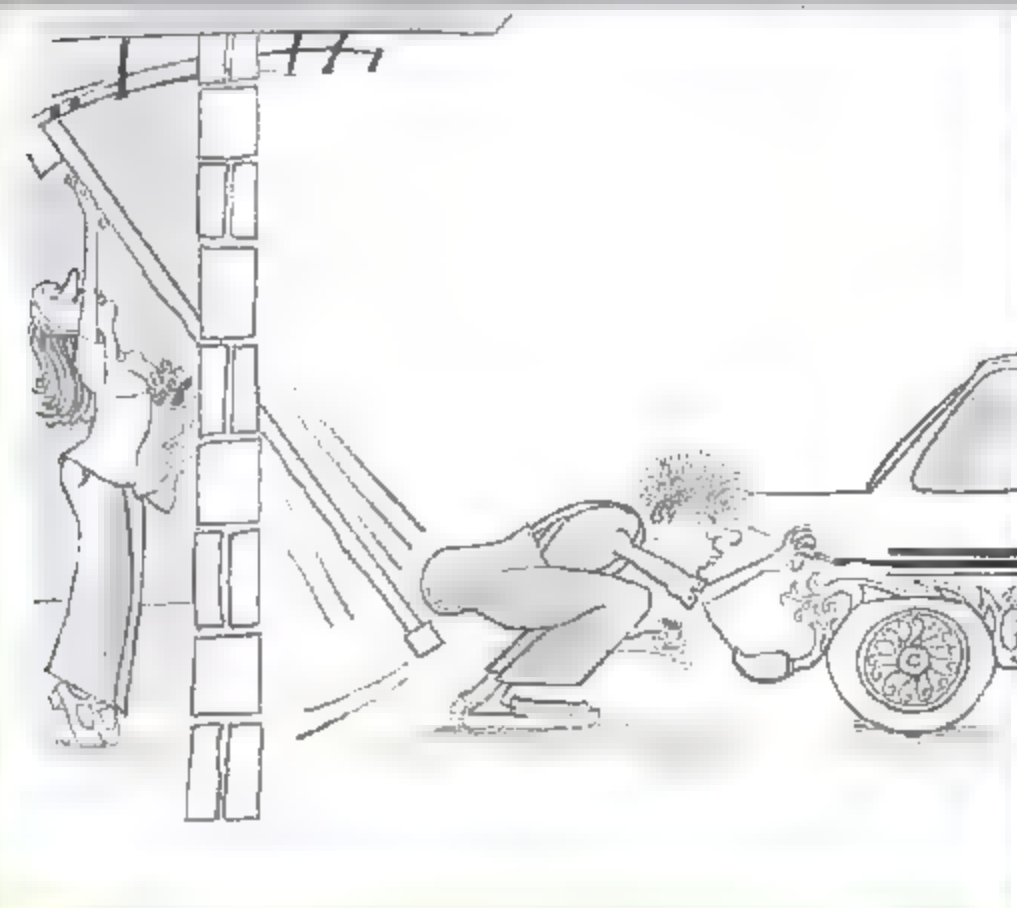
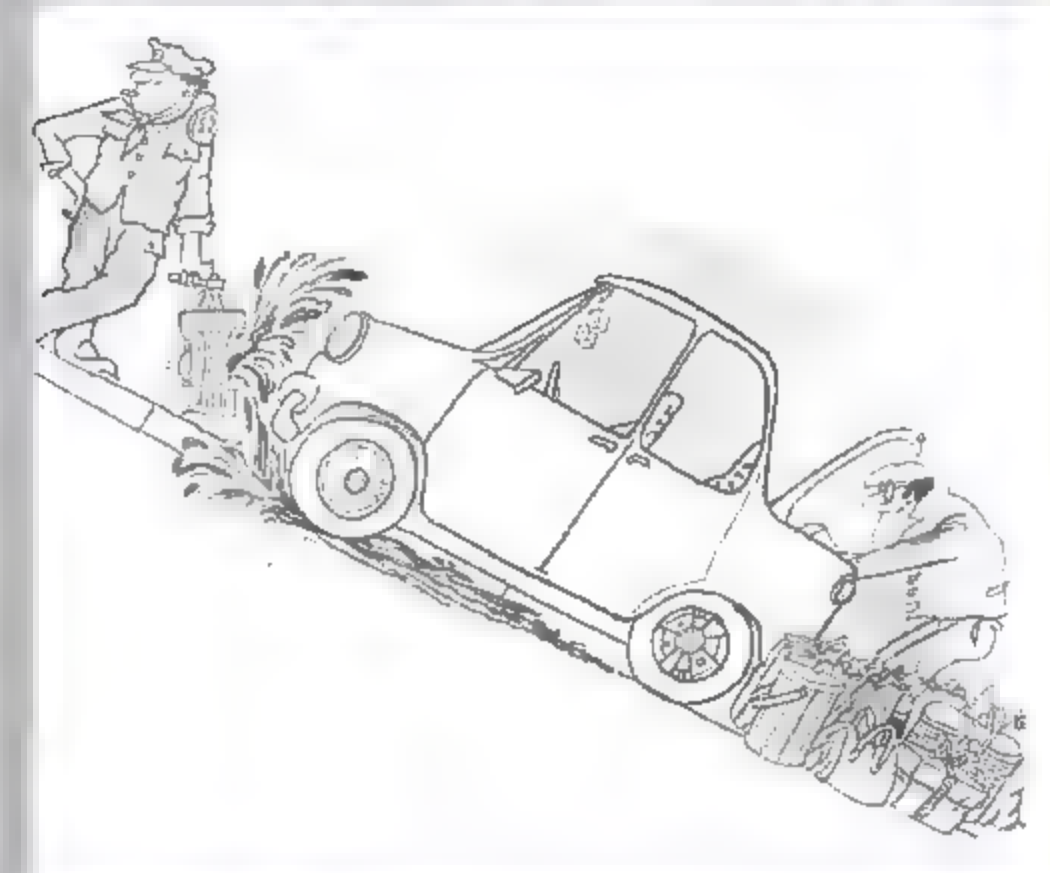
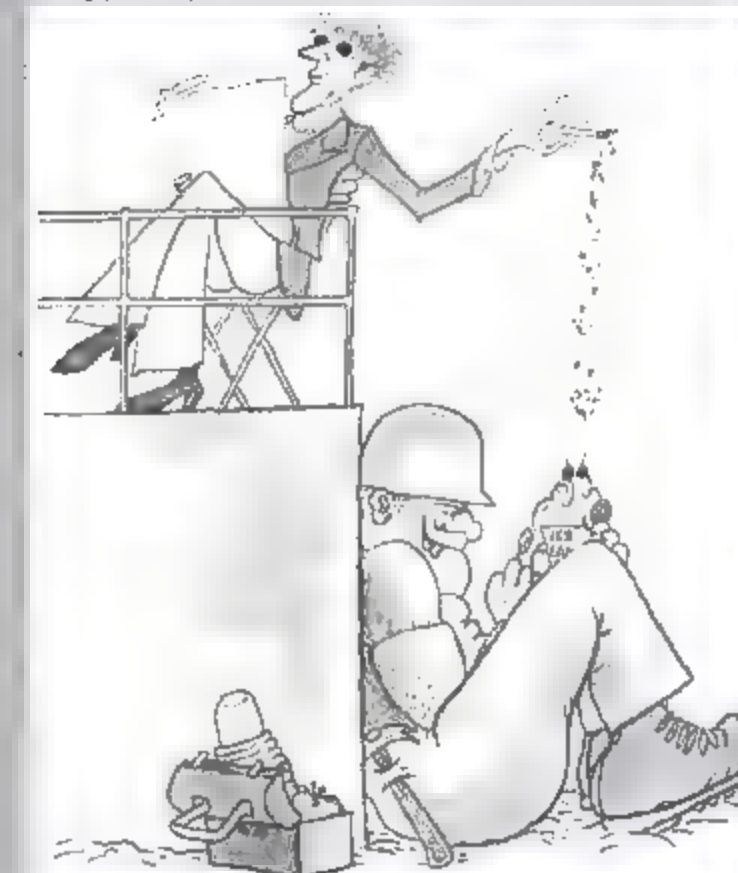
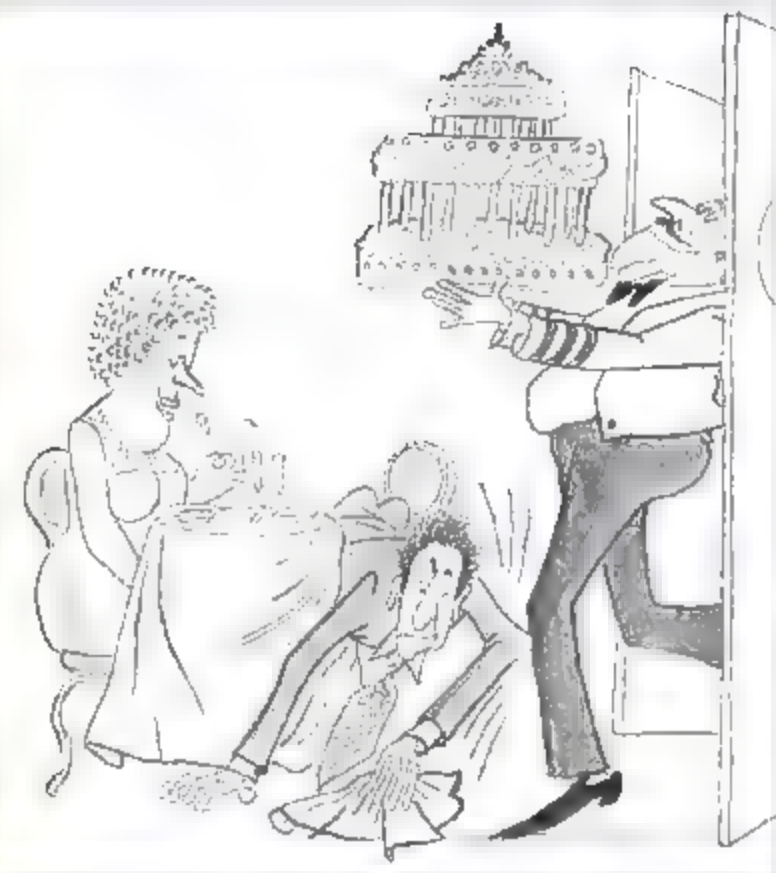
ONE FINE DAY DURING THE CIVIL WAR



ZINGS TO COME DEPT.

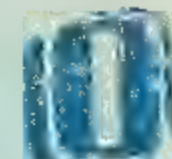
A MAD LOOK AT THE Moment Before The Disaster

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



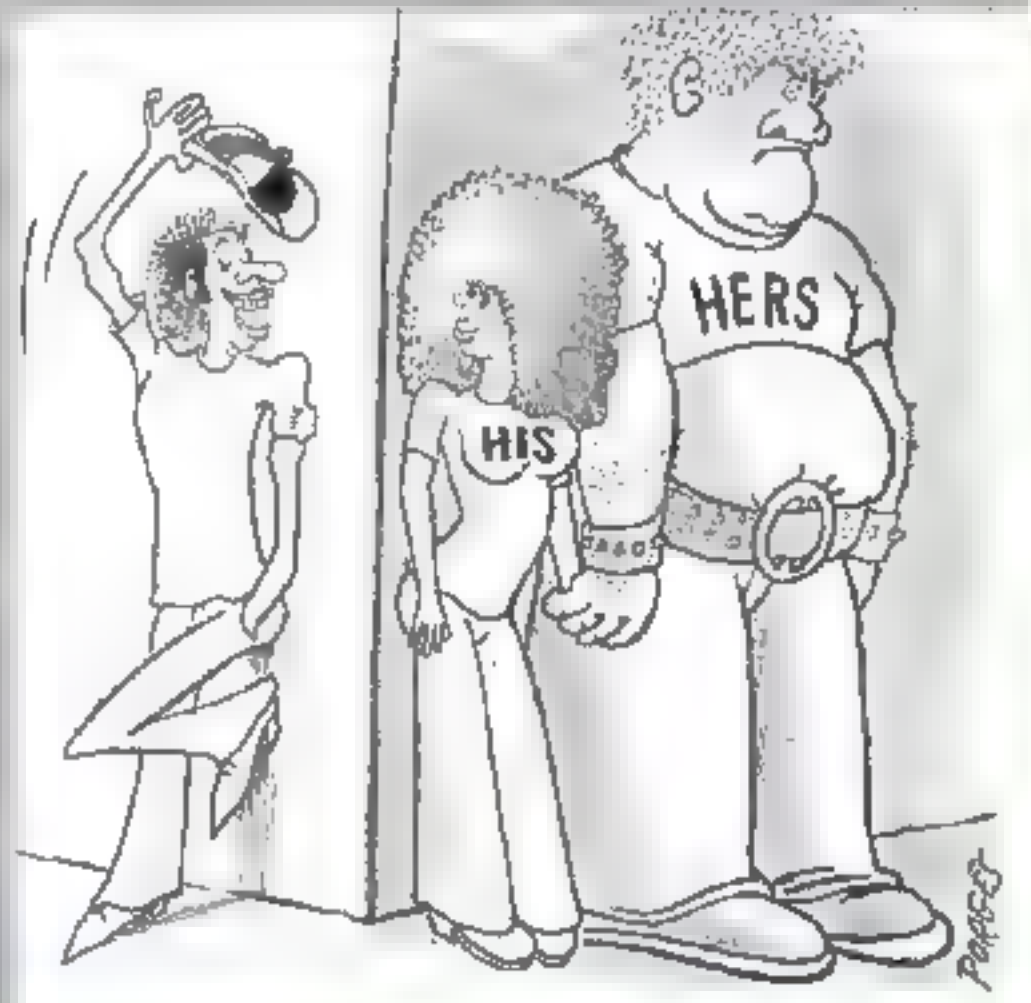
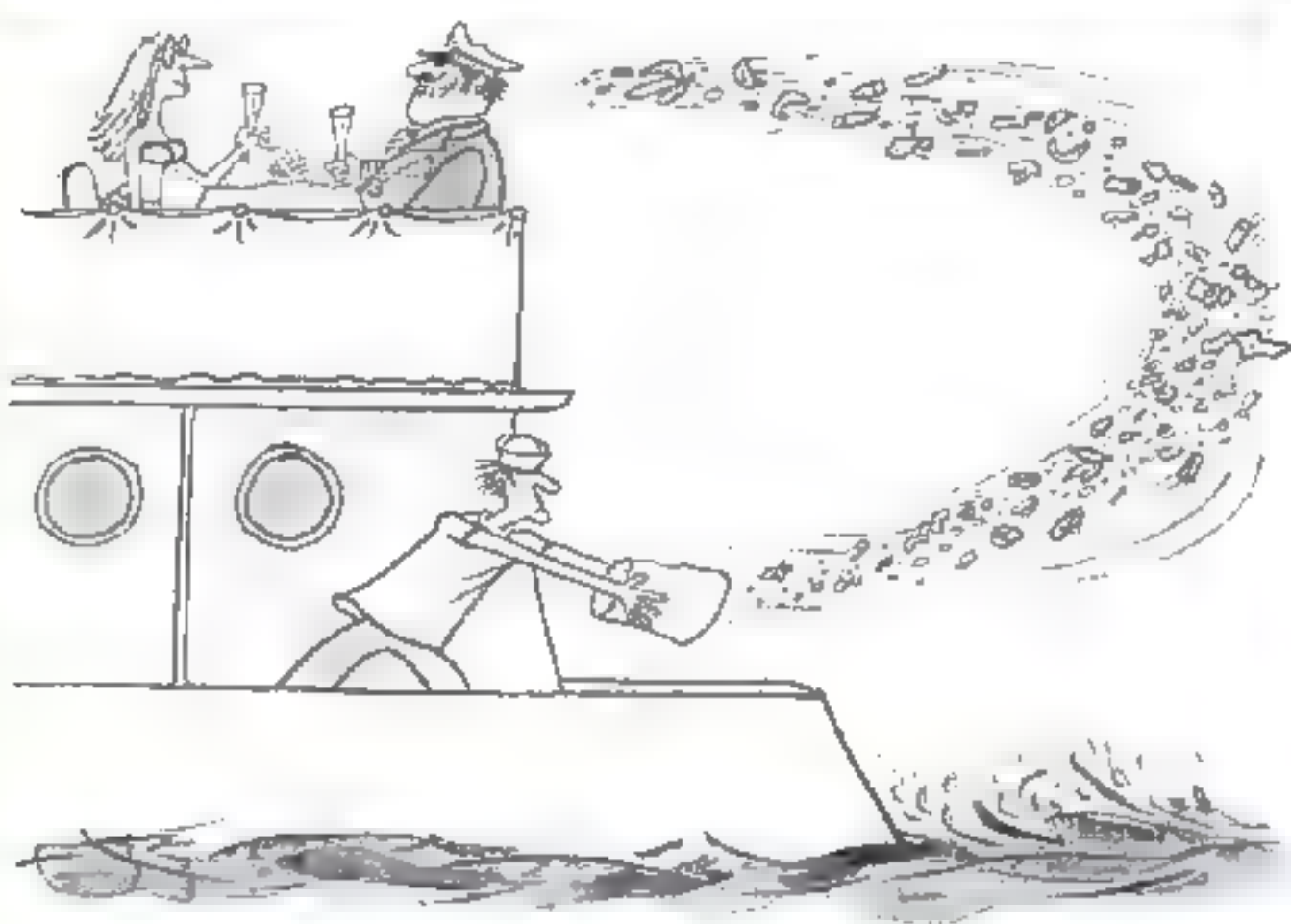
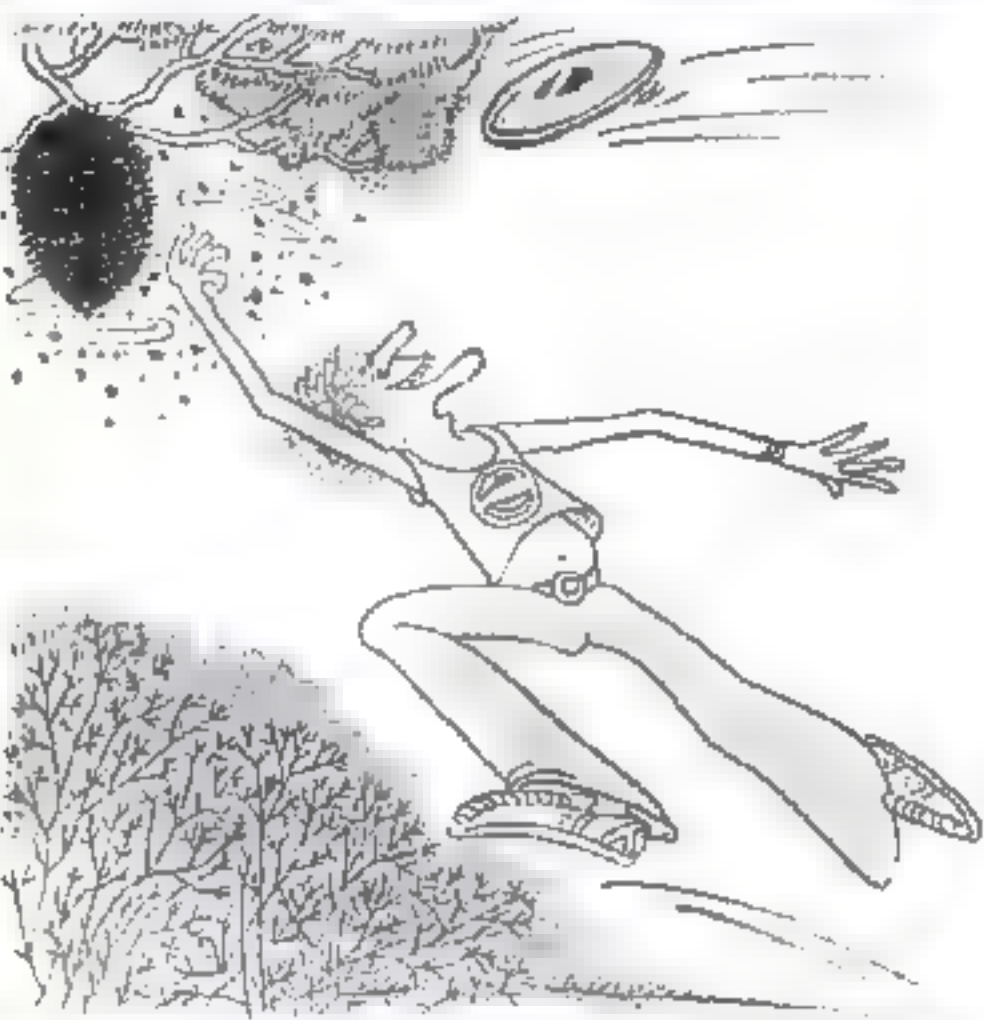
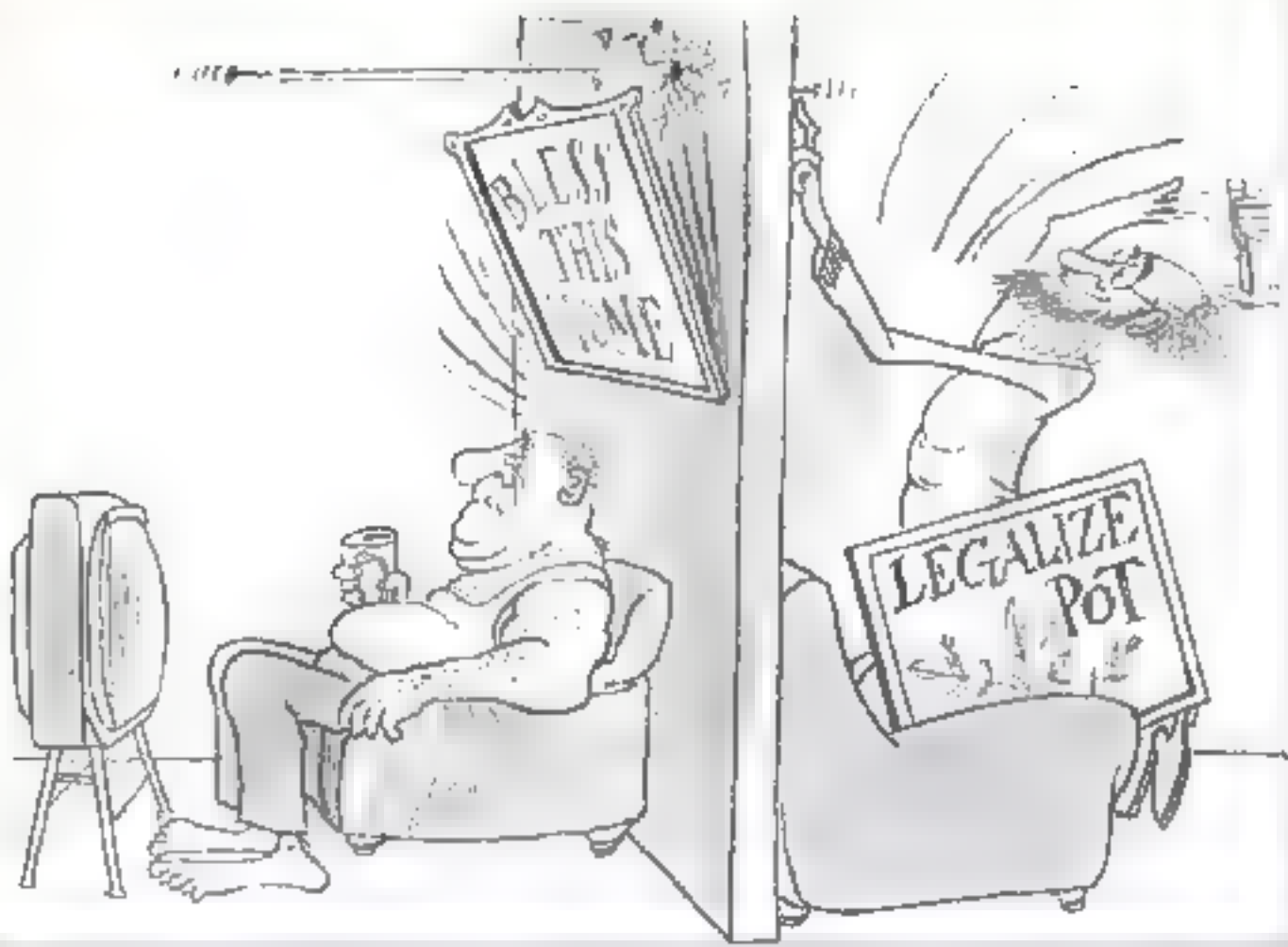
MAD #200/JULY 1978

by Jacob Lambert
WRITER



I was nine years old when my father brought Super Special #60 (Fall 1987) home for me from the newsstand. It was my second issue — he'd bought me my first when I was home sick from school the previous month — and I was already becoming obsessed with this chaotic, vaguely dangerous-seeming magazine. It made the adult world seem absurd and hopeless in a joyful, mischievous way, and made me feel a part of some knowing secret society. I'd never experienced anything like it.

"A MAD Look at the Moment Before the Disaster" from that Super Special seemed to me a pure distillation of the gleefully bleak MAD outlook: panel after panel of impending doom, played out by a cast of mute grotesques, all for my amusement. Everything about those three pages was horrible — the situations, the sheer ugliness of the people trapped in them — yet I couldn't look away. I read it over and over, playing out the ensuing disasters — the aging hippie being pummeled by his tough-guy neighbor; the little boy being dragged off by his giant dog — in my mind: my own comical cinema of pain. Thanks, Mr. Porges. Thanks, Dad.



"George was very curious...
The little white capsules smelled funny...
different...like sour apples.
Suddenly, his head began to turn!
Then, he felt as if he were flying!
Then everything went dark,
and George was at peace."

DR. KEVORKIAN'S CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

We Put the "Youth" in "Euthanasia"!

Let's face it, parents — your kids are going to learn about the harsh realities of our fleeting existence sooner or later, no matter how much you try to protect them. But with these easy-to-read books personally recommended by "Dr. Death" himself, your child will learn all about severely traumatizing subjects like terminal illness, prolonged bed-ridden suffering and doctor-assisted suicide in a fun, lighthearted way!

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Because after all,
childhood can't last forever.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Goodnight Forever, Moon</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>101 Dalmations Are Put to Sleep</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>A Collection of Kids' Suicide Notes to Santa</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>The Indian in the Cupboard Drinks Drano</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>The Five Chinese Brothers and the Group Suicide Pact</i> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Green Eggs and Hemlock</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Mr. Wizard's Build Your Own Suicide Machine from Neat Stuff Found Around the House</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>James and the Giant Turnor</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>My Little Pony and the Glue Factory</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>If You Give a Pig a Cyanide-Laced Pancake</i> |
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Order now and receive your choice of Dr. Kevorkian's 365 Reasons to Commit Suicide Page-a-Day Calendar or Dr. Kevorkian's Guide to Overcoming an Over-the-Counter Medication in Chewable Kids Tablets as our gift! (Offer not valid in Michigan or non-"Right-to-Die" states.)

ARTIST: ROBERT TANENBAUM

MAD #388/OCTOBER 1999

by Frank Santopadre
WRITER

Sometimes a comedy piece starts with the most basic jumping-off point. In this case, it was a rather tenuous Dr. Seuss-Dr. Kevorkian connection (since they both went by the title "Dr."). From there, it was a short step to an actual premise: satirizing the glut of celebrity-authored kids' books by juxtaposing children's literature and physician-assisted suicide. Once the MAD editors signed off on the idea of Kevorkian hawking his own line of death-centric kiddie lit, the challenge was coming up with enough titles to flesh out the piece.

The first few came quickly: *Green Eggs and Hemlock...It's Inoperable, Charlie Brown!* When ideas ran dry, I invited an ex-bookstore clerk and TV writer pal, Mike Dobkins, to team up with me. We met at a Hollywood

deli and began tossing titles at each other until we had enough jokes.

I laughed out loud when I saw Robert Tanenbaum's brilliant illustration of Dr. Jack reading to a small group of horrified schoolkids while sporting a Cat in the Hat-type hat. The moment you see your writing fully executed by an artist is always a thrill — I'd only imagined what something so bizarre might look like, but Robert's art actually brought it to life.

The crowning achievement, however, would come months later in the form of a reader's letter to MAD: "Dear Editors: the back cover of issue #386, 'Dr. Kevorkian's Children's Book Club,' was cruel. You have stepped over the line between comedic naughtiness and just plain tastelessness. You should realize that killing animals (even cartoon ones) is not funny." (Interestingly, not a word about poor Charlie Brown or Mr. Hardy; only harm coming to the cartoon animals disturbed her.)

Keep those letters coming, readers. If I can deeply offend even one person, I know I've done my job.

TEN—HUT!! Okay... now hear this, you @#\$%&! MAD readers, and hear it good! I know you don't usually read any @#\$%&! introductions to articles in this @#\$%&! magazine... but you're going to read this one!

And you're going to read this @#\$%&! introduction because I TOLD you to! And what's more, you're going to read the rest of the @#\$%&! article that follows this @#\$%&! introduction, and you're going to read it FIRST!!

You're NOT going to turn to "You Know You're Really A @#\$%&! When..." or Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of @#\$%&!" You're going to read THIS because it's a @#\$%&! funny satire of a @#\$%&! great movie about my @#\$%&! great life as a chicken-@#\$%&! General during W.W. III

Hey, you out there! Stop picking your @#\$%&! nose and pay attention to me, or I'll kick your @#\$%&! all the way from here to Berlin!

And YOU—you @#\$%&! cheap little eight-year old @#\$%&! Better stop peeking at this @#\$%&! story at the magazine rack and BUY your own copy, or I'll draft your @#\$%&! right into the @#\$%&! Army!

Now, here's my military philosophy! No @#\$%&! ever won a war by dying for his country! You win a war by letting the OTHER @#\$%&! die for HIS country!

And HOW do you let the OTHER @#\$%&! die for his country? You KILL the other @#\$%&! THAT'S how!

So if you want to win a war, you gotta kill every other @#\$%&! And if that includes ENEMY @#\$%&!'s—so much the better! All right! You will now sit and pay attention and you will begin reading this story about killing other @#\$%&!'s... and you will finish it... and you will enjoy it... and that's a @#\$%&! order! Otherwise, you'll answer to...

PUT ★ ON

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

America's first taste of battle, Gen Boredly, and the Nazis gave us a terrible beating! Look at those Arabs stripping our dead soldiers of their clothing...!

Death is everywhere, Harris! God, how I hate the stench of death!

That's not death you smell, Sir! That's those Arabs... and their camels!

God, how I miss the stench of death!

What's wrong with our troops, Harris? They don't seem to respond to my leadership! Tell me why!

The men just don't respect you, Sir! No offense meant, Sir—but they consider you a crashing bore!

A crashing bore! Yes, Sir! You know how Hitler is called "Der Fuehrer" and Rommel is called "The Desert Fox"?

Right! What's my nickname?

"The Insurance Salesman"!



That's a LIE! I'm NOT a bore! I'm a dynamic, vibrant officer!

YOU!! Stop trying to steal my clothes! Leave me alone! I'm not dead!

You're NOT!! Boy, you sure had ME fooled!

Hmmmm! Okay, I get the message! We need a more dynamic leader here... a fearless and colorful personality to uplift and inspire the troops! And I know just the man!

Hey, Willie... you ever hear of General George Put*on?

Nah, Joe! Who's he?

He's gonna be our new leader!

Ahh, when you've seen ONE Commanding General, you've seen 'em all!



MAD #140/JANUARY 1971

by Mort Drucker
ARTIST



While my best satirical work doesn't necessarily come from films that I personally enjoy — there have been times when a movie I didn't like turned out very well, and vice-versa — it certainly gets my energy flowing when the film has great faces that I know I can have fun with.

Such was the case with Patton ("Put*On"), starring George C. Scott and Karl Malden, which the editors jokingly called "The War of the Noses" when they saw the last panel on page four of the finished art.

Drawing for MAD has always been very different from most commercial accounts in that MAD's editors encouraged my visual gags as opposed to restricting my flights of whimsy. Why not? Wasn't that a contributing factor in MAD's initial success? I still chuckle at the memory of the background gags Will Elder, Jack Davis and Wally Wood used to delight readers with. I'll often add visual gags that are apropos to the story, as well as silly-looking animals and creatures and inside gags. Lots of inside gags. In "Put*On," I included an homage to graphic icons of military themes and characters:



Ach! Zis mission should be a piece of kuchen, Hermann! Ve come in low over ze town, ve shpray them mit machine gun fire, und zen ve bomb zem—

Turn back, Carl! It's a trap! Ve're outnumbered!

Outnumbered?! Ze Americans haf no planes, no anti-aircraft guns, nuttink! All i see is zat dumkopf in ze middle of ze road firing two pistols at us!

Zat iss vot i mean! Zat iss General George Put*on! Take it from me—we're outnumbered!!

Take that, you #c\$%&! Kraut! And that... and that!!

Mein Gott! He's a madman! But now ve get him! He ran out of bullets!

Turn back, Carl! Please! He'll find OTHER weapons!!



Gott in Himmel! Now, he's throwink rocks at us!

Turn back! You don't know zis idiot! He'll destroy you vit anythink! He killed by brother Vilhelm in ze desert a few weeks ago!

Vit vot...?

You von't believe zis, but he BIT him to death!!



Hah! NOW, ve get him! He ran out of bullets und he ran out of rocks!

Ach du lieber! He got me right in ze eyes! I can't see! Zis iss it! Ve're goink to crash!



Carl! Vot happened to us?!

YOU'RE not goink to believe ZIS, Hermann—but a bomber in Der Fuehrer's Luftvaffe vas just shot down mit SHPIT!



Brilliant, George! One of the greatest single-handed feats of this war! One of the greatest feats of this century!

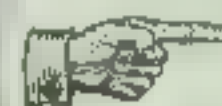
You call this a WAR? You call this a CENTURY?!

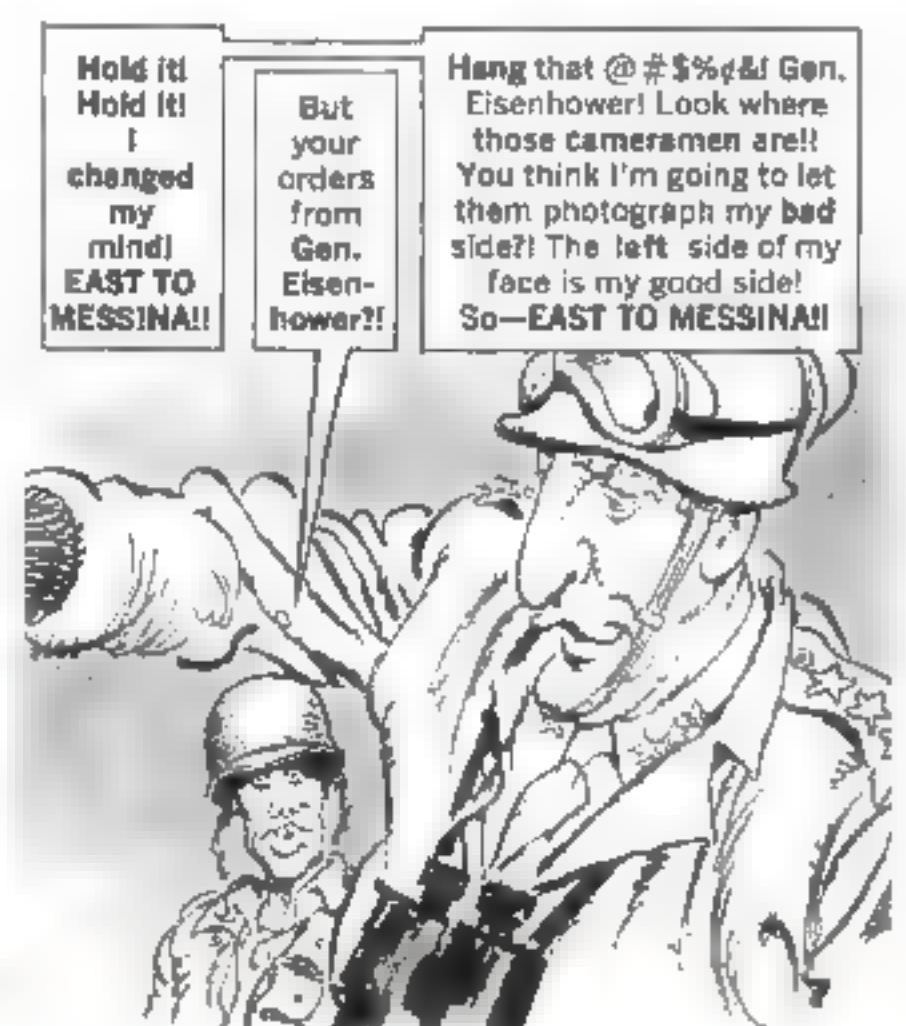
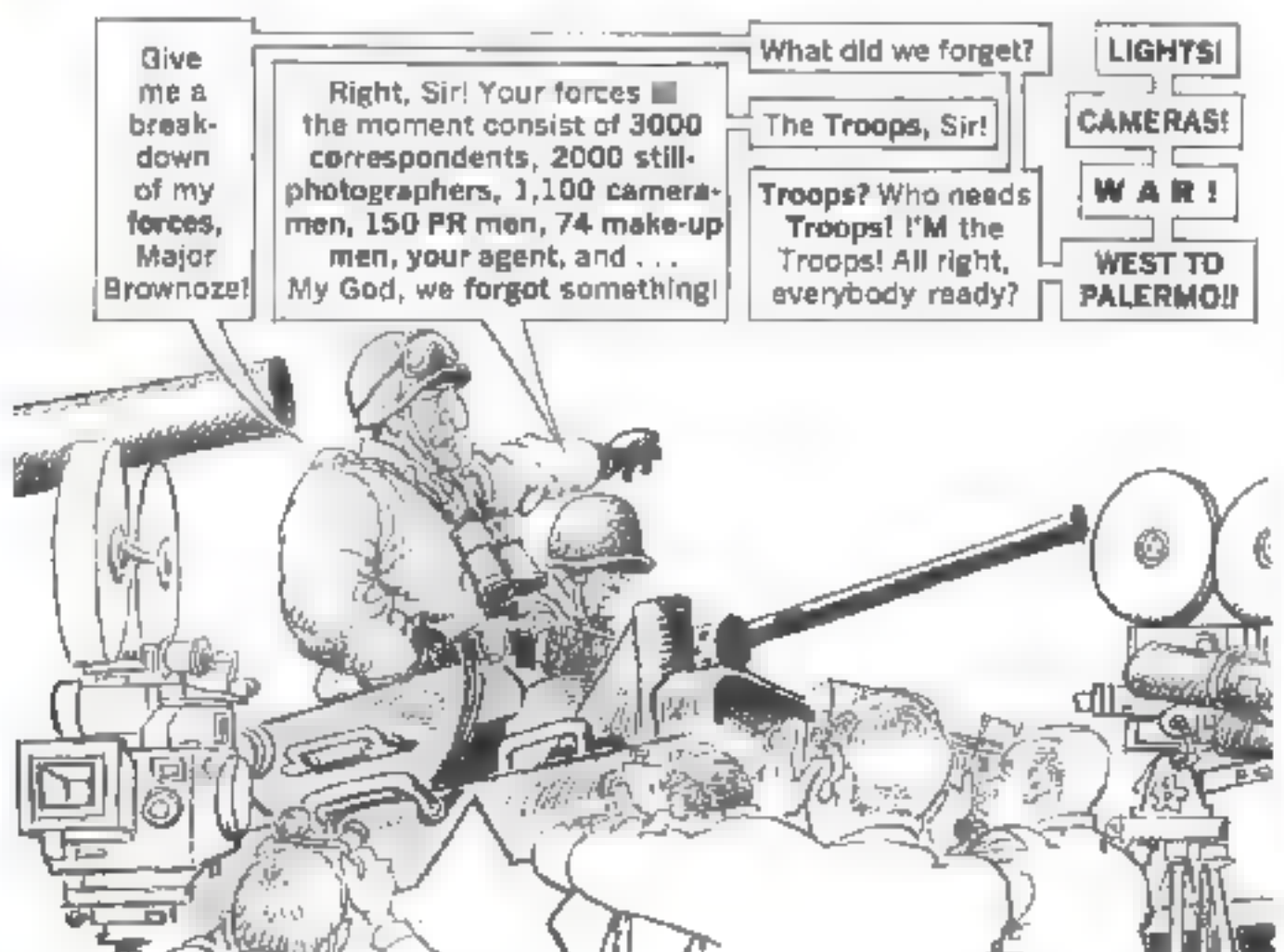
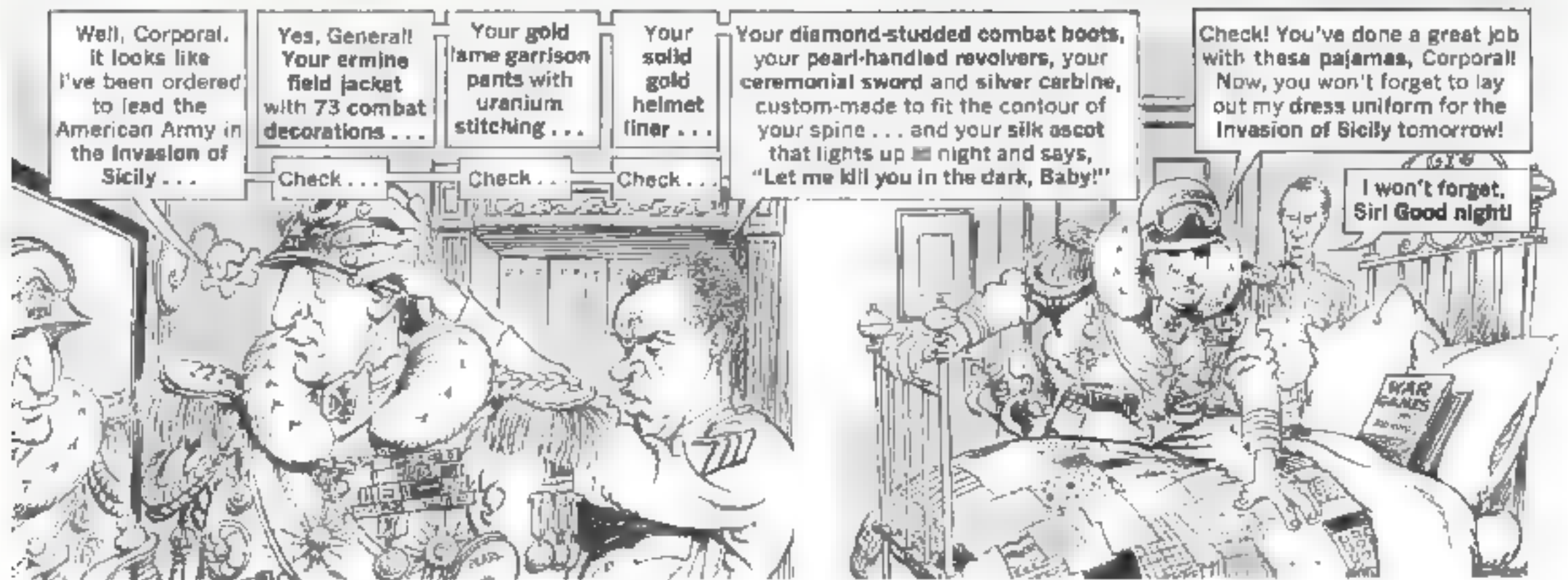
They don't make wars like they used to! Gee I miss the Spanish Inquisition! The water torture! The cutting out of tongues! Why don't we cut out tongues anymore? And who remembers what's his name? Attila The Hun! What a wild, crazy nut... with his pillage and rapine! What ever became of pillage and rapine?

And what about that Oriental kook, Ghengis Khan, and his lovable Hordes? Gee, I'd love to slaughter with my own Horde! And what about those goofy Crusaders with their torture racks for Pagans—burning heretics in the name of God? What's become of us? Why aren't we religious anymore?

The old man going down Memory Lane again?

Shhh! Don't disturb an old soldier and his dreams!







Look at all these wonderfully wounded GI's from my #%&! Messina campaign! Look at all these beautiful wounds!

Love that wound, Soldier! It's so clean, so deep, so American! Keep it always! Don't ever let it heal!

It'll be OUR wound, okay? Yes, sir!

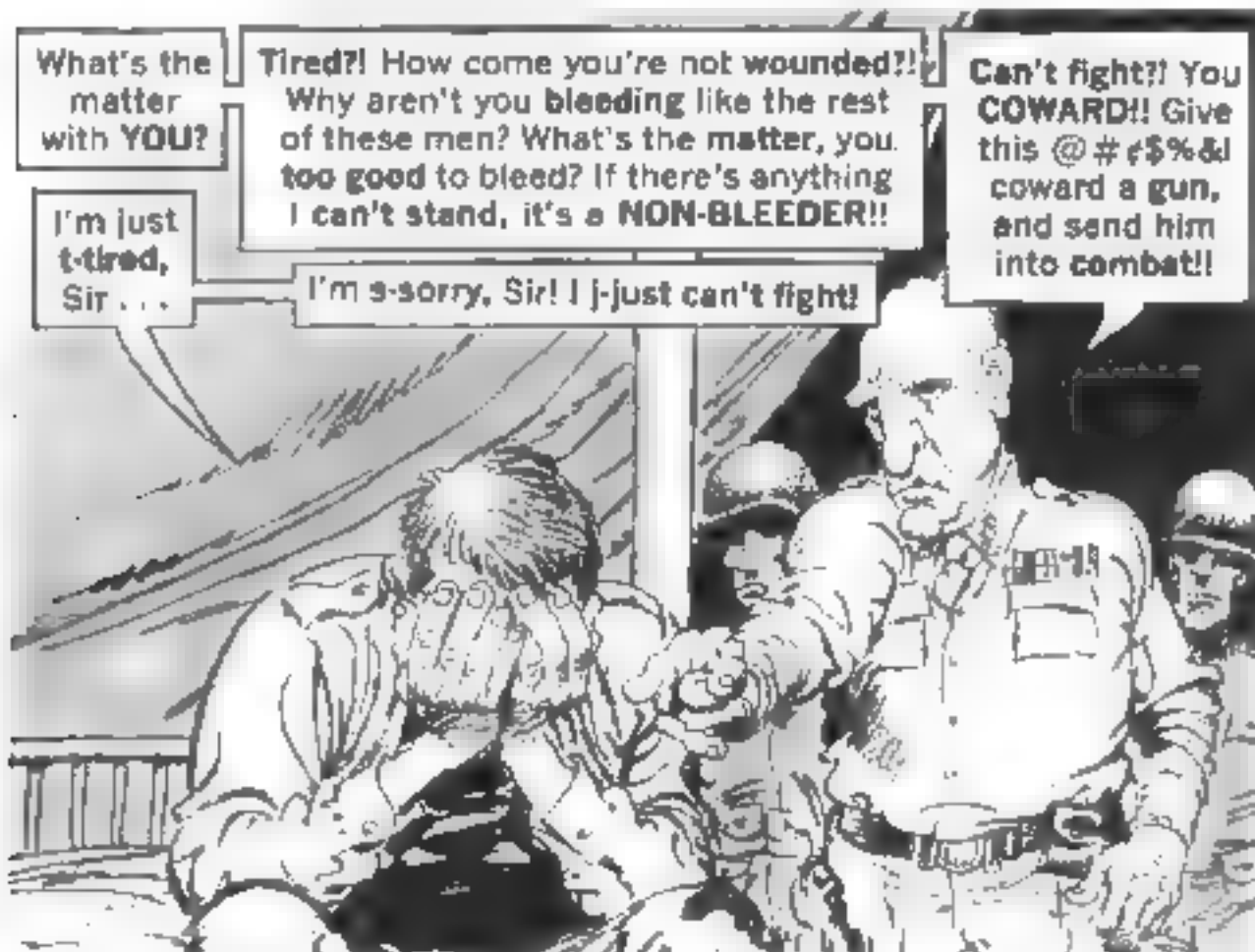
Why is he kissing that Soldier?

Because he needs an emotional release! Because he needs to make a soldierly gesture of battlefield camaraderie!



But... why is he bending that soldier's head back until it's touching the floor? And... why is he kissing him on the mouth?

Because he also needs a BROAD so bad!!



What's the matter with YOU?

Tired?! How come you're not wounded?! Why aren't you bleeding like the rest of these men? What's the matter, you too good to bleed? If there's anything I can't stand, it's a NON-BLEEDER!!

Can't fight?! You COWARD!! Give this @#\$%&! coward a gun, and send him into combat!!



Stop him! He'll tear that man's head off! Quick—get the Chief Surgeon!

I've got news for you... That the Chief Surgeon!

That explains it! No WONDER he said he can't fight! Better call the Chaplain!

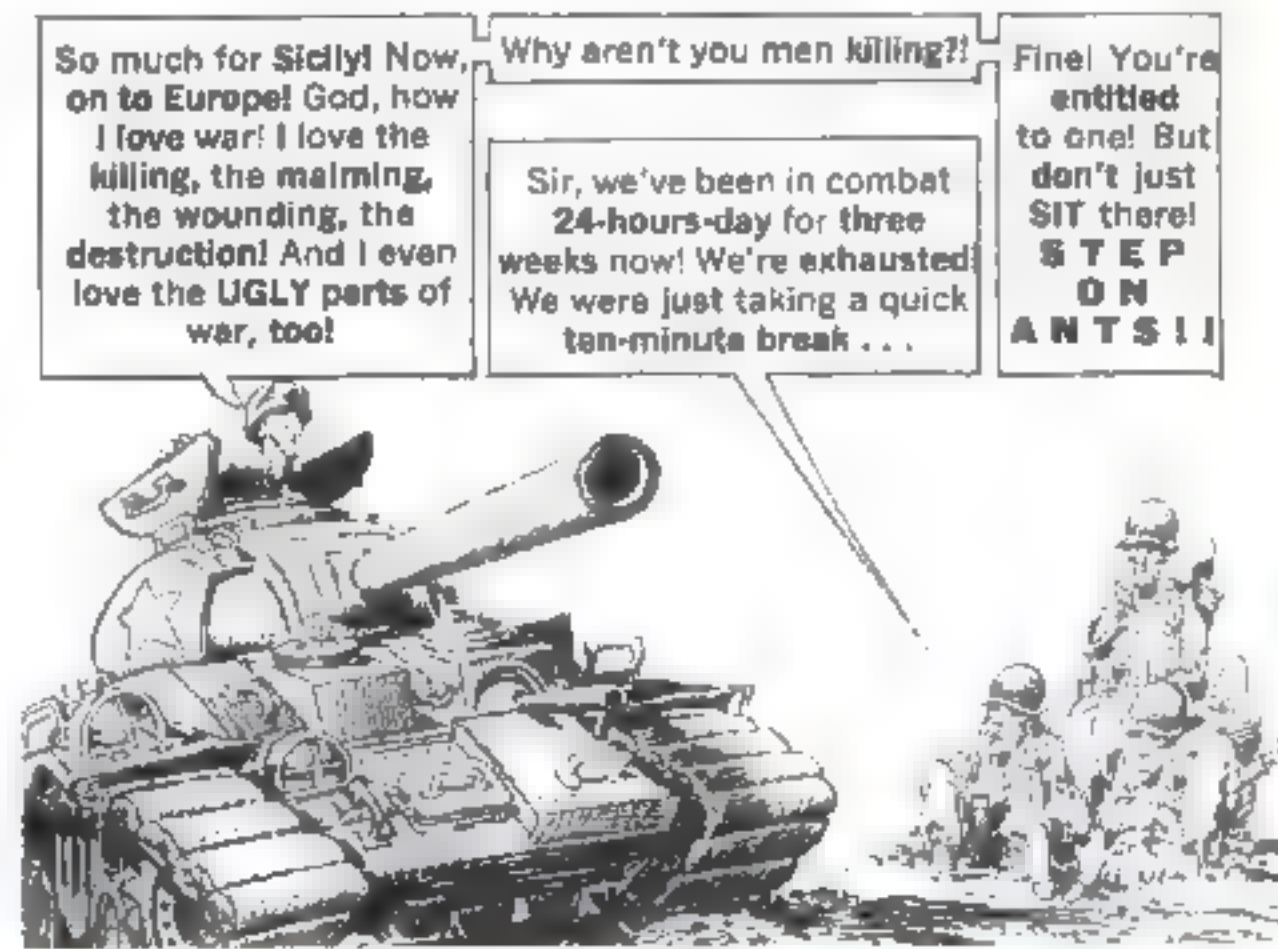
I can't! He's in bed with a broken jaw! Don't you remember? HE told the General he couldn't fight, TOO!



Now hear this! I recently slapped a Chief Surgeon... and punched a Chaplain! Gen. Eisenhower told me I shouldn't have done that! So this is what I want to say about that: @#\$%&! @#\$%&! @#\$%&!

Gee, I've never seen him swallow his pride like this before!

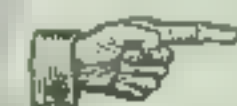
It takes a really BIG man to say he's sorry and apologize!

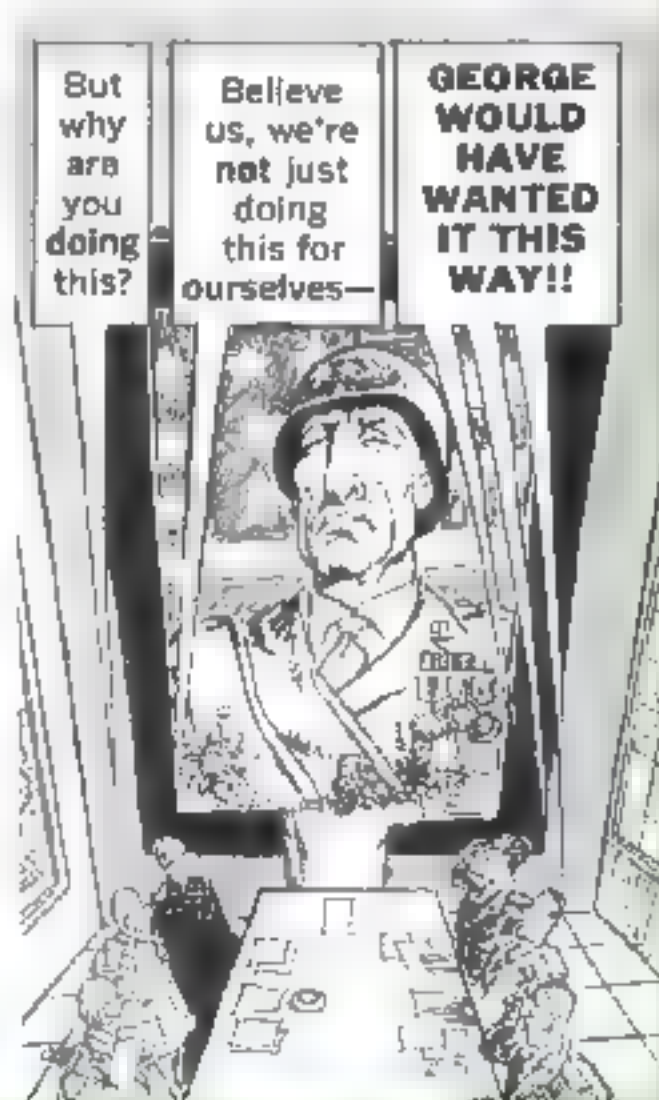


So much for Sicily! Now, on to Europe! God, how I love war! I love the killing, the maiming, the wounding, the destruction! And I even love the UGLY parts of war, too!

Why aren't you men killing? Sir, we've been in combat 24-hours-day for three weeks now! We're exhausted! We were just taking a quick ten-minute break...

Fine! You're entitled to one! But don't just SIT there! STEP ON ANTS!!





GRAND LARSON-Y DEPT.

Nowadays, the hottest comic strip in the country is Gary Larson's bizarre single-panel, "The Far Side." Far Side books are at the top of the bestseller lists and gift shops are filled with Far Side cards, mugs, posters and other stuff. With a big cash bonanza like this, it won't be long before other cartoonists jump on the bandwagon and start using Larson's approach as well. Speaking of jumping on the bandwagon, here's what we think it will be like...

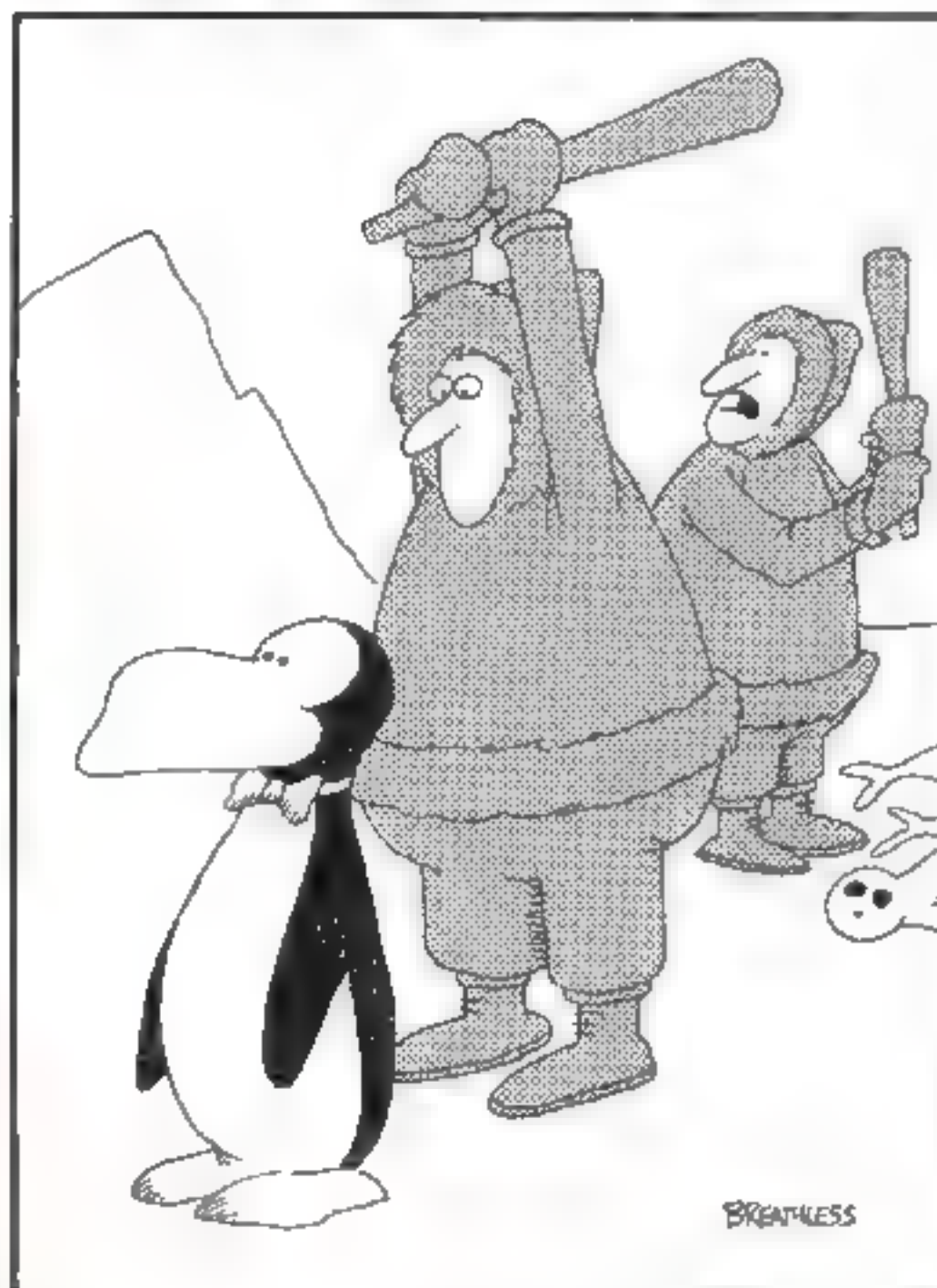
When Other Comic Strips Start Using The "FAR SIDE" Formula

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU



THE BLOOM COUNTY SIDE

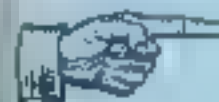


"No, Frank! The seals! Just the seals!"

THE GARFIELD SIDE



"Okay, here it comes, here it comes... Oh, what a joy! This is one Thanksgiving Day Parade that dogs will be talking about for years to come."



MAD #280/JULY 1988

by Joe Raiola
WRITER

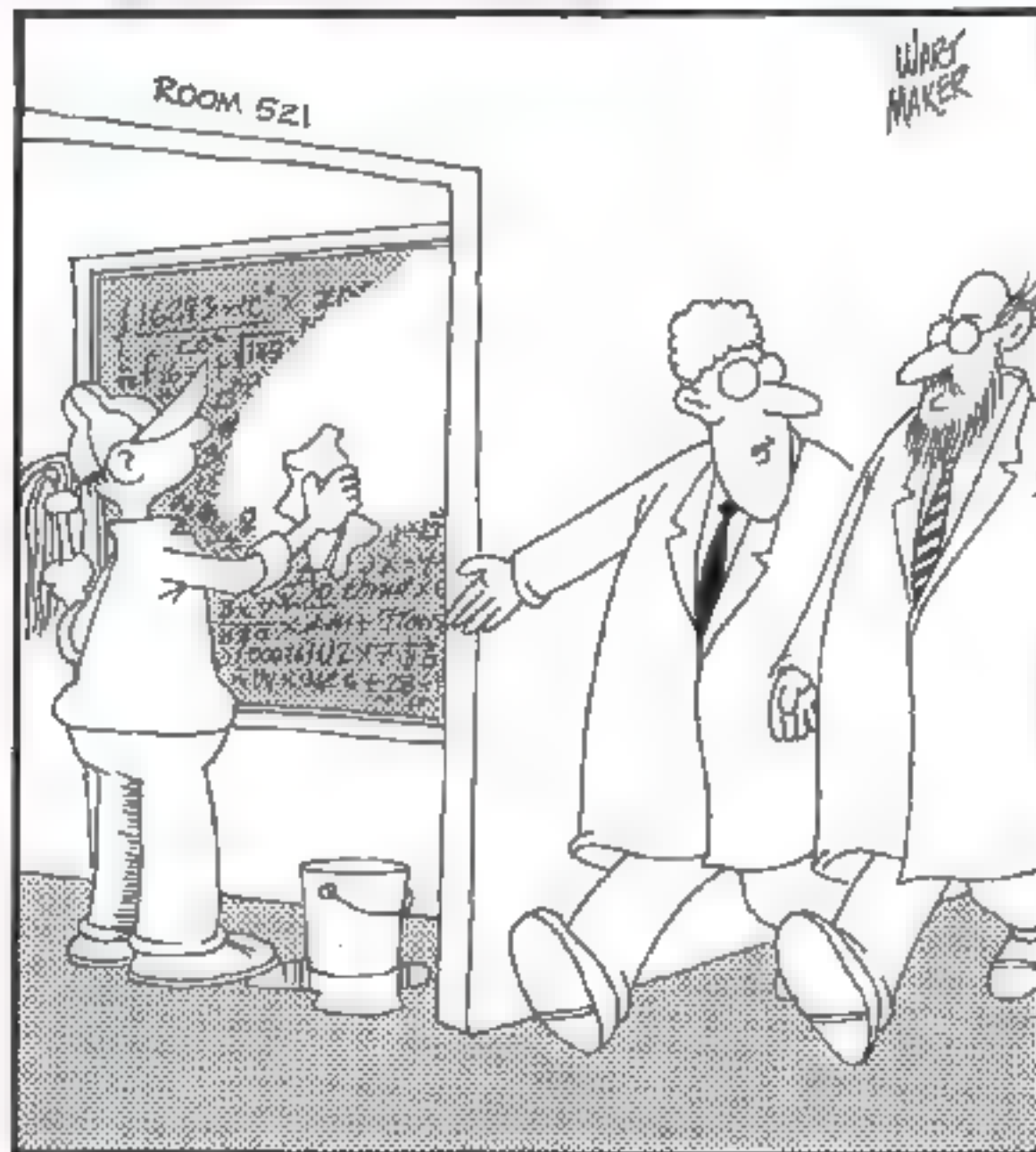


MAD #280 (July 1988) was a milestone issue for me and my longtime comedy-writing pal, Charlie Kadau. We'd been MAD contributors for about five years but never had more than one article in an issue. Suddenly, we had three, including our first-ever collaborations with MAD greats Al Jaffee ("Gary Hartland") and Sergio Aragonés ("A Peek Behind the Scenes at a High School Prom"). And still, Charlie managed to upstage us as a team by

serving up a bona-fide MAD classic: "When Other Comic Strips Start Using 'The Far Side' Formula."

With all due respect to Charlie, he couldn't have done it without veteran MAD artist Bob Clarke, a true master of illustrative parody who perfectly captured Gary Larson's distinctive line and found a way to seamlessly integrate the style of other legendary cartoonists into the strips. That said, the concept and the writing is pure Charlie at his ridiculous best. This begs the question: Why isn't he this damn funny when he works with me?

THE BEETLE SIDE



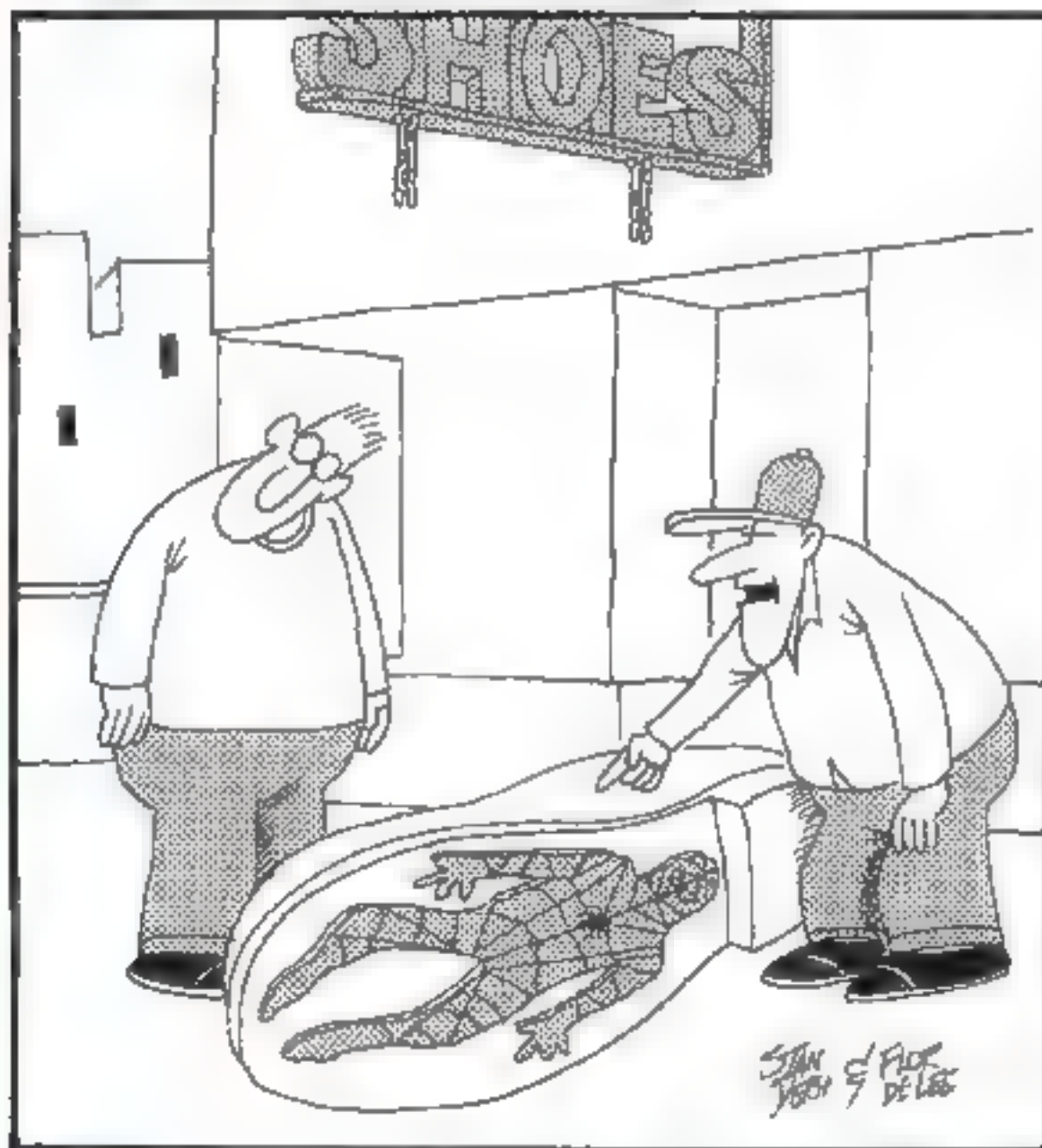
"Jenkins, I've done it! I've perfected a fool-proof star wars defense system! All my calculations are right in here, you must see them!"

THE CATHY SIDE



It was right after the soup and just before the main course that Cathy decided she would never, under any circumstances, ever go on another blind date again. Never.

THE SPIDERMAN SIDE



"It must have fallen down during the night and...Hey! Lookee what's underneath it!"

THE B.C. SIDE



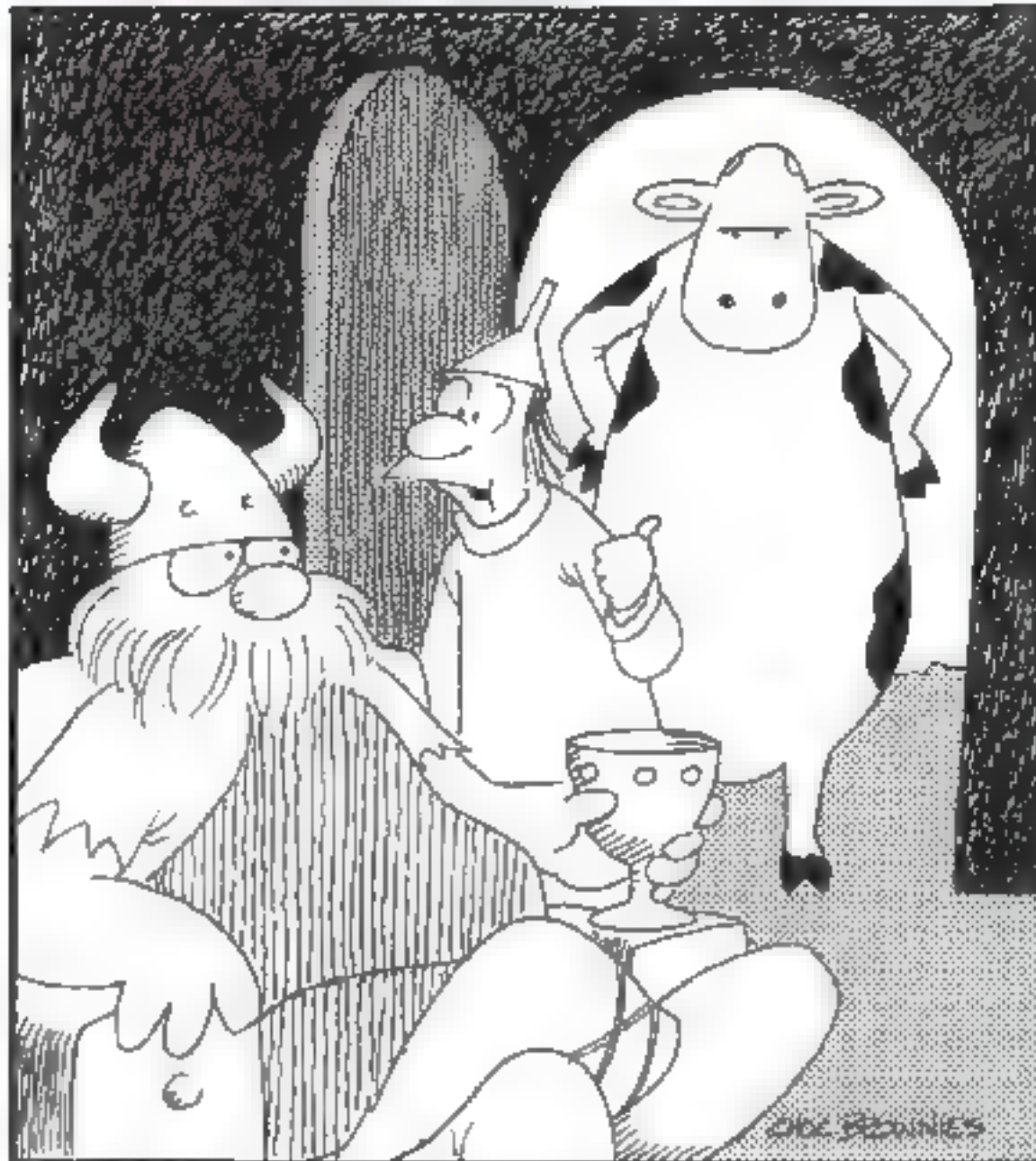
"It's agreed then: you call it in the air...winners get to lounge around in trees all day eating bananas and losers have to develop civilization and live in hot, crowded cities."

THE FAMILY CIRCUS SIDE



"Well, I thought this was the spot where we left daddy... I remember we buried him in the sand about an hour ago right here next to a 'No Littering' sign."

THE HAGAR SIDE



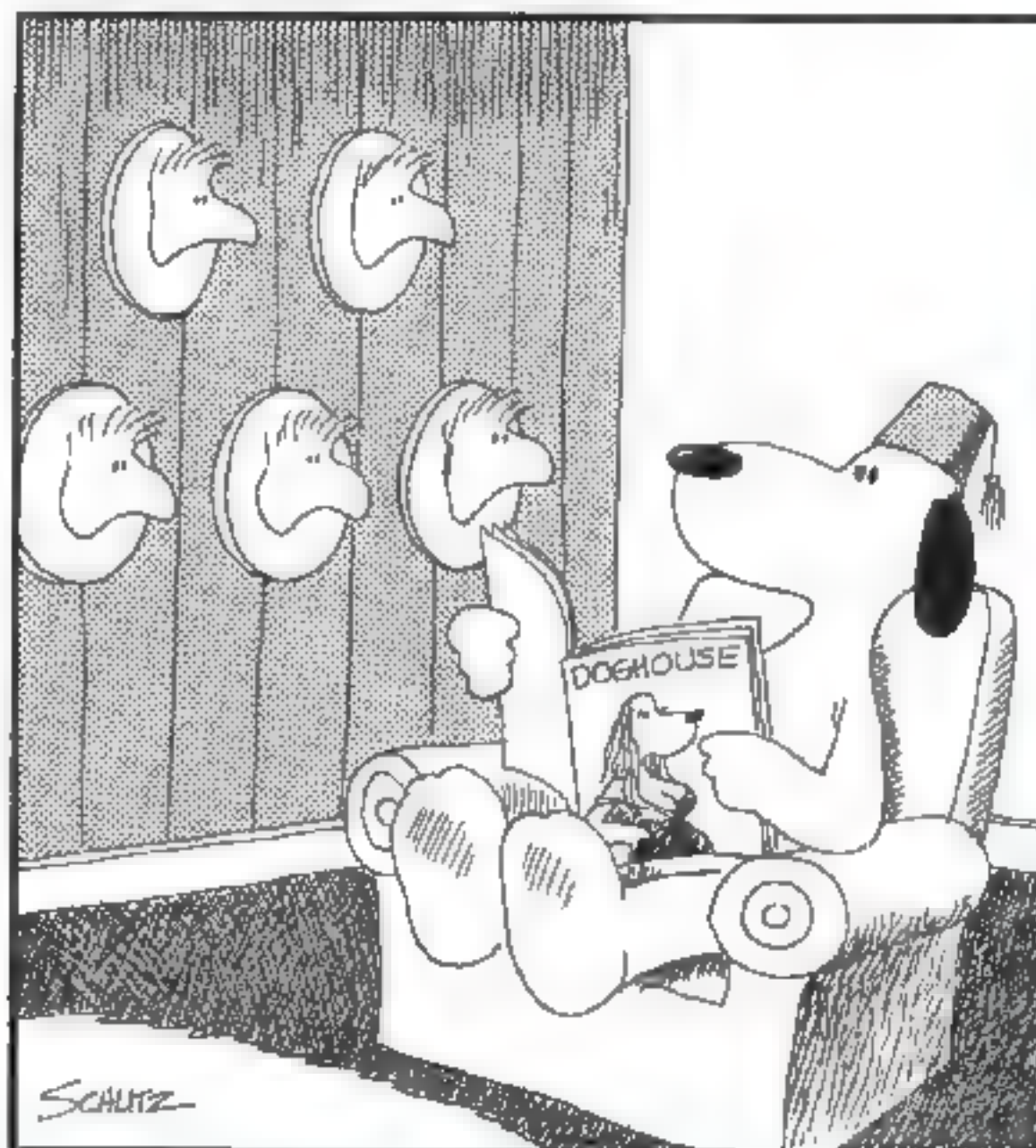
"Hagar, there's someone here who wants to speak to you about your helmet, and he doesn't look happy."

THE MENACE SIDE

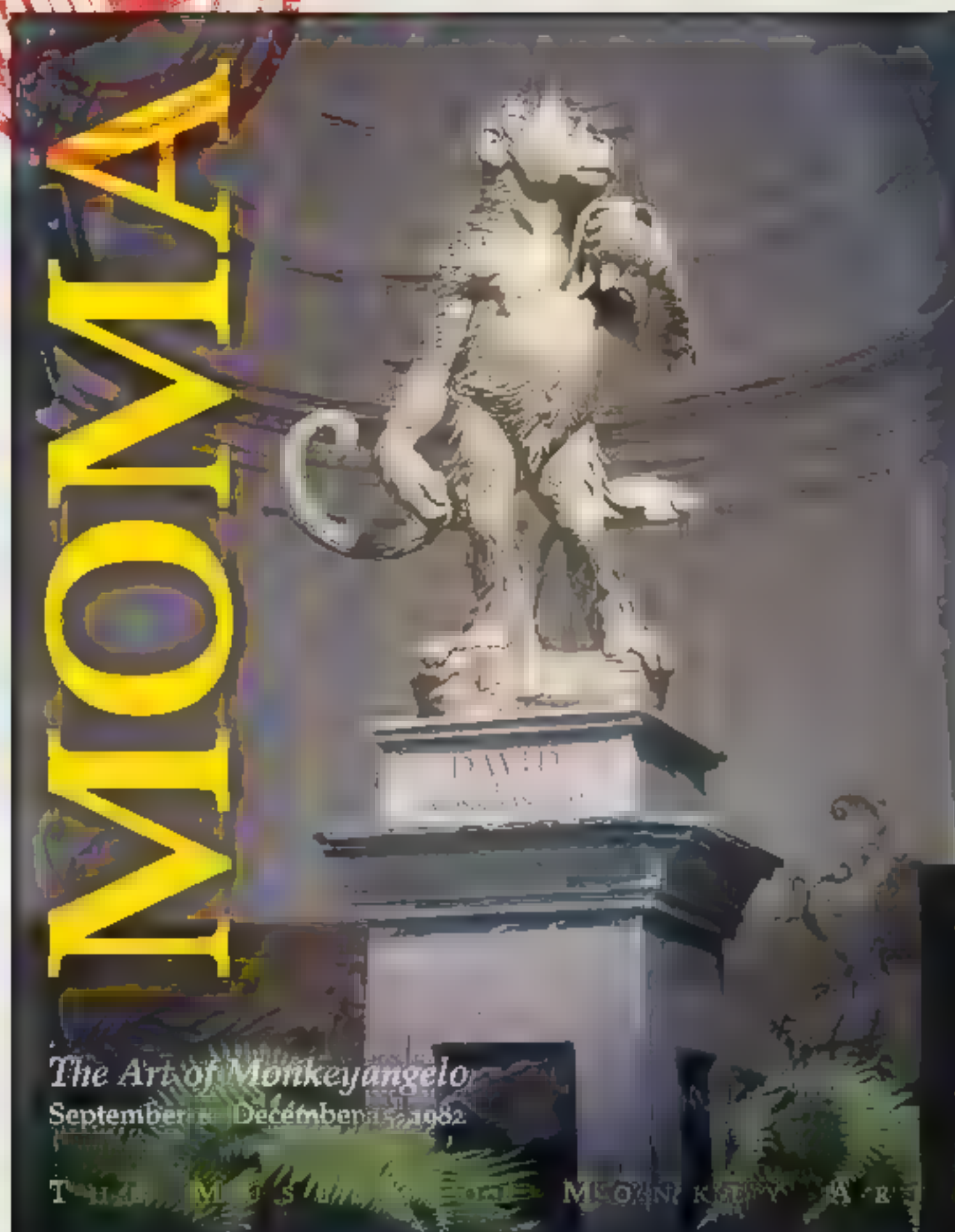


Dennis was about to discover he had finally pushed Mr. Wilson's patience just a little too far.

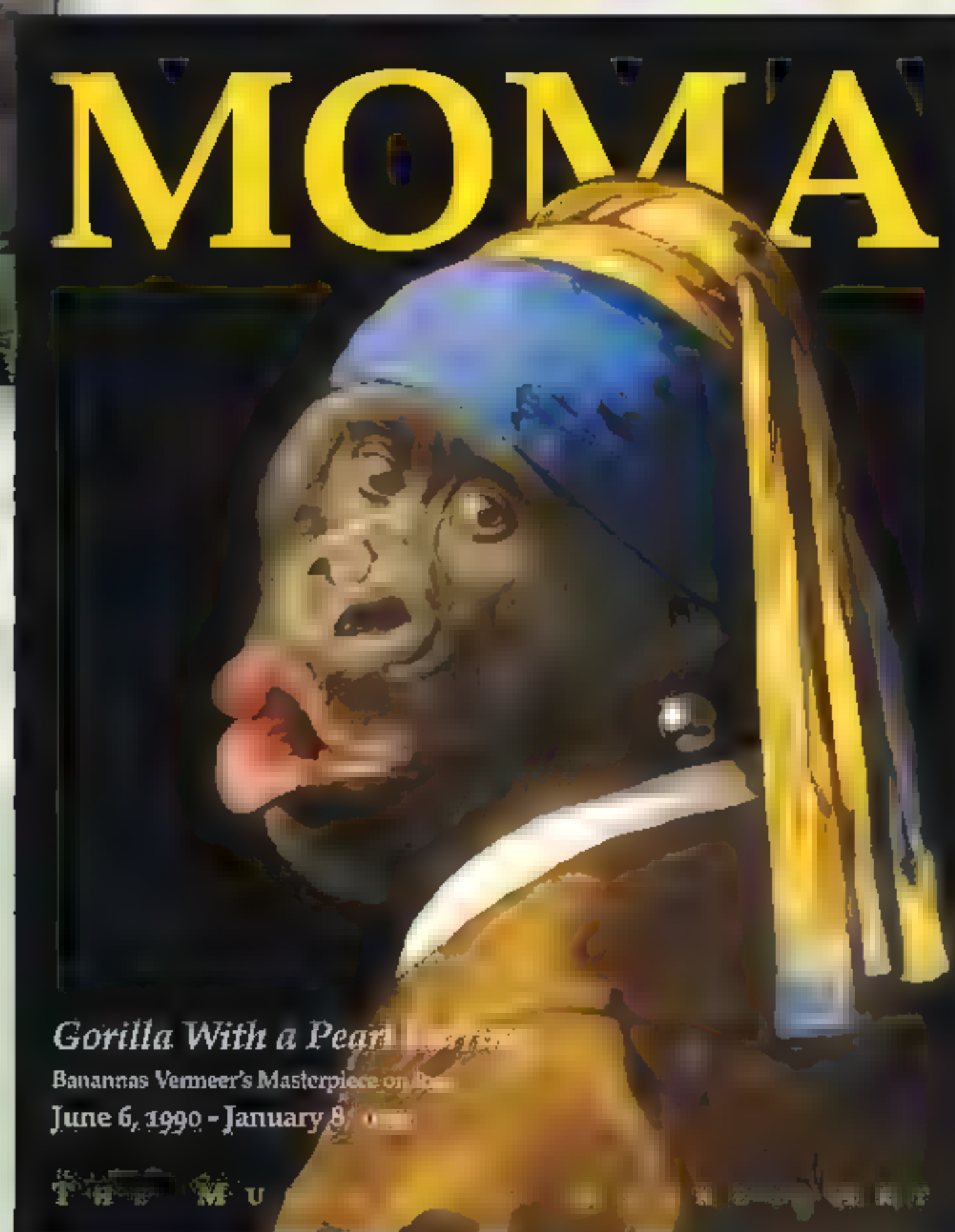
THE PEANUTS SIDE



Inside Snoopy's den



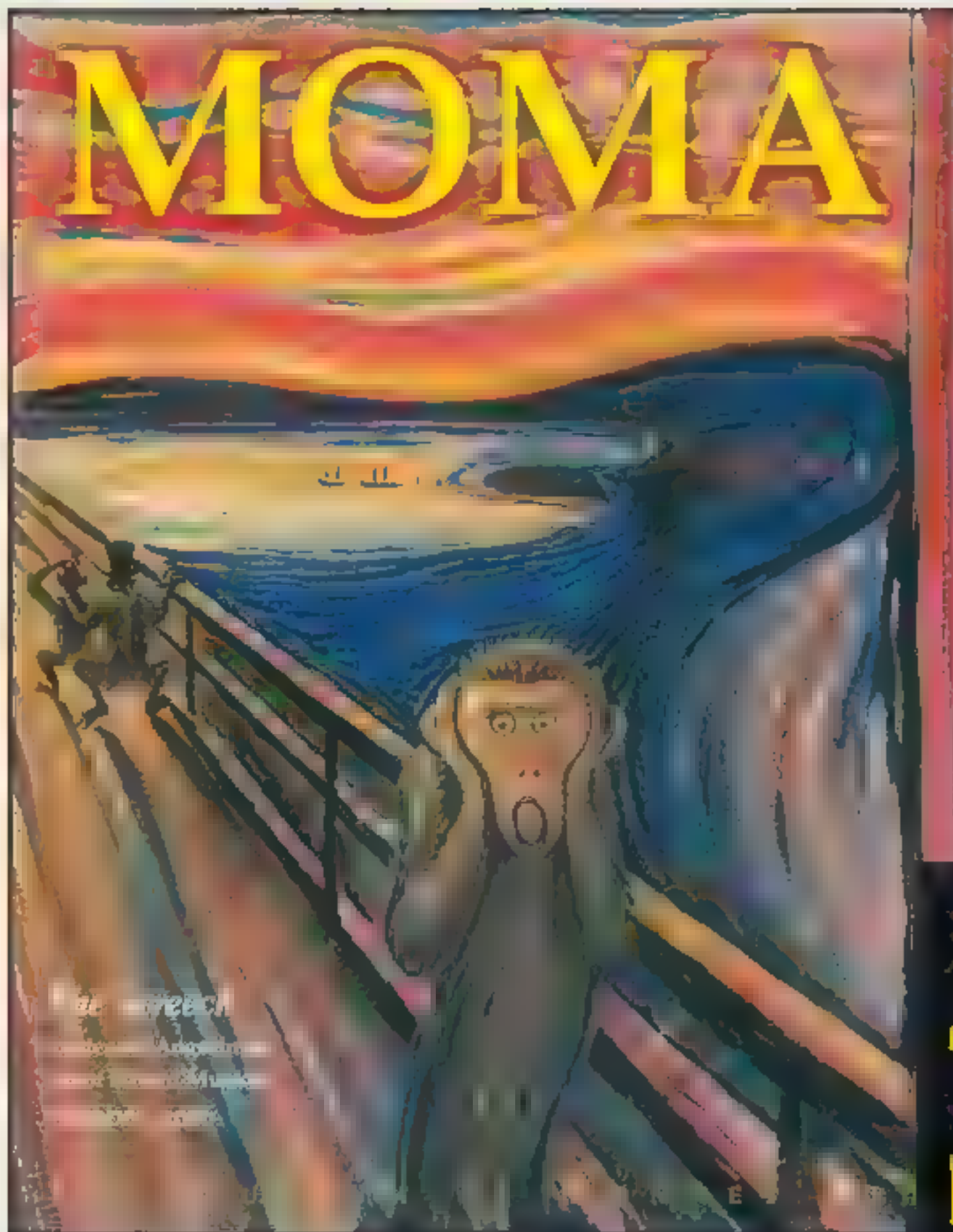
ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA



ARTIST: ROBERTO PARRADA



■ were a little bored and we just wanted to see if we could do it. That's probably as good an explanation as any as how MAD #488 — an entire issue of MAD conceived as if it were written by and for monkeys — came about. Once we decided to do it, we went all-in on the conceit. Every MAD feature was...ahem...monkeyed around with. "The Fundalini Pages" became "The Monkey-lini Pages." "Spy vs. Spy" became "SPider monkeY vs. SPider monkeY," a spoof of the



ARTIST: JAMES WARMOLA



ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

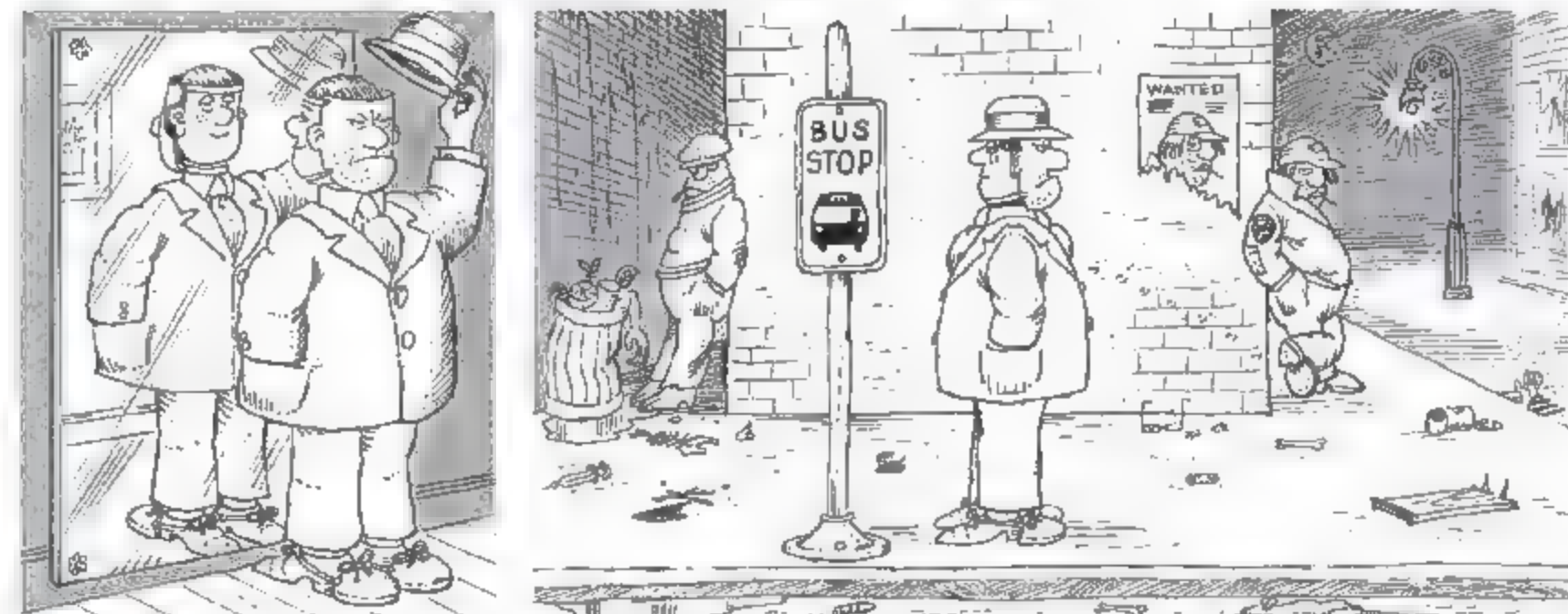
dating website "eHarmony" became "eHarmonkey" and a Banana Republic catalog became, what else, "Bananas Republic." But my personal favorite article featured classic works of art in a catalog from MoMA —The Museum of Monkey Art. In the end, the issue proved two things: first, there is no limit to how far the MAD staff will go to prove its stupidity and, secondly, there is a surprisingly high number of ways you can turn flinging poop at humans into a punch line. — John Ficarra

PROPS AND ROBBERS DEPT.

Street crime is rising at an alarming rate. Every day, people are mugged, robbed and beaten. The police would like to help, but Heaven knows they have their hands full with gamblers, illegal parkers and Sunday Blue Law violators. Nor can anyone expect help from his neighbor. Nobody wants to get involved. Alarms, whistles and sundry

CRIME FOILERS FOR THE MUGGINGS, HOLD-UPS, PURSE-SNATCHINGS

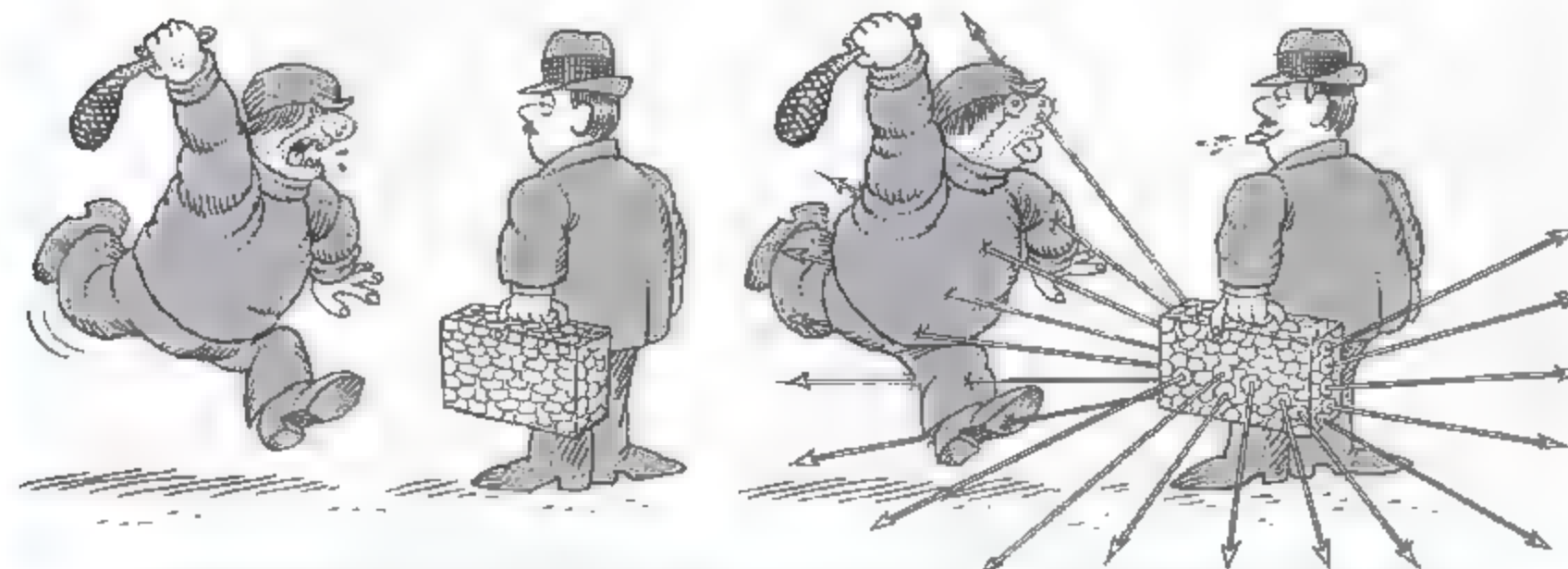
THE PHONY FRONT



Almost all muggers count on the element of surprise. They attack from behind to avoid tangling with anyone who can fight back. This costume prevents all that. It consists

of a two-way suit and shirt. Phony shoe fronts complete the ensemble. No matter which way mugger approaches, he always thinks he's facing you, and you're watching him.

THE SPINY ATTACHE CASE



Pushbutton trigger in handle instantly releases dozens of porcupine-like telescoping barbed steel spines. Warning

"attacker" that spine tips are coated with curare poison guarantees safety... if he hasn't run into them already.

noise-makers are useless. And carrying a weapon is even worse. With surprise on his side, the mugger can quickly disarm the average person and turn the weapon against him. So what we need are devices that even crippled old ladies can rely upon with confidence as they walk the lonely city streets at night. Mainly, we need these MAD

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN AND OTHER STREET ATTACK FOILERS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

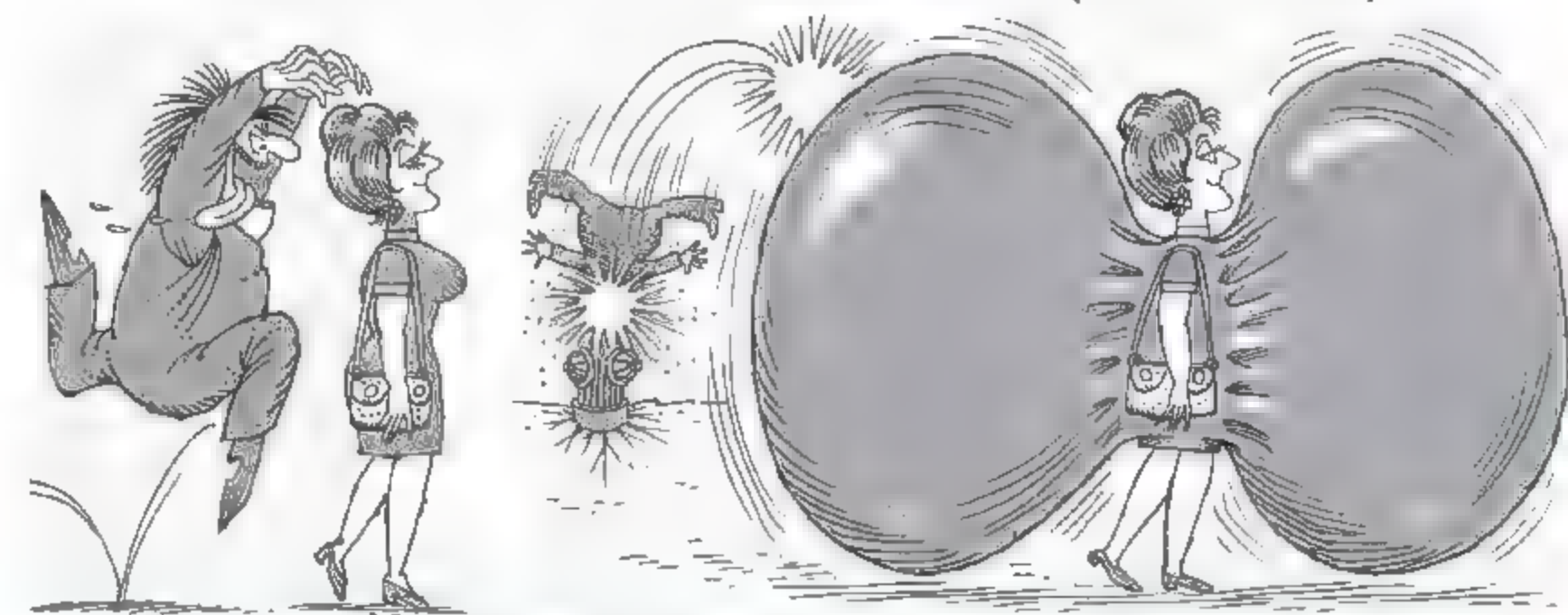
THE BALL-BEARING POCKET BOOK



As "attacker" appears, pocketbook-wearer presses trigger and thousands of tiny lightweight plastic ball-bearings are released. "Attacker" is suddenly rendered helpless as

he struggles to maintain his balance. Meanwhile, "victim" walks safely away over treacherous ball-bearings with the aid of the specially-designed spiked shoes she is wearing.

THE AIR BAG STRETCH SUIT (OR DRESS)



The idea for this protective device came from auto safety experiments. When "victim" is attacked, air bags instantly

inflate and fling mugger violently away. However, caution must be exercised to avoid sudden embraces of loved ones.

by Bob Staake
ARTIST



I distinctly remember an afternoon in 1973 when I was feeling, you know, not so fresh.

Maybe I sucked in some particularly bad smog or ate an iffy fish taco, but whatever it was had begun roiling my stomach, and Mom said I'd feel better if I got rid of it.

I tried, but forcing myself to vomit always felt like cheating — or worse, I was afraid I'd do it all wrong and everything would come out of my nose. Mom,

however, was insistent, so she went to Sav-on and returned with a small bottle of ipecac syrup and, much to my surprise, a copy of MAD.

She handed me the magazine and I flipped through it. I drooled over Mort Drucker's bikini-clad women, counted the holes in the soles of Jack Davis' characters' shoes, and eventually focused on a simple Al Jaffee line drawing showing a robber being triple-skewered by a spring-loaded anti-burglary device.

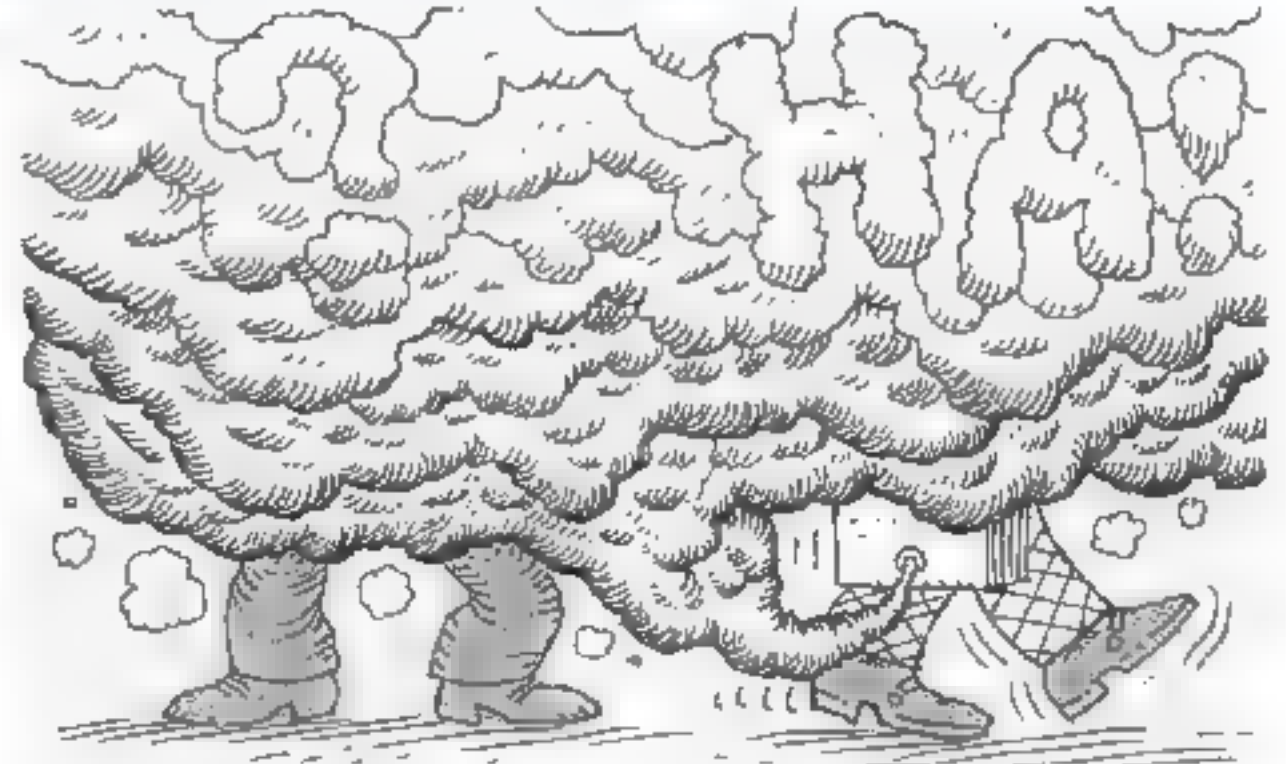
It wasn't an overtly gross image — in fact it showed no blood at all — yet there

MAD #161/SEPTEMBER 1973

THE SMOKESCREEN SUITCASE



Potential "victim" presses handle and releases huge smoke cloud. Special eyeglasses permit clear vision through the



chemical smoke, and "victim" can take off without fear of bumping into "attacker," or any other unpleasant object.

THE MAGNETIC VEST



This garment looks like any ordinary vest but is actually lined with powerful magnets. Anyone approaching magnetic field with metal weapon (gun, knife, ice pick, etc.) is

immediately rendered weaponless. However, caution must be exercised by wearer in everyday situations, such as when approaching metal object like a car, fence, lamppost, etc.

THE GUSHING HANDBAG



Trigger in handbag handle breaks chemical capsules which combine to produce huge puddle of slipperiest goo known

to Man. Special shoes on "victim" are unaffected by goo, and she walks blithely away while "attacker" goes flying.

was something so oddly unsettling about it that as I stared at the drawing it initiated in me the sudden and violent elimination of whatever was in my stomach, launching it into the tin trash can emblazoned with the Los Angeles Rams logo that sat next to my bed.

Mom turned to me, a spoonful of the now unnecessary ipecac in her hand. She smiled, poured the syrup back into the little amber bottle and said, "Honey, I feel the same way about that damn magazine."

THE VISE-GRIP PURSE



As purse-snatcher grabs purse away, handle-button (A) is released and trigger (B) unlocks two separate bag-halves.

Powerful bear trap spring (C) whips bag halves around at lightning speed and bone-crushing force onto mugger's hand.

THE EXPLODING HAT NET



Net, woven of extremely fine but strong synthetic fibers, is carefully packed into hat. When "victim" is grabbed at throat, special collar triggers an explosive device which

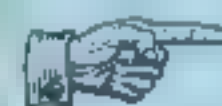
sends net billowing out over both "victim" and "attacker." Since they are both trapped until help comes, "attacker" will not hurt "victim" and risk more serious punishment.

THE BONE-CRUSHING KNAPSACK



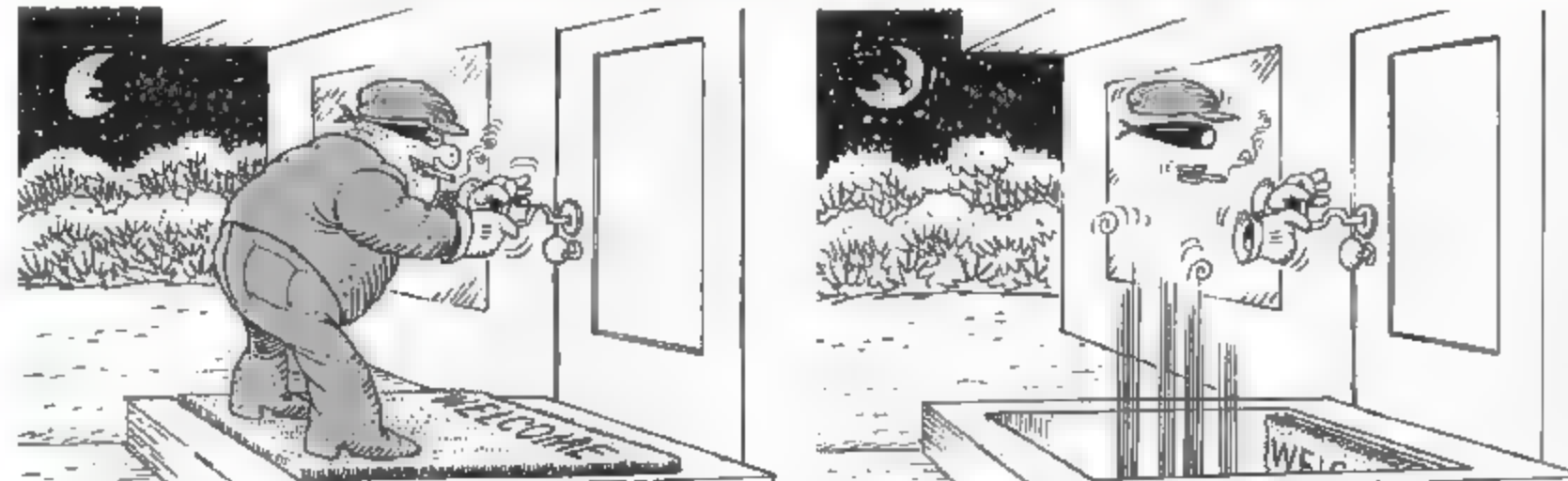
Innocent-looking knapsack contains spring-mounted flatiron which is released by any violence directed at wearer from

the rear. Delivers a blow equal to being hit by a 5-pound weight dropped from the top of the Empire State Building.



BURGLARIES, BREAK-INS, THEFTS, ROBBERIES AND OTHER HOUSE CRIME FOILERS

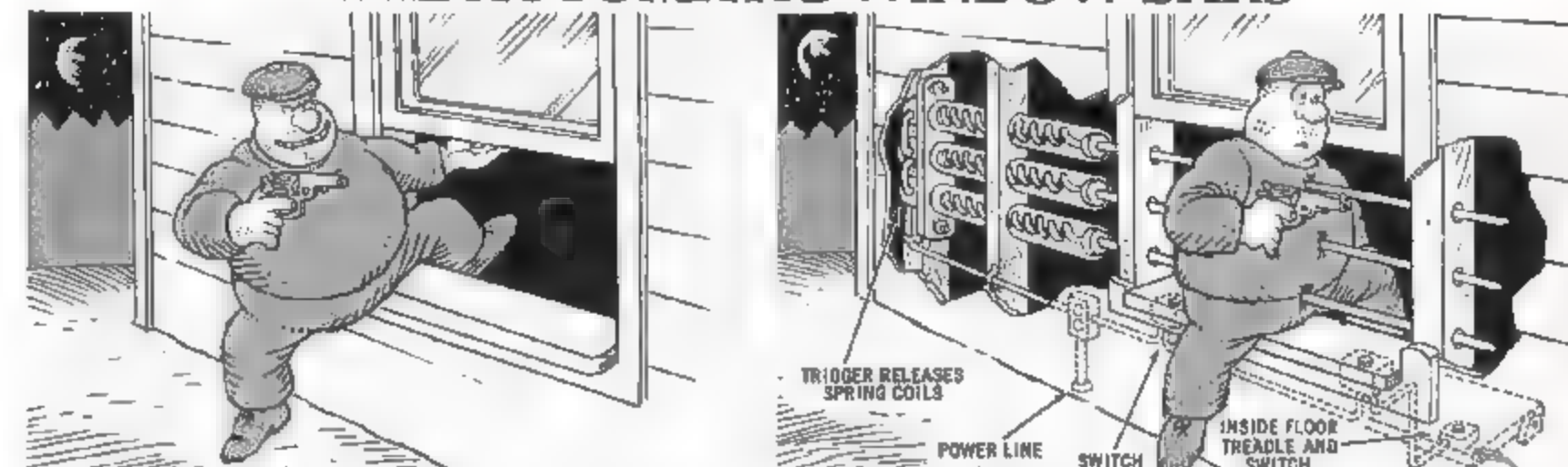
THE TRAP DOOR WELCOME MAT



Special lock on door is calibrated to accept special key. Any other device such as a jimmy, screwdriver, hairpin or foreign key sets off mechanism that opens trap door. If

homeowner intends to be away for an extended period, it is advisable to leave some food and water in the trap. Otherwise, disgusting sight will greet him on his return.

THE AUTOMATIC WINDOW BARS



Spears are hidden in window frame. When burglar puts his weight on window sill, switch is activated and spears are released which effectively bar entry to thief. Too bad—

heh-heh—if he's caught in the middle! Note: floor treadle safety feature (A) which cuts current to spring switch so that a person opening window from the inside is protected.

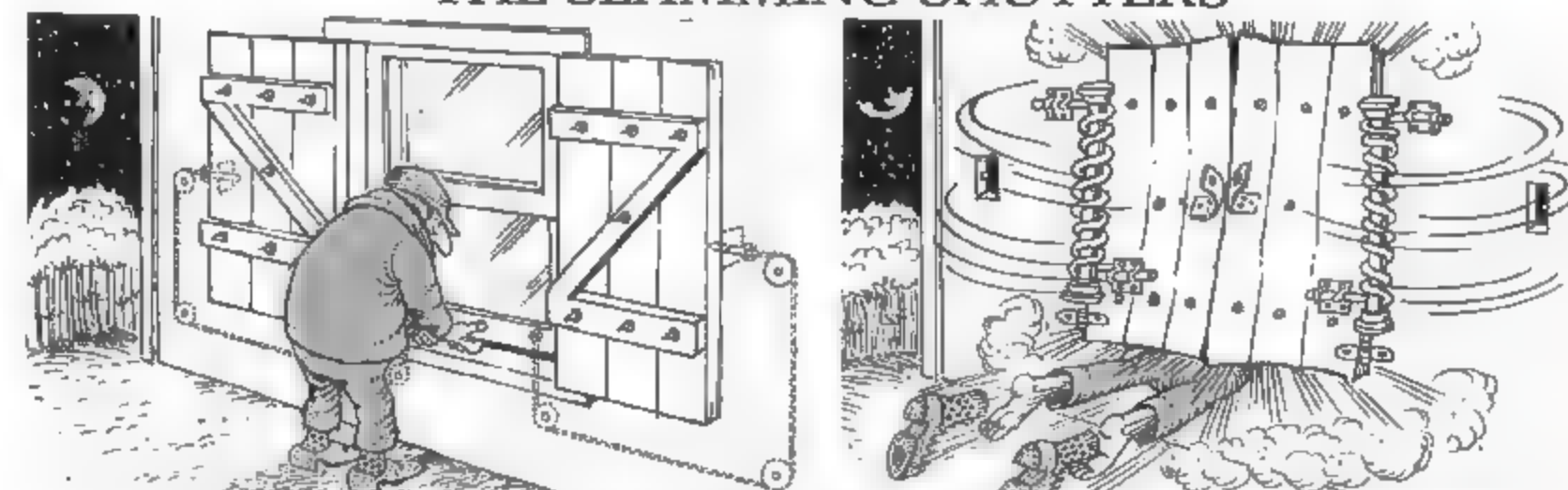
THE SPRING LOADED WINDOW



When burglar lifts lower (inner) sash, it hits mechanism (A) which releases spring (B). Upper (outer) sash comes

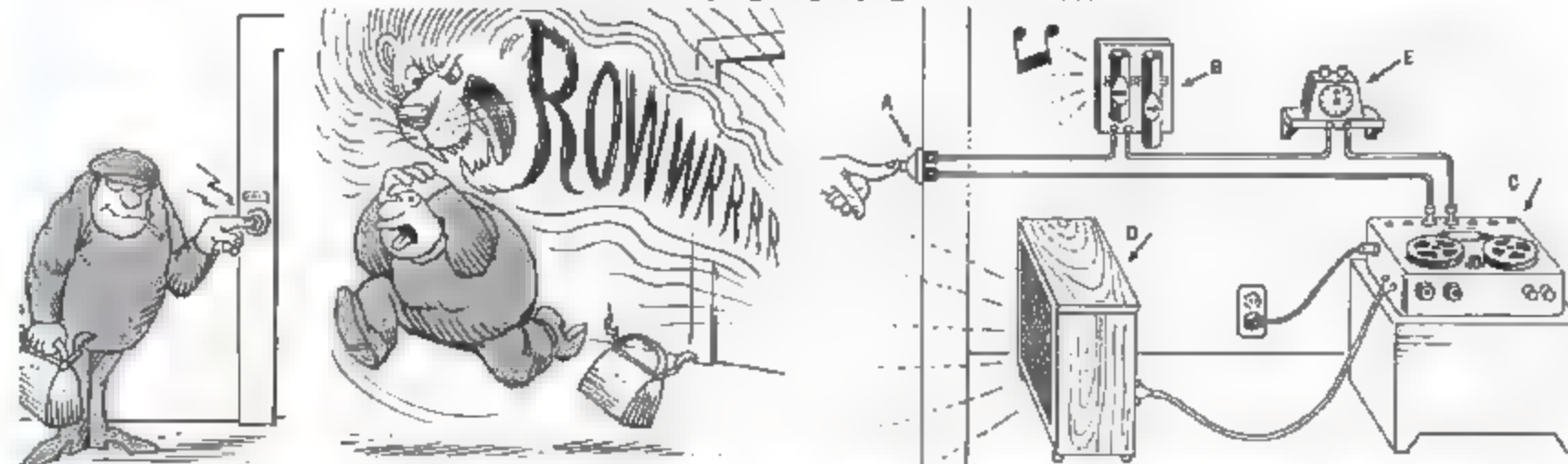
down with thrust equal to two tons of weight, trapping thief in the act. Too bad if he's a moonlighting pianist.

THE SLAMMING SHUTTERS



Innocent-looking shutters are hooked up so that lifting window releases spring-hinges and they crash on unsuspecting intruder. Naturally, window panes are made of shatterproof glass to avoid cuts and bloodshed and—ecch.

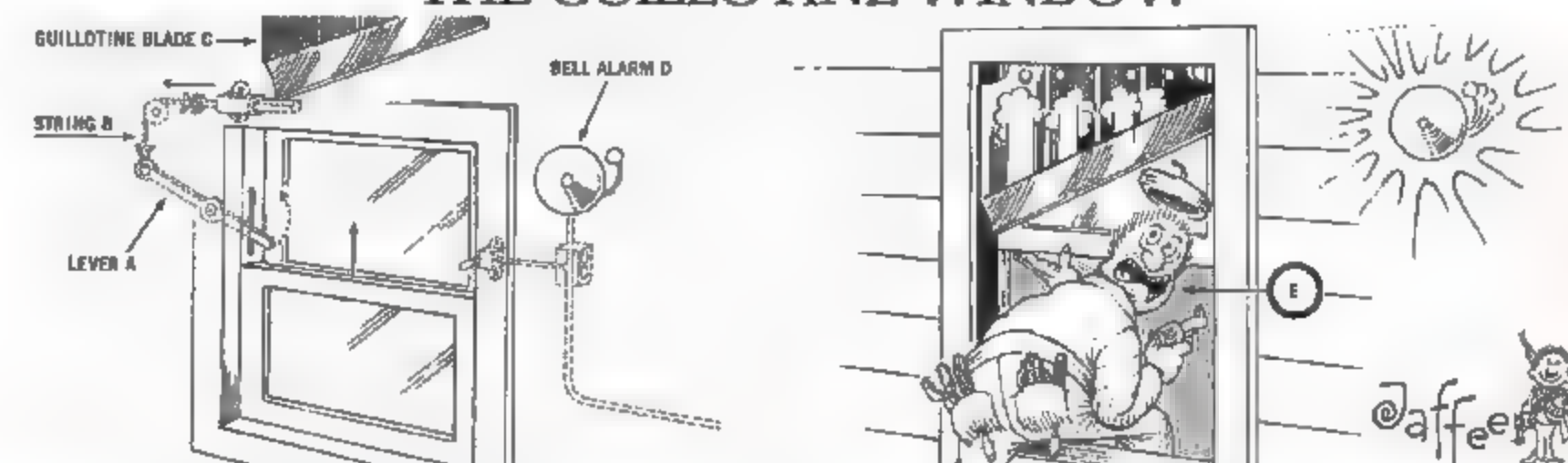
THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL



Since burglar always rings doorbell first to make sure no one is home, this simple set-up effectively discourages him. When bell-button (A) is pressed, it rings chimes (B) and starts tape (C) which emits thunderous animal roars.

through loudspeaker (D). Timer switch (E) stops the tape after 5 minutes. If another burglar comes, it starts all over again. Set-up can accommodate 6 or 7 burglars, which should just about cover one night's supply in most cities.

THE GUILLOTINE WINDOW



When intruder raises window beyond a certain point, it pushes lever (A). Lever (A), in turn, pulls string (B). String (B) releases razor sharp guillotine blade (C) which is concealed in the wall above the window. When

guillotining blade (C) drops, it presents a steel shield, blocking entry to the thief, and also setting off a bell alarm (D). And if the intruder is slow getting out of the way, it also sets off another alarm... a scream (E).



Whoopi Goldberg

*M*AD Magazine was such a huge part of my life growing up. It all started when my mother gave me a subscription for one of my birthdays (she liked reading them, too). My mom liked "Spy vs. Spy," my brother liked the parodies and I liked EVERYTHING. I liked the back page where, with a fold here and there, things were not as they seemed. I liked the artwork, which gave me some of the best times, and frankly, I wished that one day I would be immortalized in MAD Magazine...and it happened. Being in MAD Magazine and getting an Oscar — two very high notes for me.

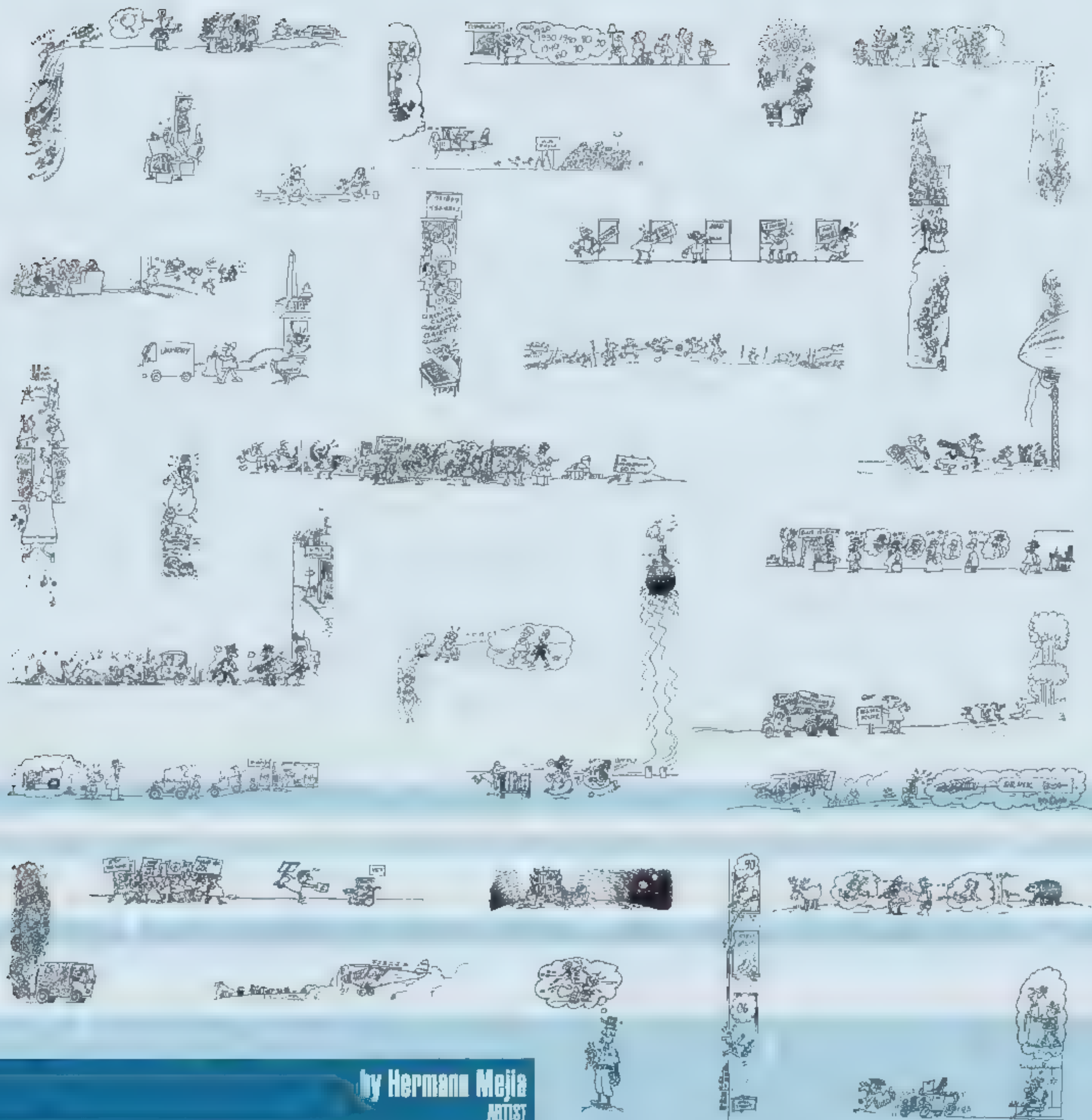
Number
344
April
1996

MAD

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Move Over Oscar
It's The Alfie!

EXCLUSIVE INSIDE:
**O.J. FINDS THE
REAL KILLER!**



by Hermann Mejia
ARTIST

Mi primera MAD la encontré a los 30 años sobre un banco a la salida del colegio, era el principio de la década de los 80. Fue amor a primera vista. Todo me inspiraba y hacía reír. Explorándola detalladamente, descubrí lo que a mi entender eran bromas ocultas para niños espías: las viñetas del gran Sergio Aragonés. A partir de ese momento la revista pasó a ser una isla de tesoros ocultos; mis ojos hurgaban milímetro a milímetro cada uno de los rincones de las páginas en busca de estas joyas que me desternillaban de risa y maravillaban con su buen dibujo.

La publicación estaba en inglés...Casí todo en inglés; el trabajo del señor Aragonés era diferente, era humor de mimos, mudo, universal, blanco y negro...

¡Viva Sergio!

I found my first MAD 30 years ago on a bench outside of my school; it was the beginning of the '80s. It was love at first sight. Everything inspired me and made me laugh. Exploring it in detail, I discovered what I thought were hidden jokes for kid spies: the cartoons of the great Sergio Aragonés. From that moment on, the magazine became an island of hidden treasures; my eyes scanned millimeter by millimeter each corner of the pages in search of these jewels that cracked me up and amazed me with the great drawings. The publication was in English...almost entirely in English; the work of Mr. Aragonés was different; it was mime humor, silent, universal, black and white...

Long live Sergio!



SISS ... BOOM ... BLAH ... DEPT.

When a kid enters school, some of the first things he learns are the School Songs. MAD has made a study of these songs, and we've discovered that they fall into two main categories:

The first type of School Song is the "Rock-'em-Sock-'em Fight Song," calculated to glorify the Football Team and fill the student body with that old "School Spirit." Here is an example of a typical Rock-'em-Sock-'em Fight Song:



The Black And The Blue

(to the tune of "The Notre Dame Fight Song")

Cheer, cheer the Black and the Blue!
You're gonna win 'cause we are for you!
Push their faces in the mud!
Punch out their teeth and draw their blood!
Stomp on their stomachs! Break all their bones!
We wanna hear their screams and their moans!
If you follow our advice,
You'll win a clean vic-tor-y!

The second type of Song is written in praise of the School itself. It's sung mainly at Graduation Exercises, and it's supposed to evoke deep emotional feelings and bring a lump to everyone's throat. Here's an example of this type song:



Hail To Thee, Oh Frisbee High!

(to the tune of "High Above Cayuga's Waters")

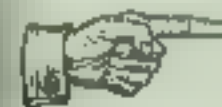
Hail ■ thee, oh Frisbee High School—
Faithful, good and true!
If you spoke, you'd say you love us
Like we all love you!
Frisbee High School, when we've left you,
And the days seem long—
We will think back how they made us
Sing this stupid song!

Now these songs are okay for special occasions, but they don't have much value in the long, humdrum hours of ordinary school life. Kids spend most of that time sitting in classrooms, going to lunch, and trying to pass surprise quizzes. To this dull existence, we dedicate:

MAD SCHOOL SONGS FOR EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



MAD #100/MARCH 1967

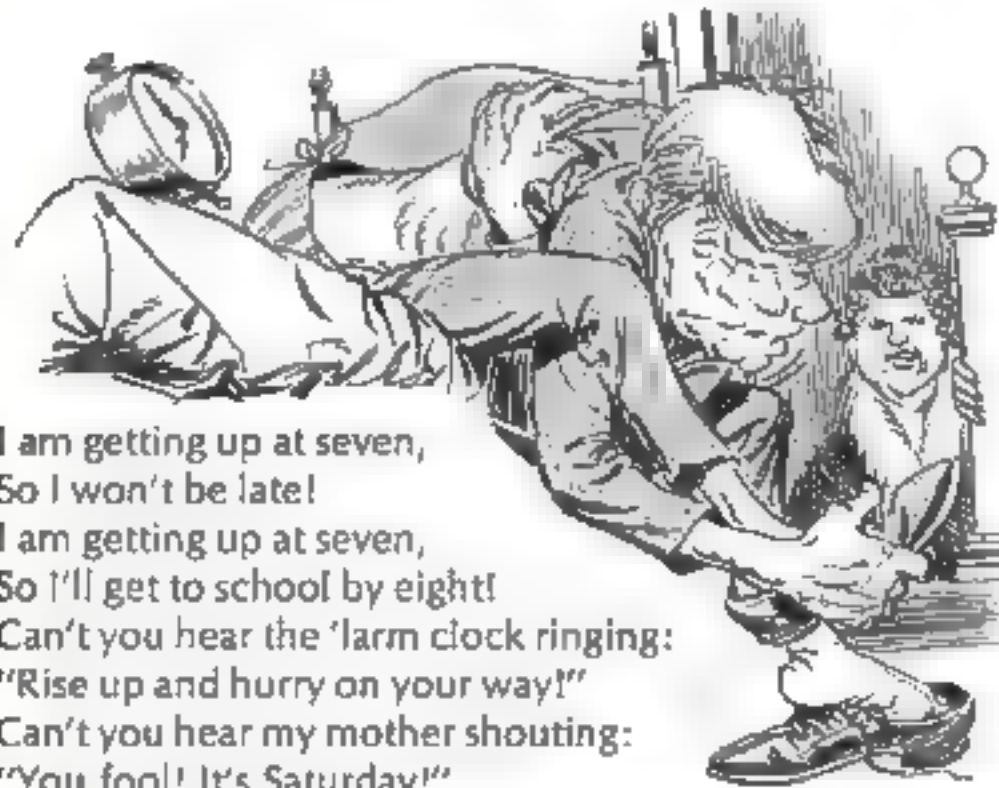
by **Barry Liebmann**
WRITER

When I was in junior high school I memorized "The Lunchroom March" from "MAD School Songs For Everyday Activities" with greater skill and speed than any of my school assignments. (Of course, it had a lot more significance to me.) Eventually a friend and I created our own variation of this parody...

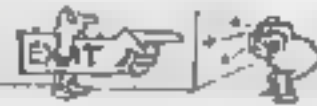
with much raunchier lyrics. Lennon and McCartney we were not! I can't say that this one no-hit blunder was what eventually inspired me to write for MAD. But it was a constructive alternative to the anti-social, juvenile delinquent-types of activities other kids were into... Though if you heard it, you might not agree!

The Early Morning Rouser

(to the tune of "I've Been Working On The Railroad")

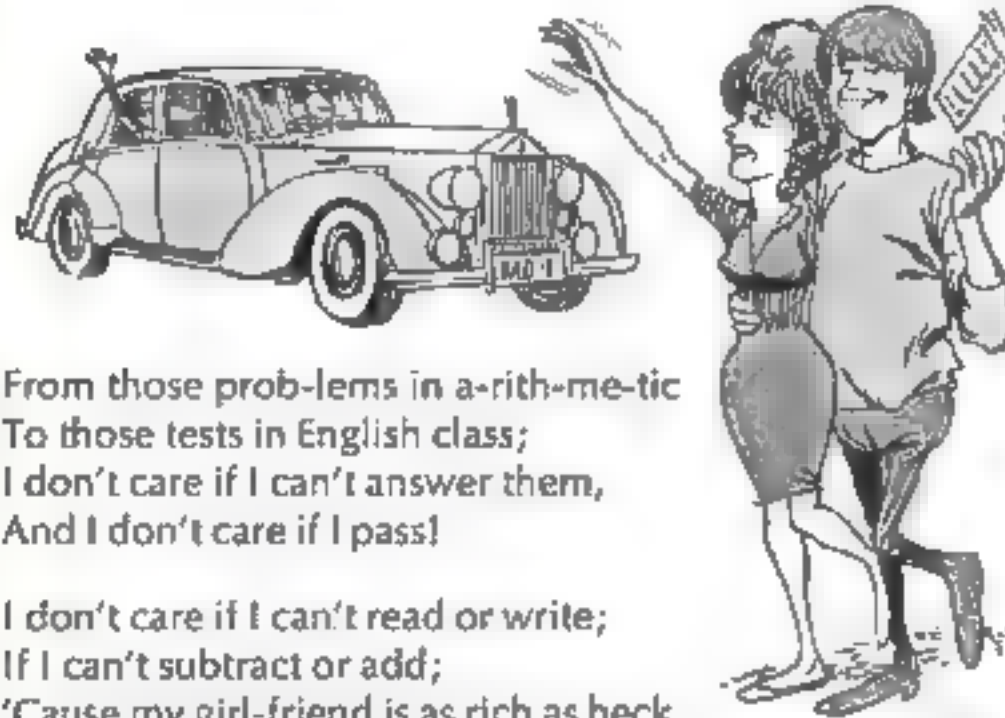


I am getting up at seven,
So I won't be late!
I am getting up at seven,
So I'll get to school by eight!
Can't you hear the 'larm clock ringing:
"Rise up and hurry on your way!"
Can't you hear my mother shouting:
"You fool! It's Saturday!"



The Failure's Hymn

(To the tune of "From The Halls Of Montezuma")



From those prob-lems in a-rith-me-tic
To those tests in English class;
I don't care if I can't answer them,
And I don't care if I pass!

I don't care if I can't read or write;
If I can't subtract or add;
'Cause my girl-friend is as rich as heck,
And we'll both live off her dad!

The Emergency Bathroom Chant

(to the tune of "Over There")

Catch her eye!
Catch her eye!
Wave and shout!
Yell right out!
Catch her eye!

For your need is growing,
And you are knowing
If you don't leave the room,
you'll die!

You must try!
Don't be shy!
Make her look!
Throw a book!
Scream and cry!

OOOOOPS!

It's too late now!
You couldn't wait now!
Boy, you're really sunk
'Cause you didn't catch her eye!



The Lunchroom March

(to the tune of "The Air Force Song")



Off we go—
Into the lunch-room yonder,
Pushing girls
Out of the way!

Forward, boys!
Start moving down the counter!
Grab your grub!
Fill up your tray!
(Clankity-Clank)

Try the beans—
They were prepared last Friday!
And the meat's
Tough as a mule!
The soup is cold!
The bread's got mold!
Yecch!
Anything beats our lunchroom at school!

The March Of The Hell-Raisers

(to the tune of "Stout Hearted Men")



Give me some guys
Who are hell-raising guys
Who can shake up and break up a class!
Guys who don't care,
Who will stand on their chair,
Who will shout and give out with the sass! Yeah!

Running and romping
And screaming and stomping,
We brawl like it's all just a gas!
When—
The teacher fin'ly sees
That we don't give a hoot!

Then—
We'll start again!
Because she's just a substitute!



The Cheater's Chant

(to the tune of "Bless 'em All")



Cheat 'em all!
Cheat 'em all!
In Springtime, in Winter and Fall!
Those Lincoln quotations we hide in our fist!
That Longfellow verse written on our left wrist!
If you find that your mind can't recal!
The date when the Romans took Gaul—
A glance at your knee-cap
Will help you to recap!
So why take a chance?
Cheat 'em all!

The Goof-Off's Anthem

(to the tune of "Over Hill, Over Dale")

In a test
For a class
That we know that we can't pass—
See the goof-offs go faking along!

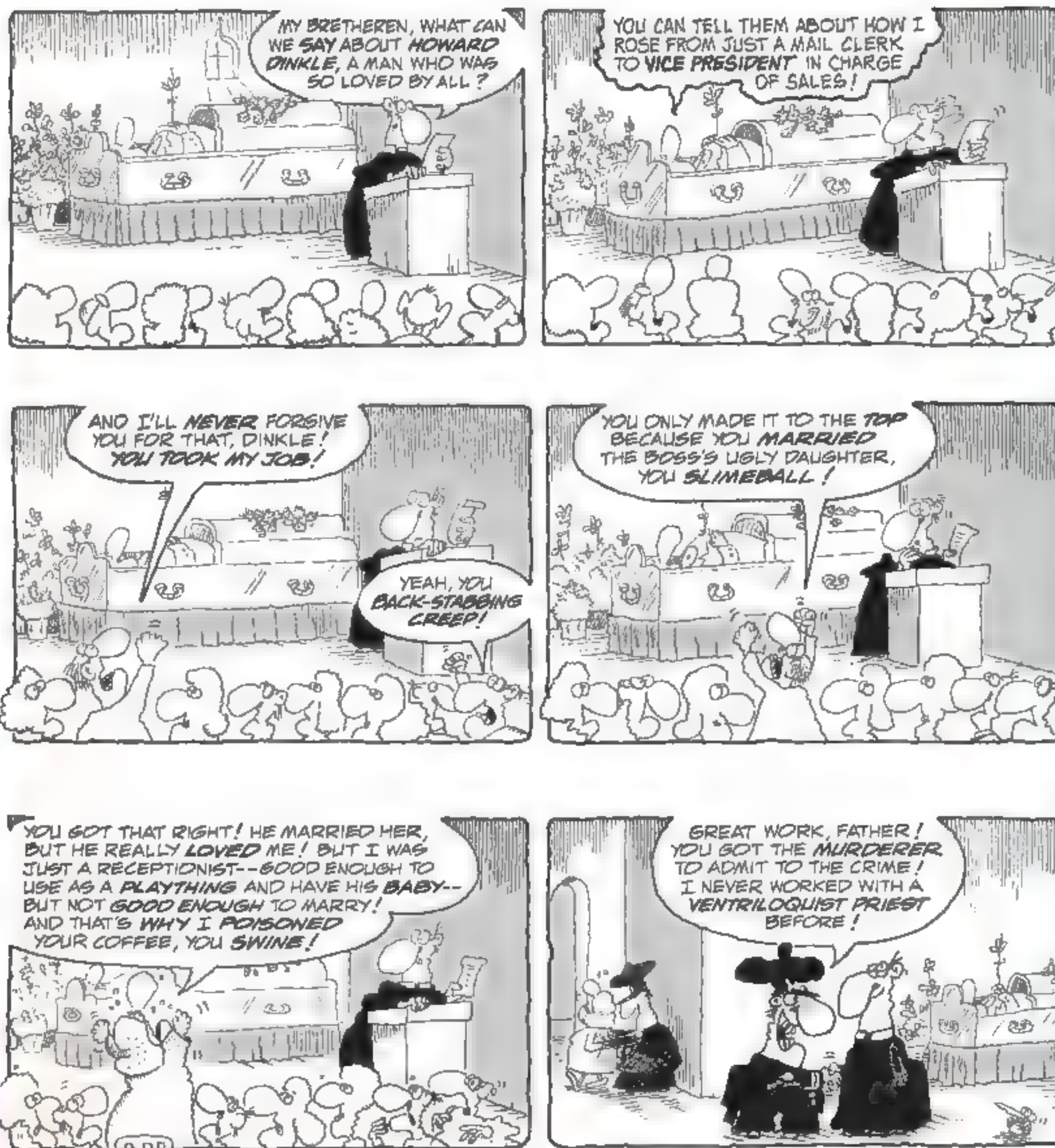
Start to heave;
Fake a chill;
Anything so you'll look ill;
As the goof-offs go faking along!

For it's hi-hi-hoo!
Let's all fake the Asian flu!
Call out your symptoms loud and strong—
"Blah! Ecch!"

We will feel enthused
When the teachers says "Excused!"
As the goof-offs go faking along!



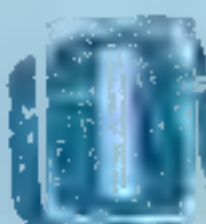
THE EXTRAORDINARY EULOGY ENTRAPMENT



ARTIST & WRITER: DUCK EDWING

MAD #283/MARCH 1996

by John Caldwell
WRITER/ARTIST



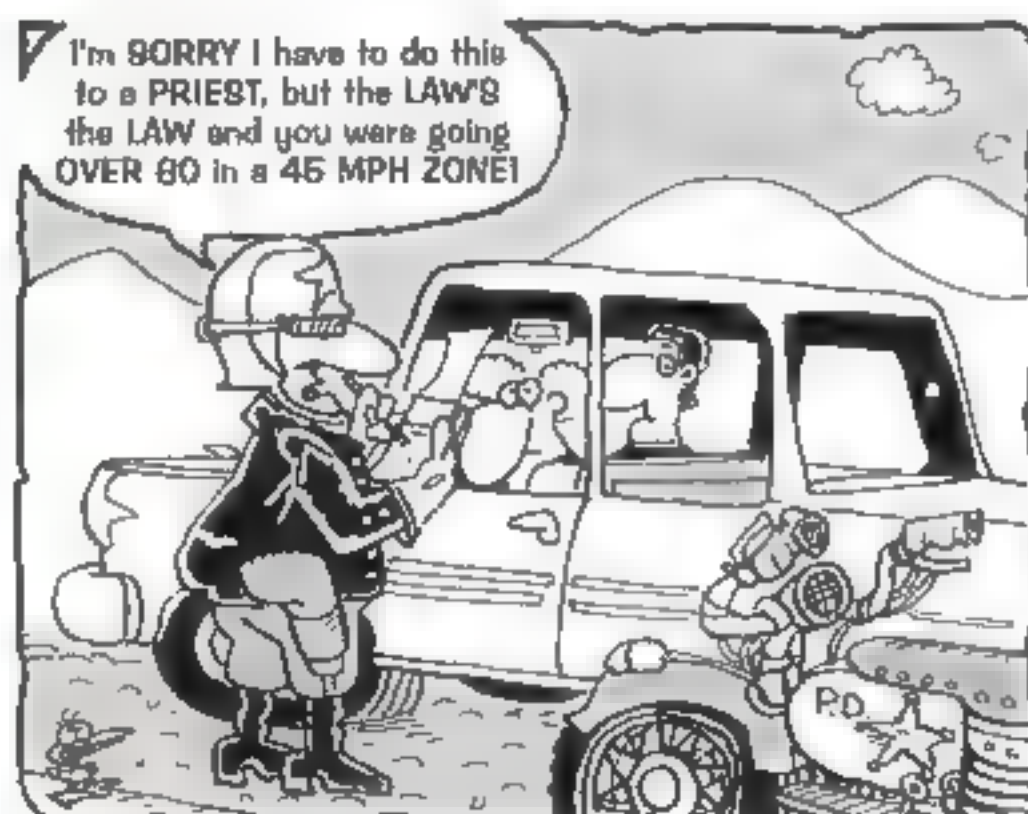
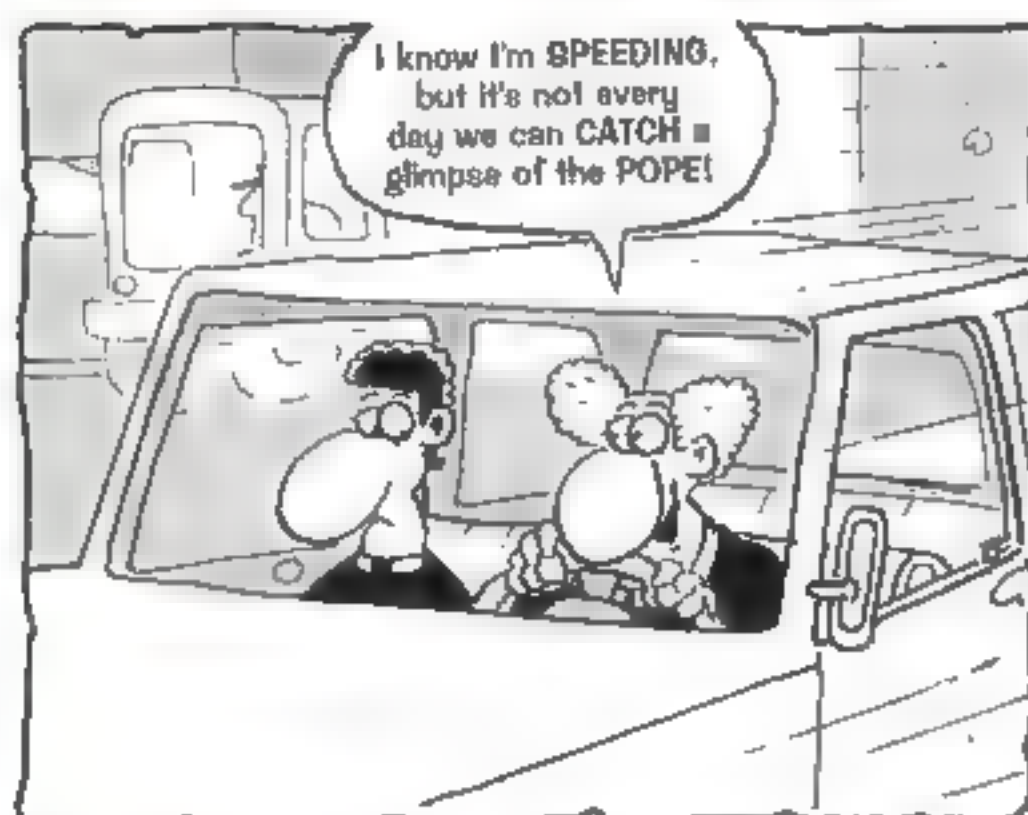
If, on a visit to the mall, you've ever been approached by some kid with a clipboard and coaxed into taking one of those "shopper surveys," then you've no doubt been asked to choose your favorite Hun. You'd be surprised how many people instinctively rattle off, "Attila." Seriously? Attila? First of all, the guy:

- A) Had a wicked temper,
- B) Showed no fashion sense (Unless you consider a bloody head on a spear ■ cool accessory) and
- C) Was notoriously cheap.

For me, the favorite Hun question comes down to a dead heat between Gary The Hun, also known as the poet laureate of village ravaging, and Tiffany The Hun, considered by many to be a pioneer of modern-day pole dancing.

What, you ask, does this have to do with picking my favorite MAD article? Well, plenty,

THE PECULIAR PAPAL PARABLE



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

MAD #333/JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1985

actually. It may not be clear right now, but someday in the future, when you're pondering a tough question on a school test or, more likely, at your arraignment, you will think back on this little Hun parable and benefit from the moral of the story. Then again, knowing you, you'll just rattle off the equivalent of "Attila" because you just don't get it. Honestly, I don't know why I bother.

Anyway, my favorite MAD article turns out to be not one, but any in the "Ventriloquist Priest" series by Donald "Duck" Edwing. This very funny series appeals to me on two levels. First of all, ventriloquism is something of a hobby of mine, although I can't do it in public. The fact is I sit in a room, watch TV with the sound off and do all the voices.

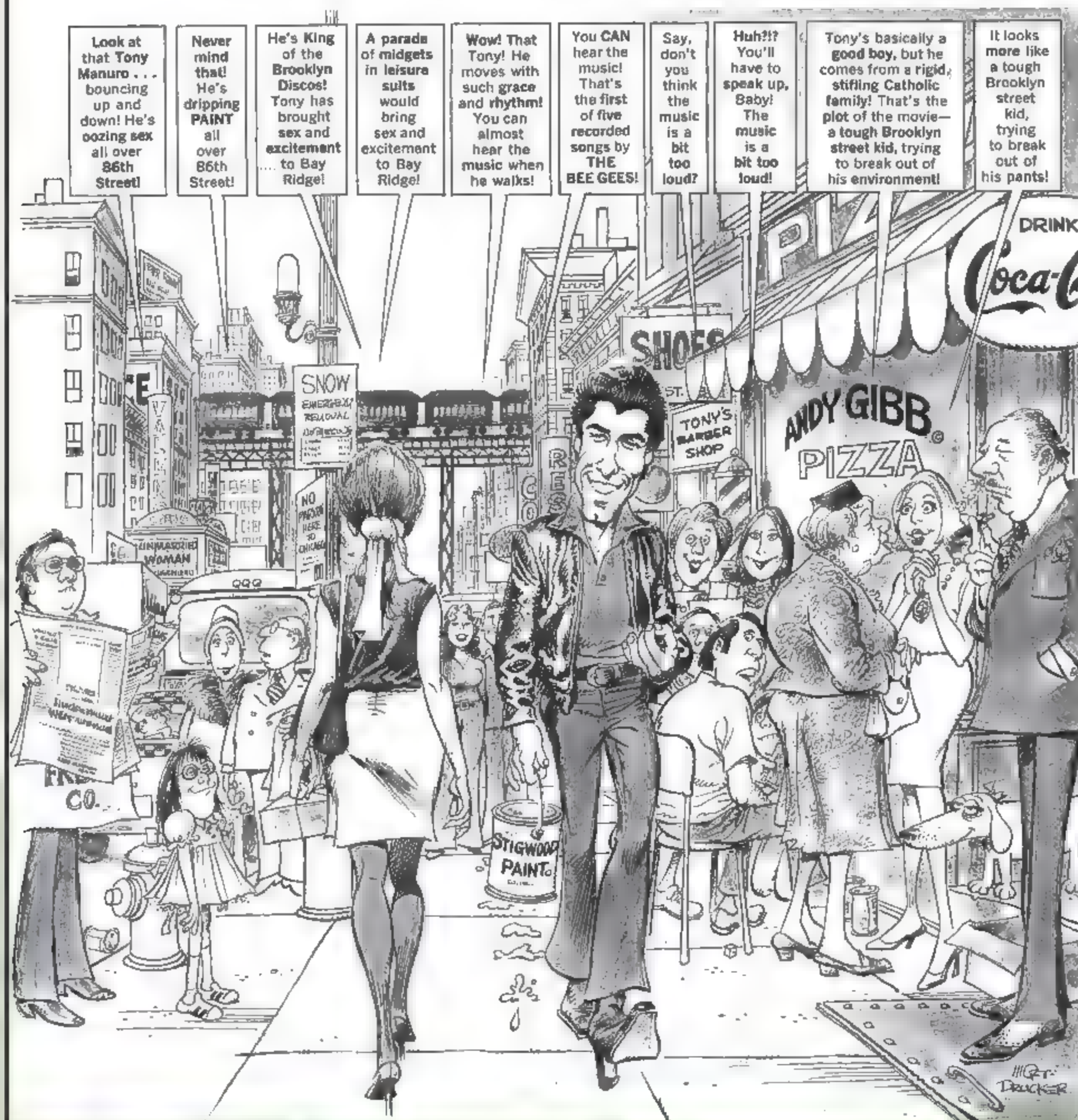
Secondly, being raised Catholic, I once spent time in a Carmelite Seminary Summer Camp (no joke). I left after only four days when I realized that Larry Hopper lied about us getting to date nuns (sort of a joke). They also had a rule against visiting that second-floor "clinic" on West 42nd Street to sell our blood for beer money (not so much a joke as a thrown-in reference to a regular pastime during my art school years).

The bottom line: "Ventriloquist Priest" is my favorite MAD series and I consider Duck Edwing to be the "Gary The Hun" of present-day clergy cartooning.

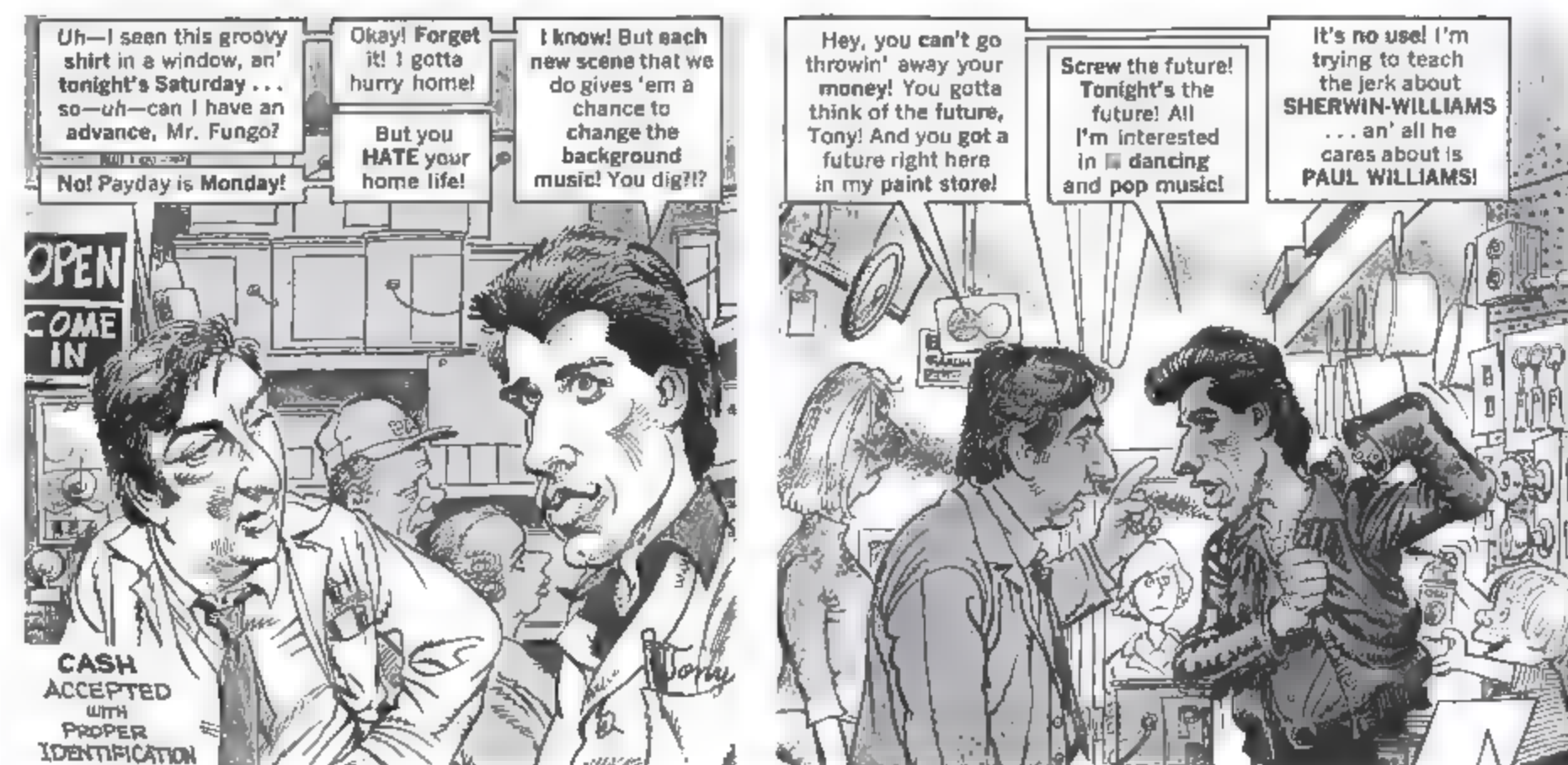


HIGH TRAVOLTAGE DEPT.

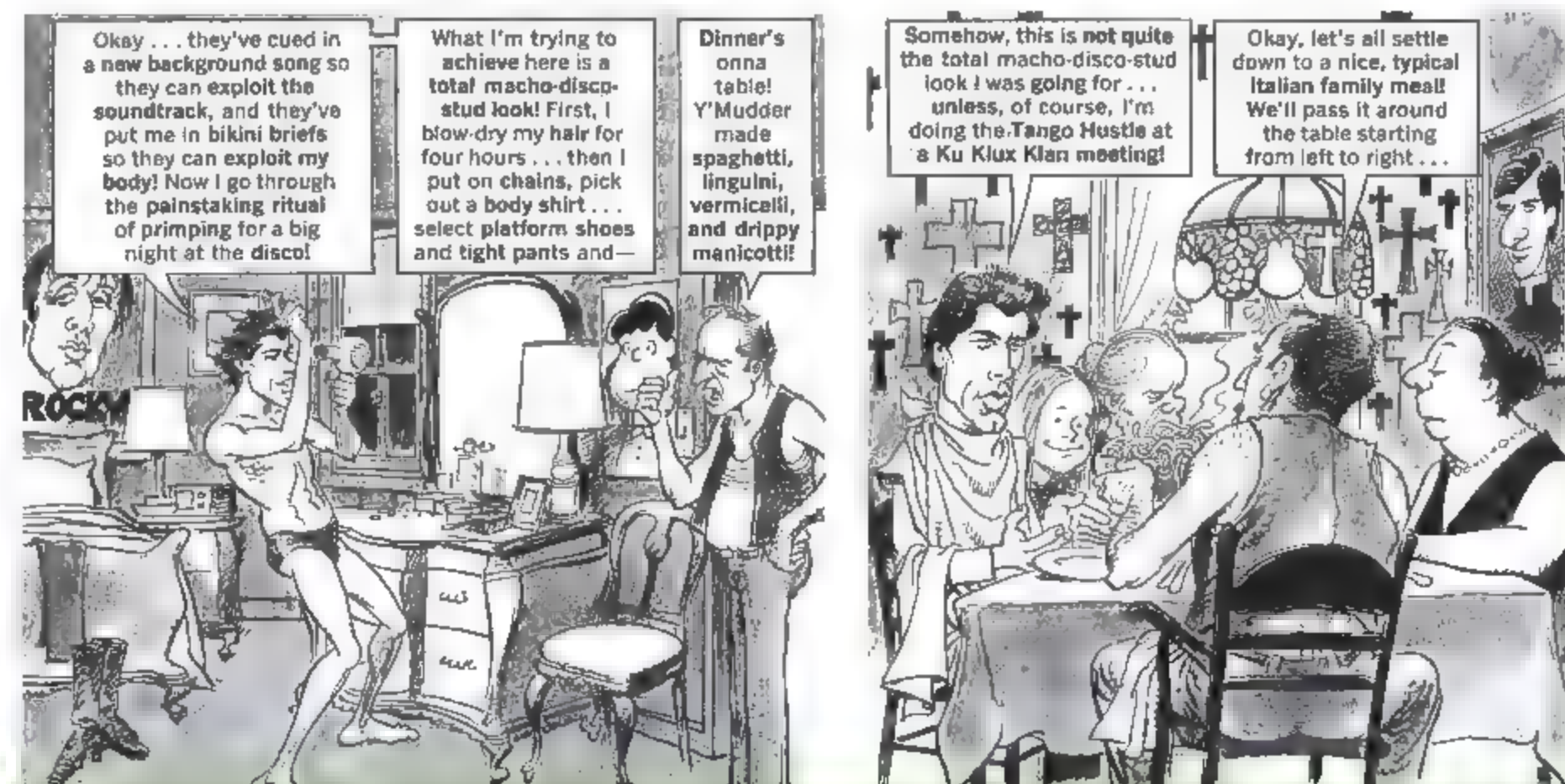
Combine a dynamic young TV star with the soundtrack of a hot, exploitable singing group and some "R"-rated dialogue, insure it with some sub-plots from other hit films like "Rocky," "American Graffiti," "West Side Story," "Mean Streets," and "Beach Blanket Bingo"... and you've got the formula for one of the biggest blockbuster movies of the year, right? Wrong! Because the best "hustle" may not be the one they're dancing up on the screen, but the one foisted on us by the producers—for making millions on a film that does have spectacular choreography... but not much else! Yep, as far as we at MAD are concerned, you wasted your money on...



SATURDAY NIGHT FEEBLE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



MAD #201/SEPTEMBER 1978

by Dennis Snee
WRITER

One day in 1980 I walked into the gym at Westchester High School in Los Angeles to meet a pal for some pickup basketball. Sitting down in the stands to wait, I noticed a guy about my age also watching the action. He looked familiar, and he should have — he was John Travolta. I offered my standard whenever-I-meet-a-celebrity-opener, "I enjoy your work," and when he asked what I did, I felt reasonably cool saying that I was a writer and had written for Bob Hope. But Travolta wasn't interested. I added that I wrote

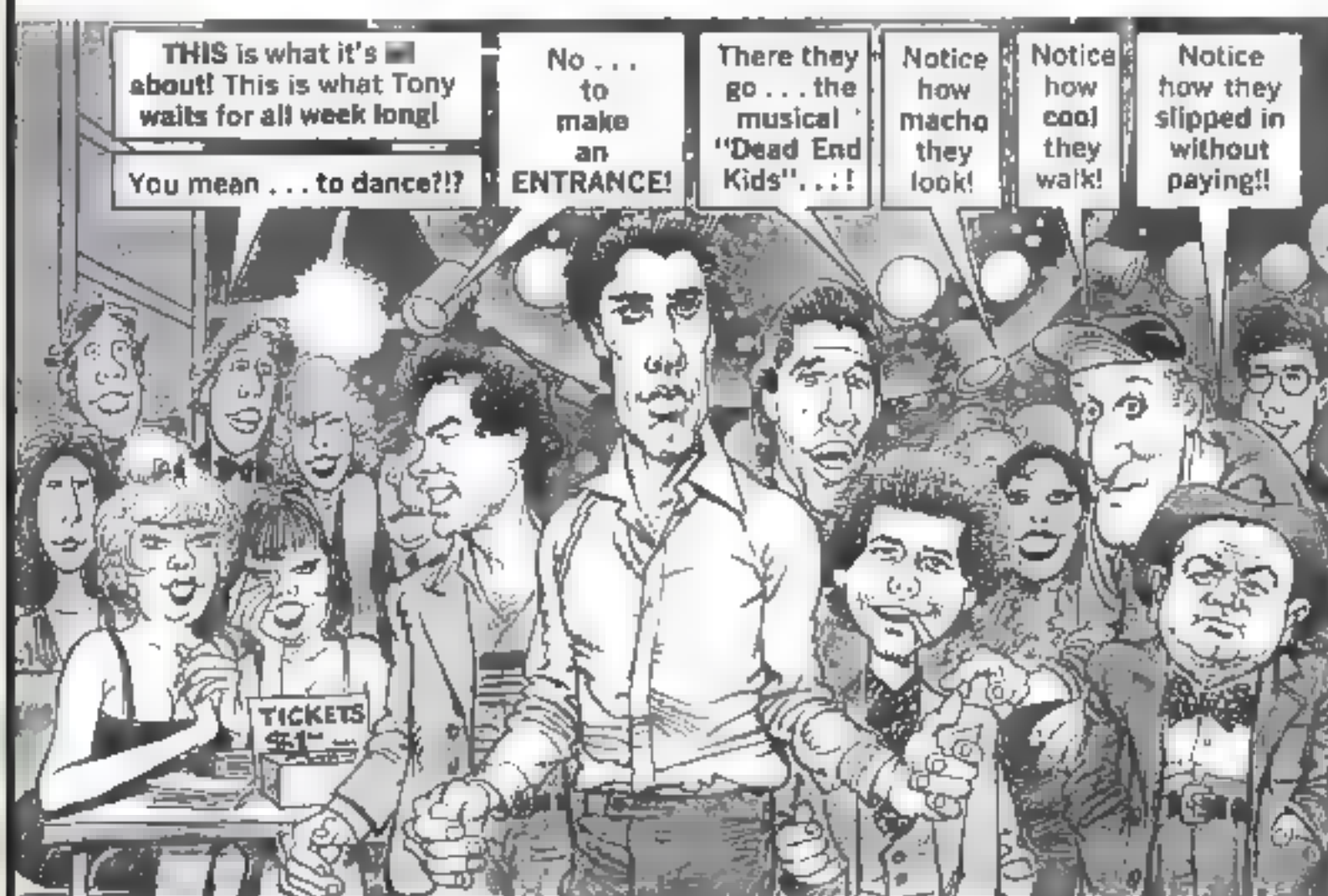
for Rodney Dangerfield. Also not interested. Then I tossed in, "Uh, I also write for MAD Magazine..." He flashed a 1,000-watt Vinnie Barbarino smile and laughed out loud, saying, "MAD Magazine! Man, they did the funniest parody of Saturday Night Fever — it was hilarious!" He went on for five or 10 minutes, and by association I felt like an actual comedy writer. So to the estimable creative team behind "Saturday Night Feeble," Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker: Kudos! You made Barbarino babble!



I meant the SPAGHETTI!! Not HITTING and SLAPPING and SOCKING!!

Hey! Watch the hair! I worked on the hair for a long time and ... and you hit it!

I hope you didn't work on your CHIN CLEFT for a long time, because now I'm gonna hit that!!



THIS is what it's about! This is what Tony waits for all week long!

You mean ... to dance?!!

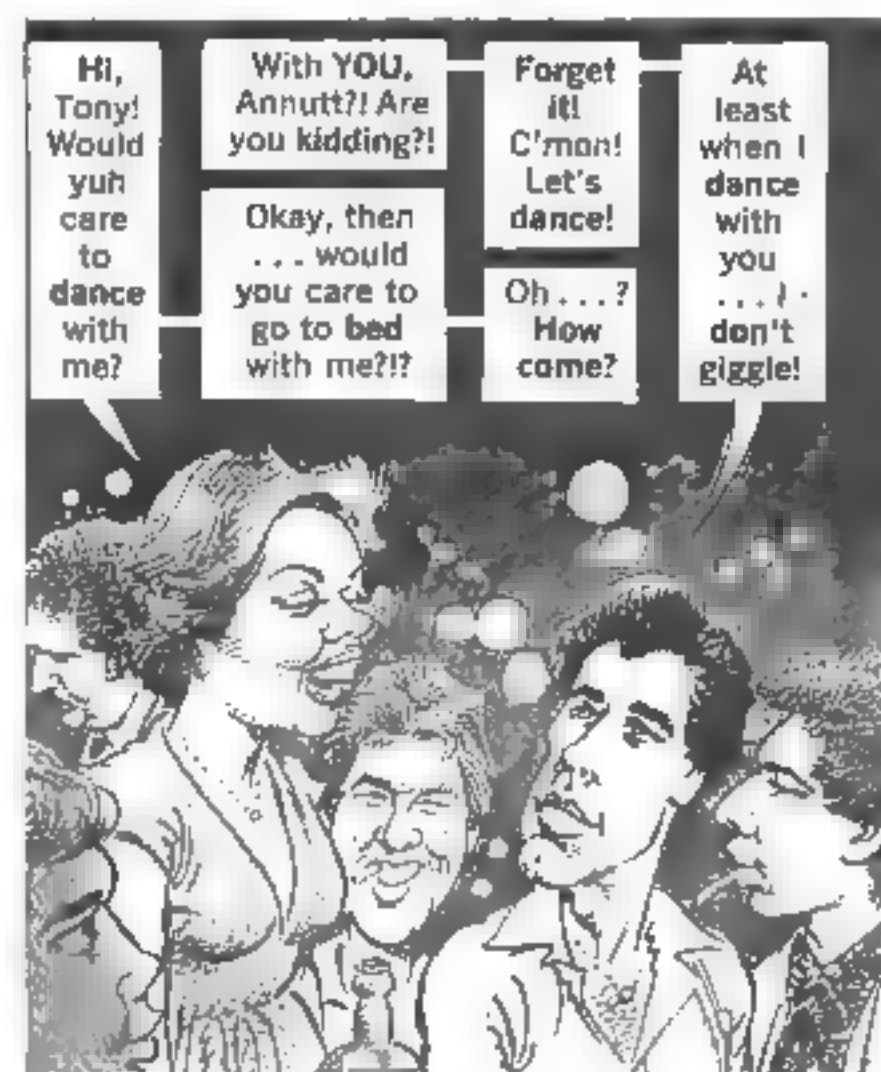
No ... to make an ENTRANCE!

There they go ... the musical "Dead End Kids" ...!

Notice how macho they look!

Notice how cool they walk!

Notice how they slipped in without paying!!



Hi, Tony! Would yuh care to dance with me?

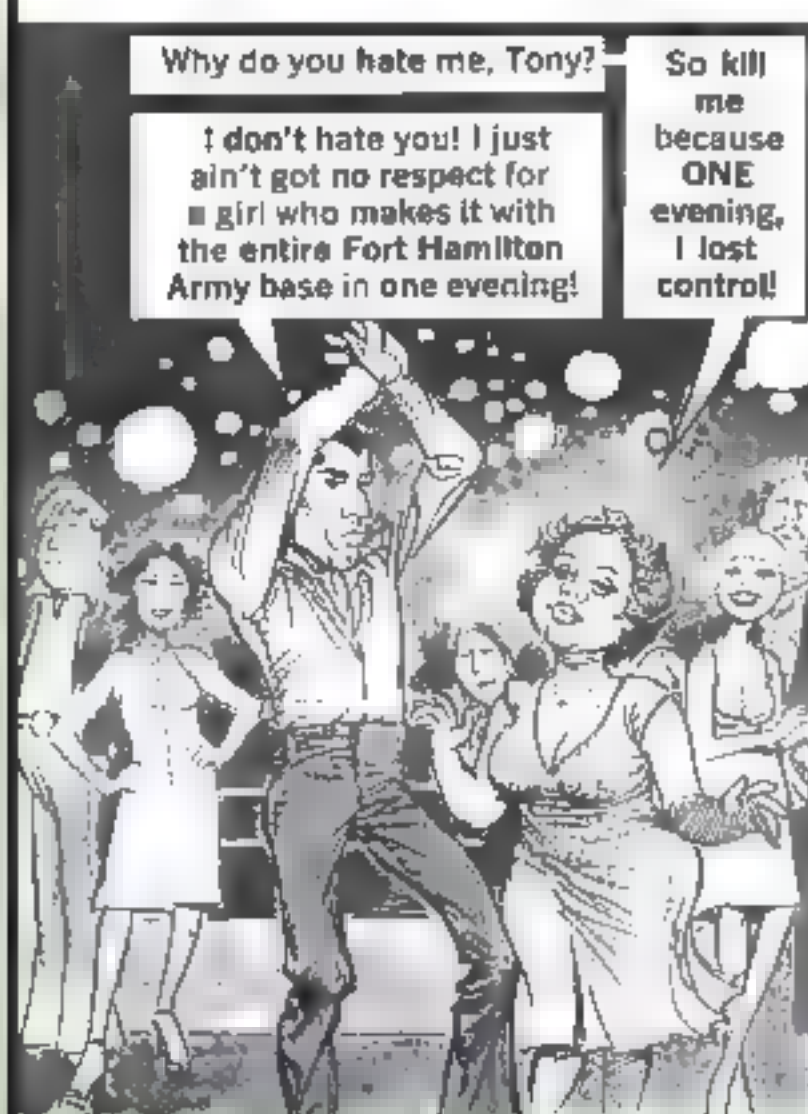
With YOU, Annutt?! Are you kidding?!

Okay, then ... would you care to go to bed with me?!!

Forget it! C'mon! Let's dance!

Oh ...? How come?

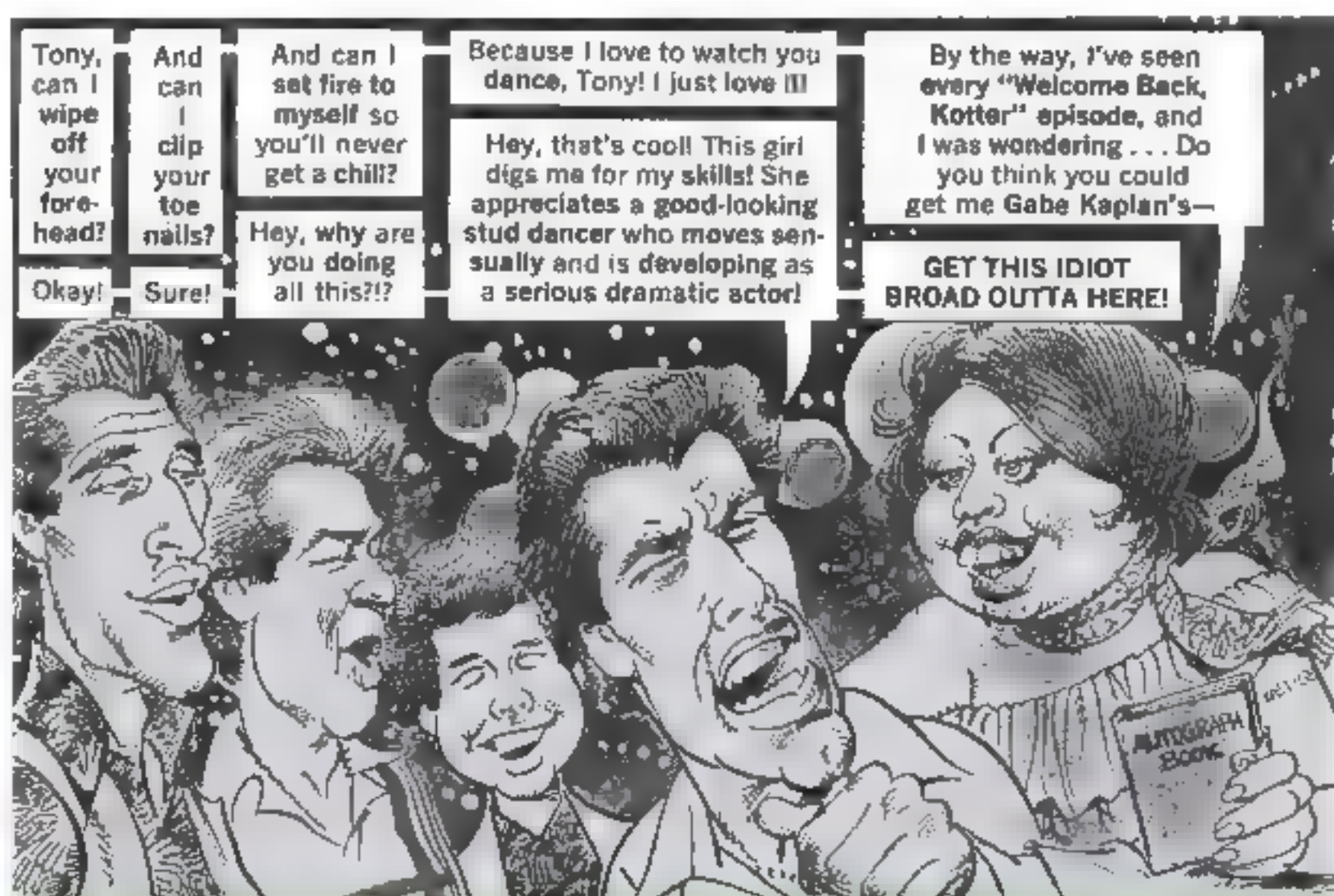
At least when I dance with you ... I don't giggle!



Why do you hate me, Tony?

I don't hate you! I just ain't got no respect for a girl who makes it with the entire Fort Hamilton Army base in one evening!

So kill me because ONE evening, I lost control!



Tony, can I wipe off your forehead?

Okay!

And can I clip your toe nails?

Sure!

And can I set fire to myself so you'll never get a chill?

Hey, why are you doing all this?!!

Because I love to watch you dance, Tony! I just love it!

Hey, that's cool! This girl digs me for my skills! She appreciates a good-looking stud dancer who moves sensually and is developing as a serious dramatic actor!

By the way, I've seen every "Welcome Back, Kotter" episode, and I was wondering ... Do you think you could get me Gabe Kaplan's—

GET THIS IDIOT BROAD OUTTA HERE!



Hey, Double-X! You see that girl over there? That one ... ?

Yeah ... ? Is she NEW?

Nahhhh! She looks to be about twen'y-two or twen'y t'ree!

Don't break my chops, huh? I meant, did you ever see her at the "3001 Spaced Odyssey Disco" before???

No, Tony, I ain't never did!

Well, that chick can DANCE!! She don't have the right PARTNER ... but she can DANCE!!

You sure? The guy looks okay to me!

Forget it! Some dudes are born to dance! Others ain't!

You gonna ask her to dance, Tony?

Not tonight, Double-X! Right now, we got our work cut out for us!!

You mean a Gang Rumble?

That's later!

You mean a Gang Bang?!

That's later, too ...

Tony, what the @#\$% are you talking about?!

I'm talking about a GANG DANCE!!

Hey, isn't it amazing how 200 strangers in a Brooklyn Disco can suddenly fall in line and begin doing the most intricate and involved precision dancing you've ever seen in your life?

It's not so amazing when you realize that Radio City Music Hall recently closed, and half these dancers are probably LAID-OFF "ROCKETTES"!

It's easy! Just follow the "dancing footsteps" painted on the floor!

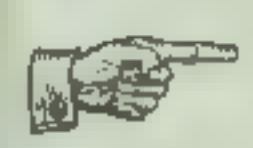
Oh-oh! I think our row is in deep trouble!

Why? Is somebody dancing out of step?!

Even worse! Somebody's DEODORANT just failed!

Yeah? Whose?

I'm not sure, but the term "Sweathog" suddenly takes on a great significance!

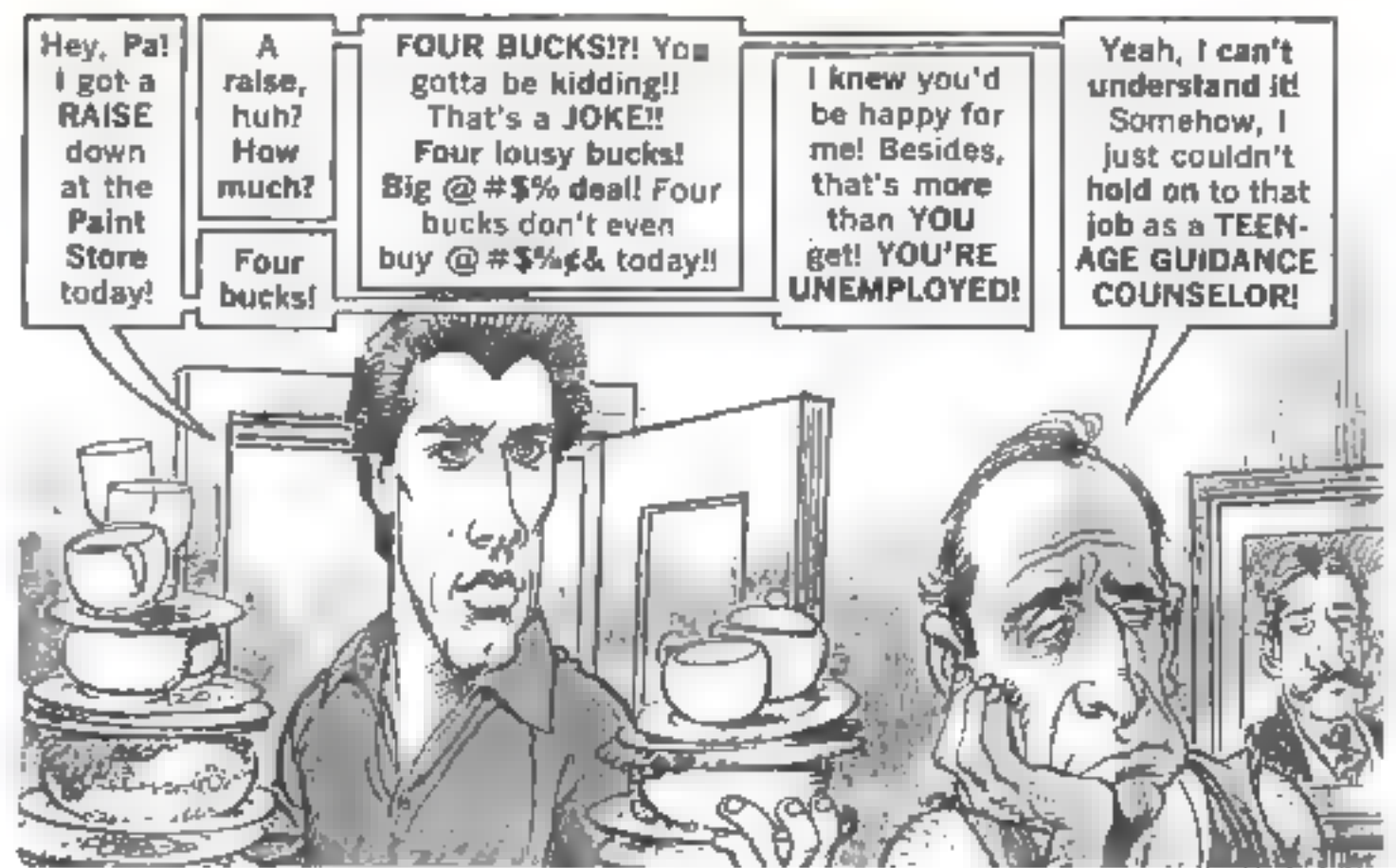




Hey, I got nothin' better to do on a Sunday morning! I think I'll scare the crap out of my Grandmother...

Al Pacino!
Al Pacino!
ATTICA!!
ATTICA!!

Horney pervert!
Horney pervert!
BELLEVUE!!
BELLEVUE!!



Hey, Pa! I got a RAISE down at the Paint Store today!

A raise, huh? How much?
Four bucks!

FOUR BUCKS?!? You gotta be kidding!! That's a JOKE!! Four lousy bucks! Big @#\$% deal! Four bucks don't even buy @#\$%& today!!

I knew you'd be happy for me! Besides, that's more than YOU get! YOU'RE UNEMPLOYED!

Yeah, I can't understand it! Somehow, I just couldn't hold on to that job as a TEEN-AGE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR!



Uh—Hi! I'd like t' meet you! My name is Tony Manuro! I'm a great dancer, an' I'm just growin' out of Punkdom!

I'm Stepfunny Manding! I'm a social-climbing Secretary who don't care for no guys who come on too strong with chicks! You dig?

We'd be dynamite together! There's a contest at the "3001" next week! You wanna enter as my partner?!

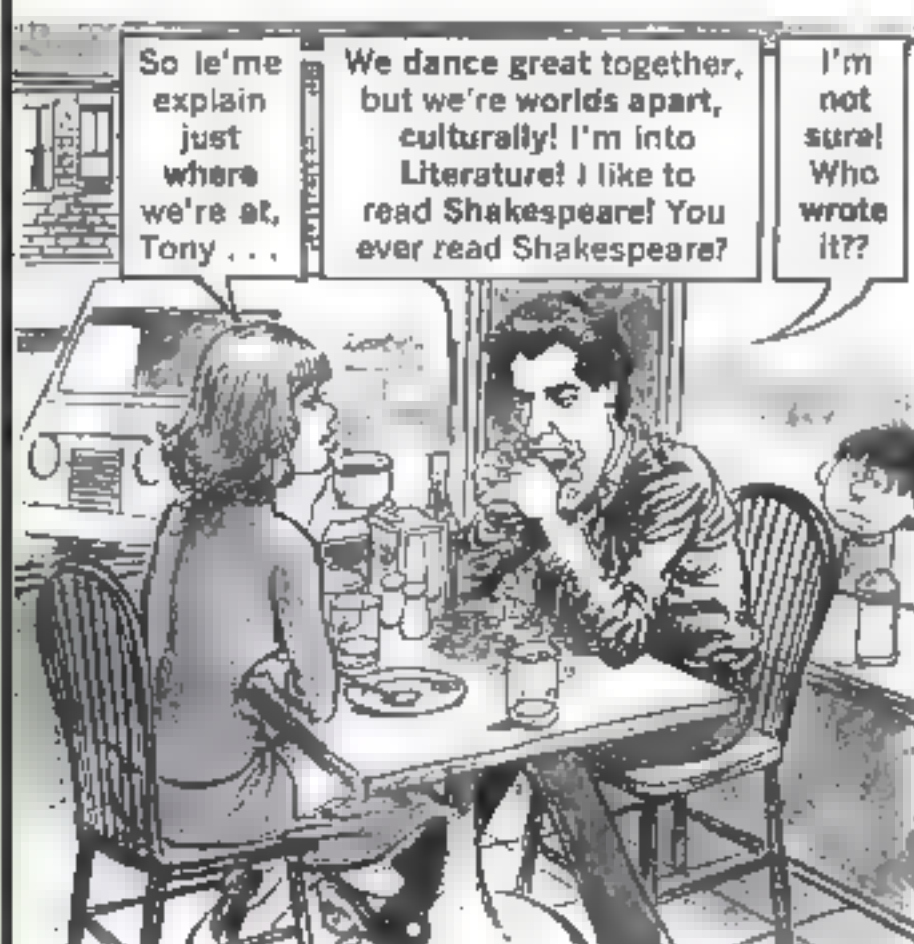
Sure! As long as it ain't a Diction Contest, we stand a chance!



What's goin' on here? Everyone looks like a ZOMBIE!

I got bad news... and worse news! First... the bad news! Your brother, the Priest, has left the Church!!

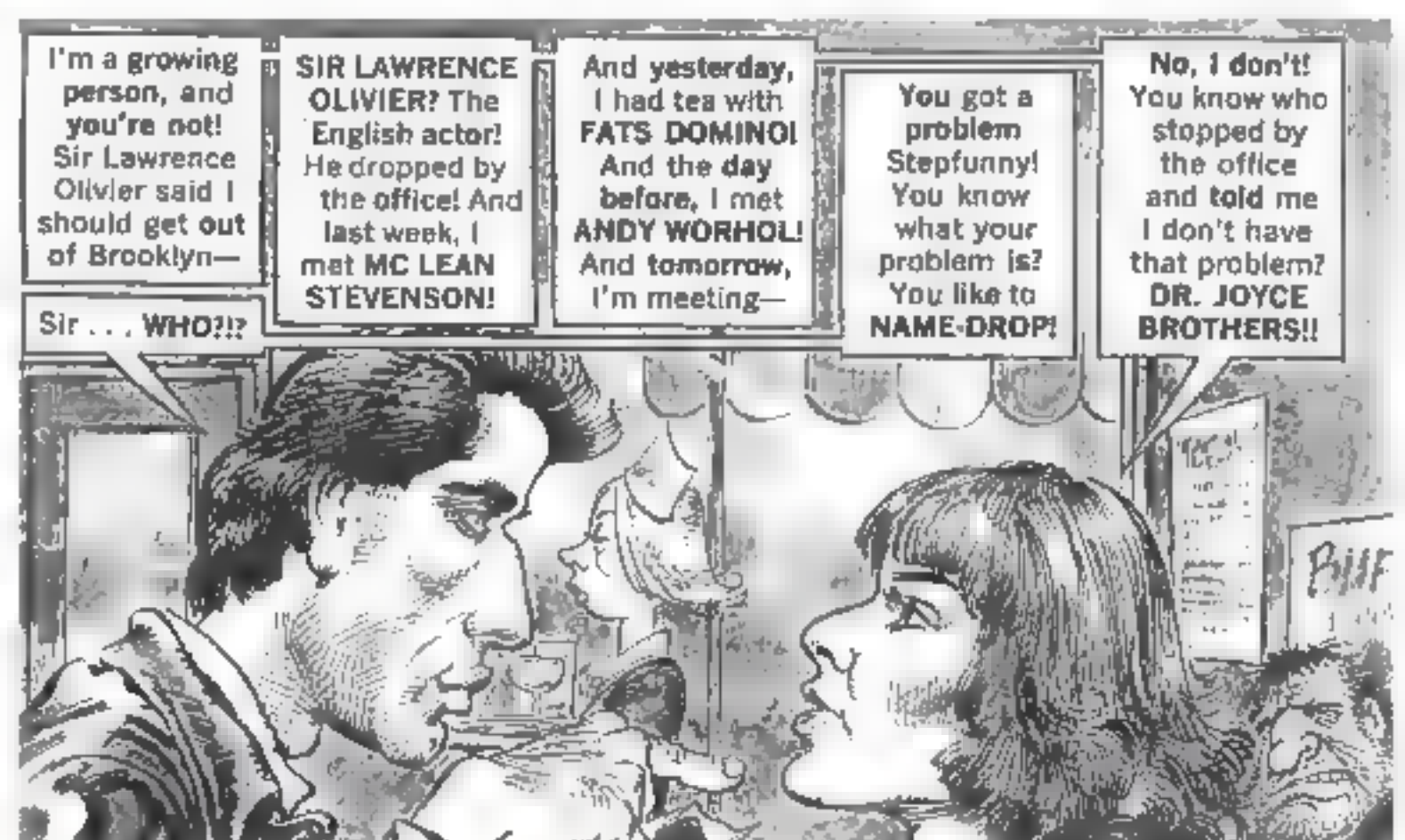
And the worse news...?!? That makes YOU the star of the family!!



So le'me explain just where we're at, Tony...

We dance great together, but we're worlds apart, culturally! I'm into Literature! I like to read Shakespeare! You ever read Shakespeare?

I'm not sure! Who wrote it?!



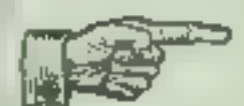
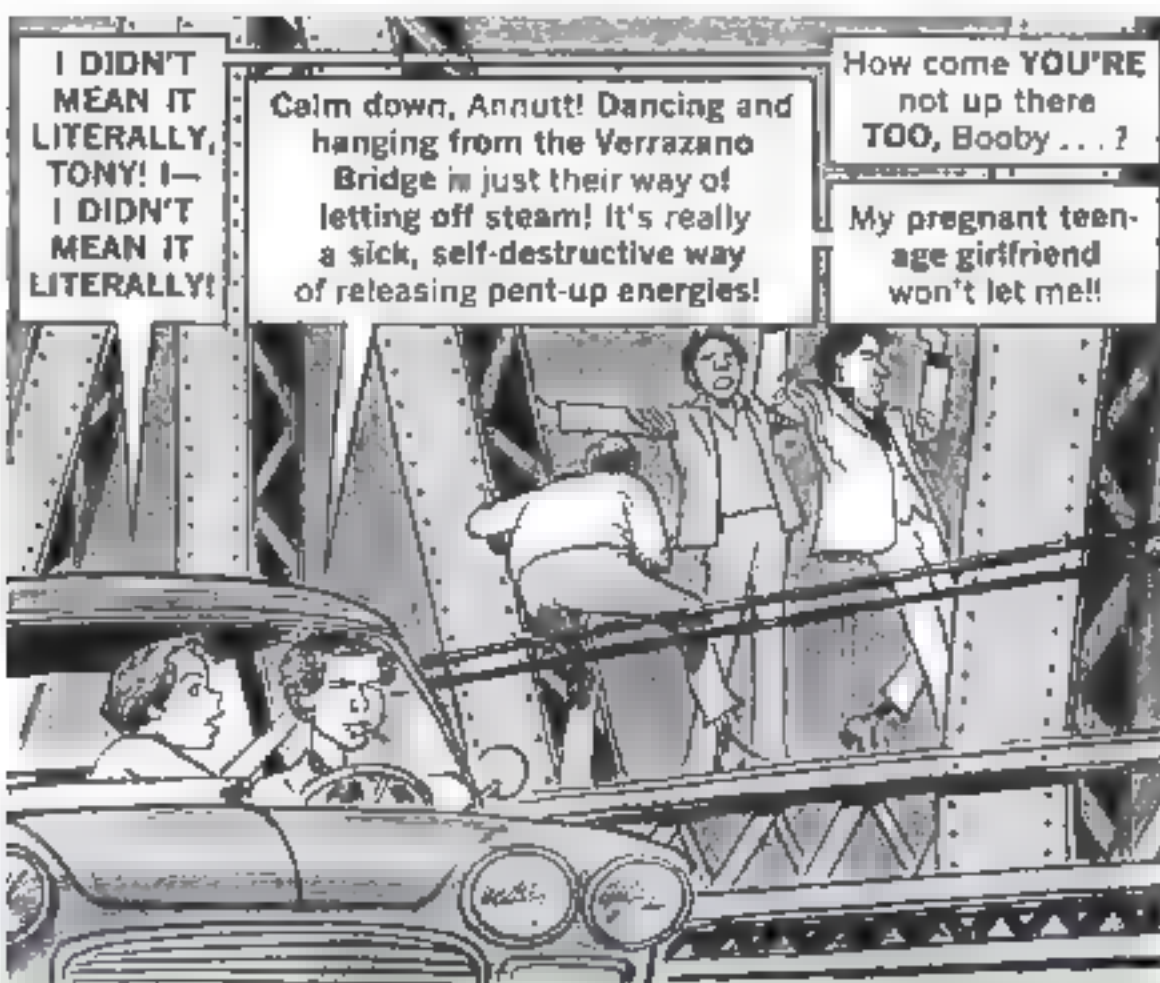
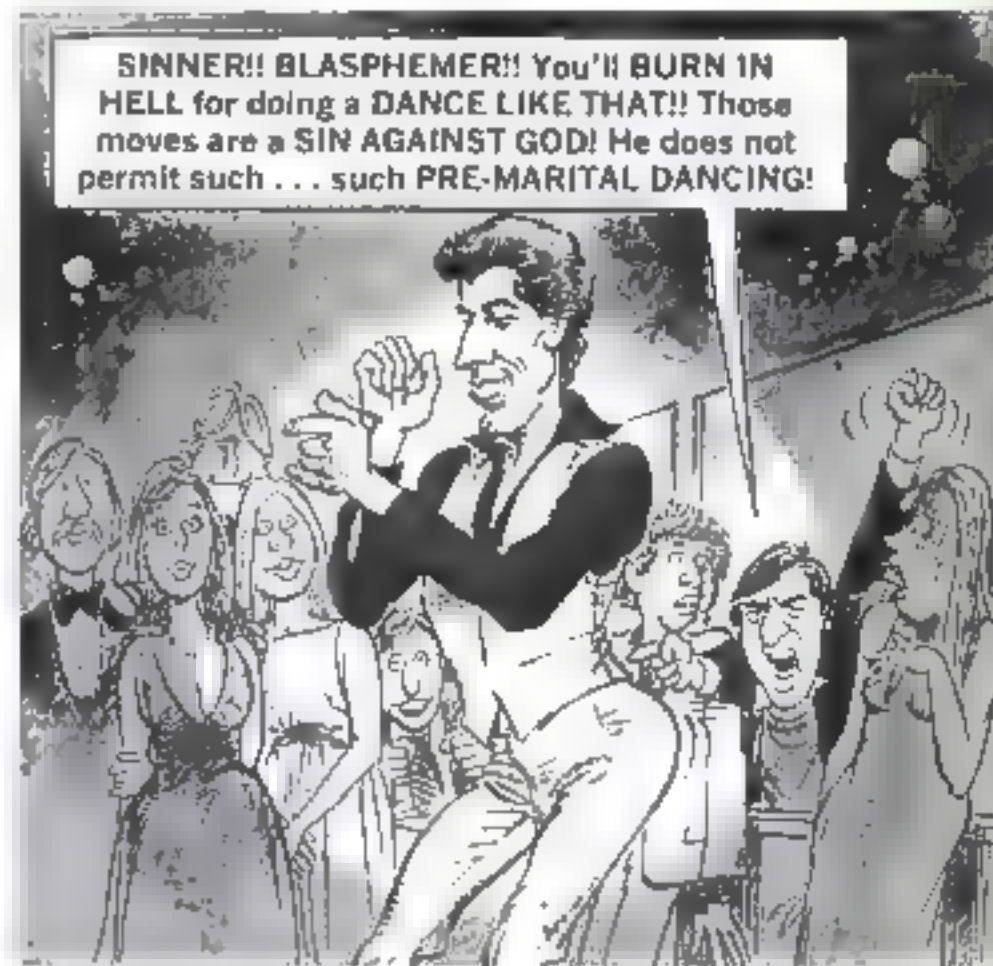
I'm a growing person, and you're not! Sir Lawrence Olivier said I should get out of Brooklyn—

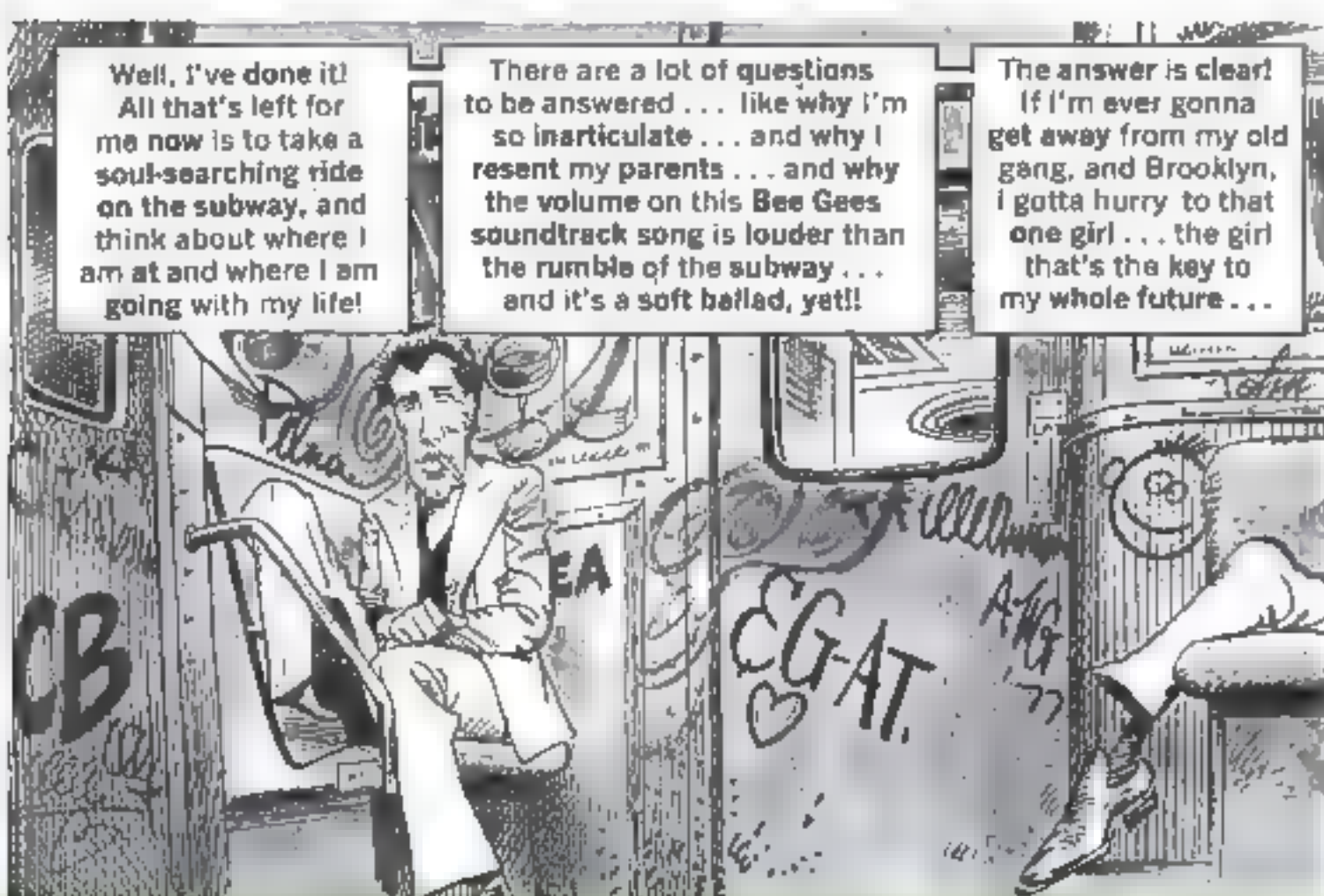
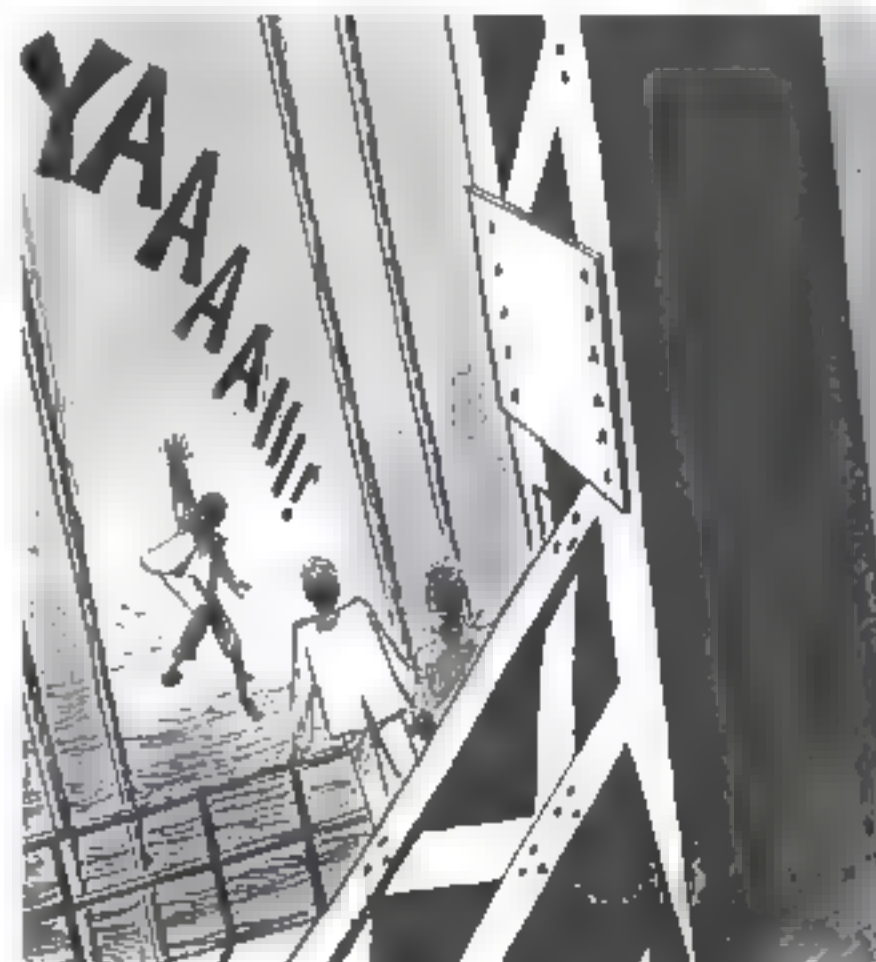
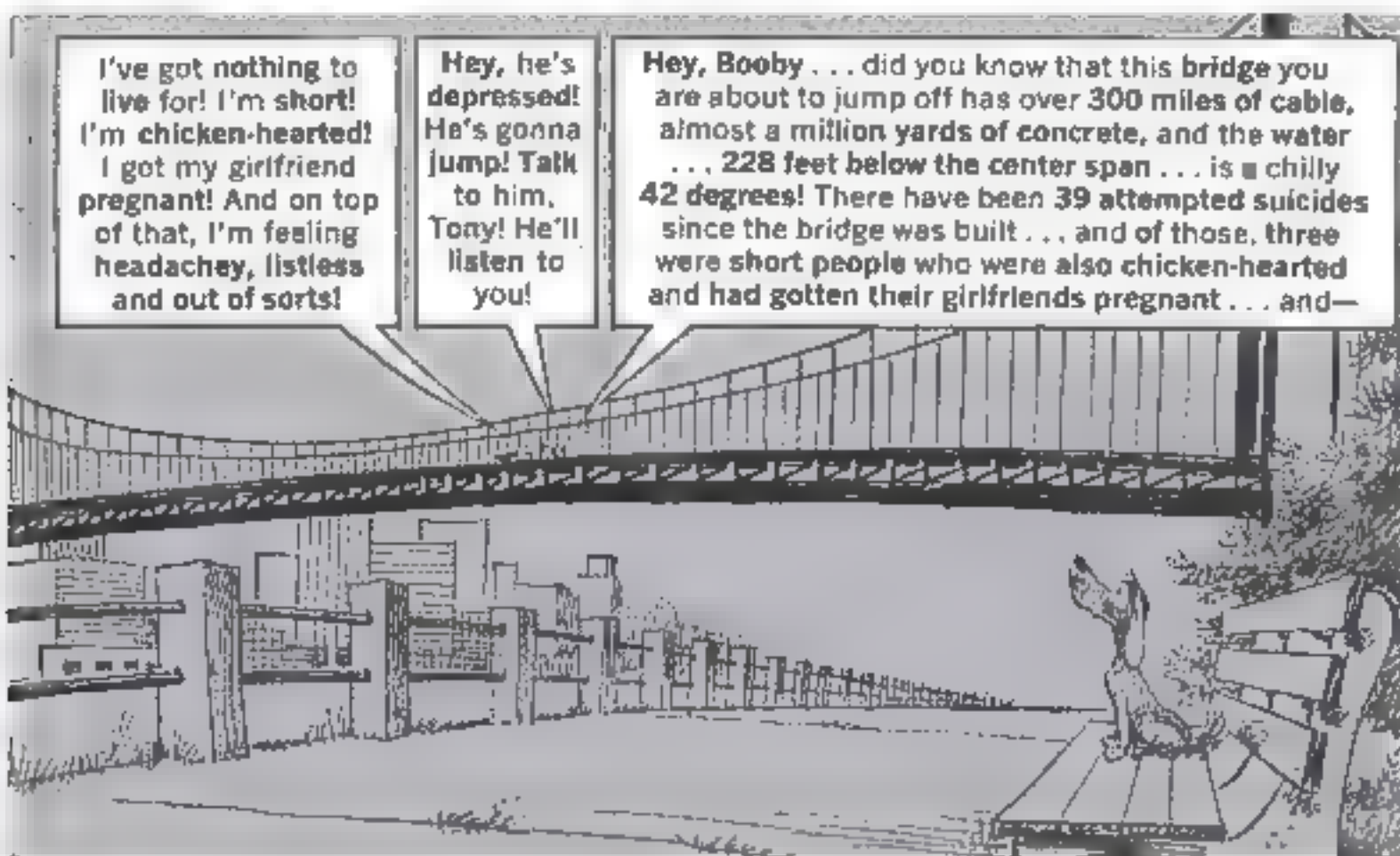
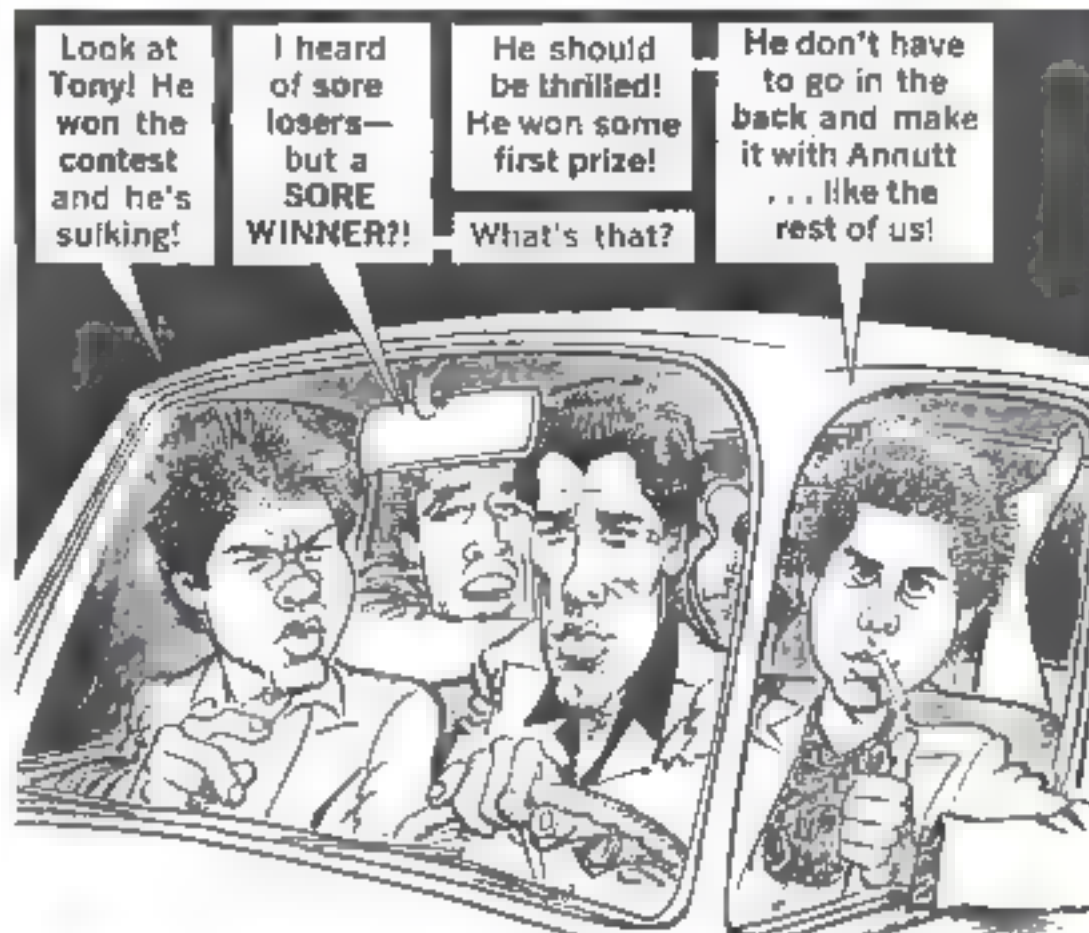
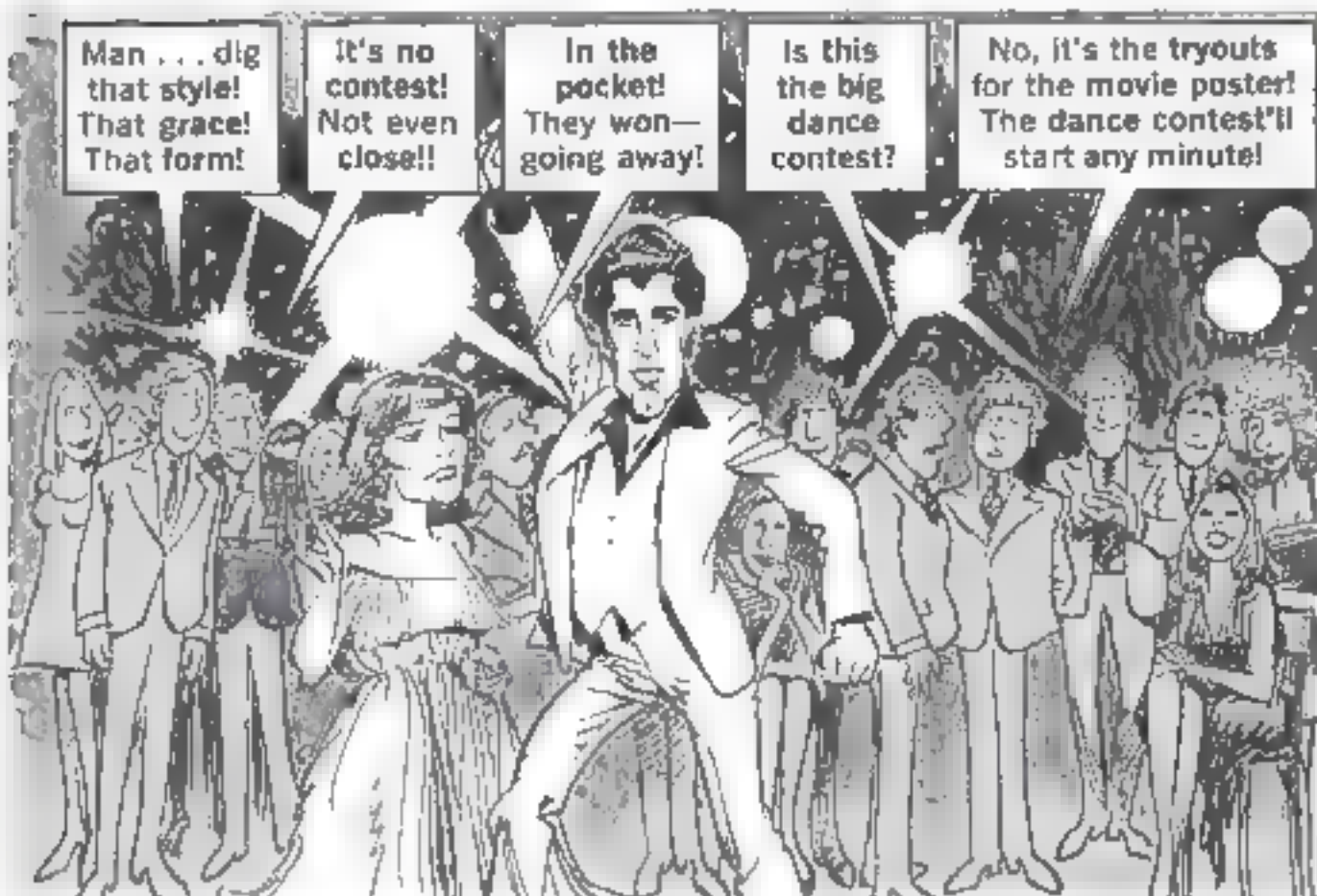
SIR LAWRENCE OLIVIER? The English actor! He dropped by the office! And last week, I met MC LEAN STEVENSON!

And yesterday, I had tea with FATS DOMINO! And the day before, I met ANDY WORHOL! And tomorrow, I'm meeting—

You got a problem Stepfunny! You know what your problem is? You like to NAME-DROP!

No, I don't! You know who stopped by the office and told me I don't have that problem? DR. JOYCE BROTHERS!!





by Tom Bunk
ARTIST



The Spy vs. Spy poster is one of my favorite works that I did for MAD.

Initially it was supposed to be a one-page assignment, but when I started working on it I got so many ideas that the sketch became insanely overcrowded, so MAD offered me two pages.

I was never a huge fan of the Spy vs. Spy series. I thought the jokes were always the same and repetitious — a bit like sex — but while working on the job, I found that the endless variation of the same joke is the whole point, and I couldn't stop amusing myself by finding all the crazy and absurd ways to demolish one's adversary.



MAD PRESENTS SPY VS. SPY/JANUARY 2011

In order for the activities to take place I designed an appropriate background and arranged them so that the perpetrator-Spy would become at the same time the victim, and vice versa, in a *circulus vitiosus* kind of way. Then through coloring and shading, the piece really took off and became alive. The pleasant and superb coloring is another reason why I consider this my favorite work.

When I delivered the art to MAD, everybody loved it, especially Editor John Ficarra. He said, "Bill Gaines would have loved it; he would have paid you twice, if he were alive." How convenient.

In the end, it was made into a one-piece centerfold poster and for me, that's like being paid twice.

Still, next time I go to heaven, I'll definitely check with Bill.

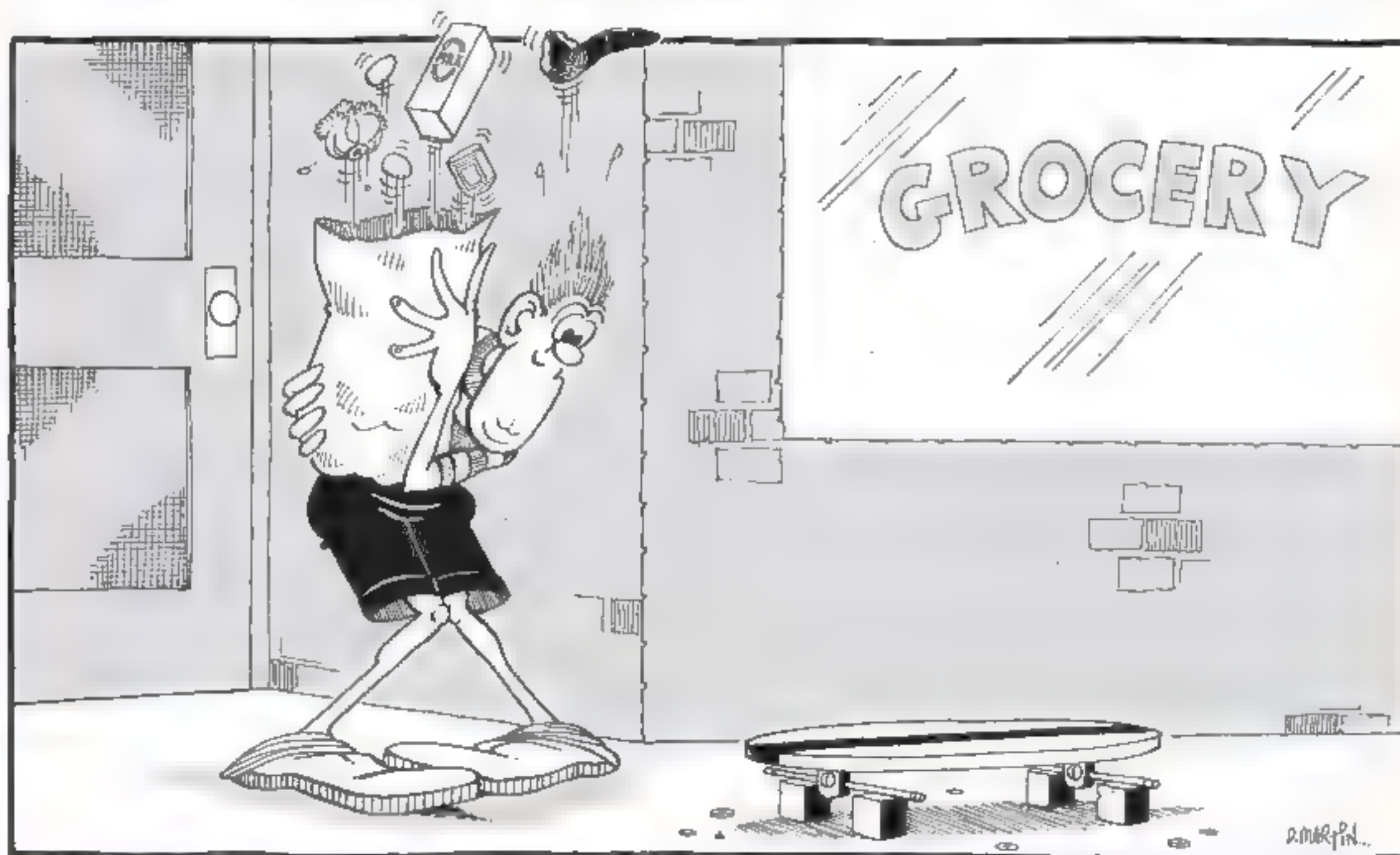


Tony Hawk

I remember reading MAD when I was young and feeling like I was “getting away” with something that my parents didn’t know about. They thought it was a comic book of some sort, but I knew it was sharp, dark and poignant humor even at a young age. I remember literally laughing out loud while reading it, when it was way past my bedtime. My parents had no idea that it would help shape my twisted sense of humor well into my adult life.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON WHILE RUNNING AN ERRAND

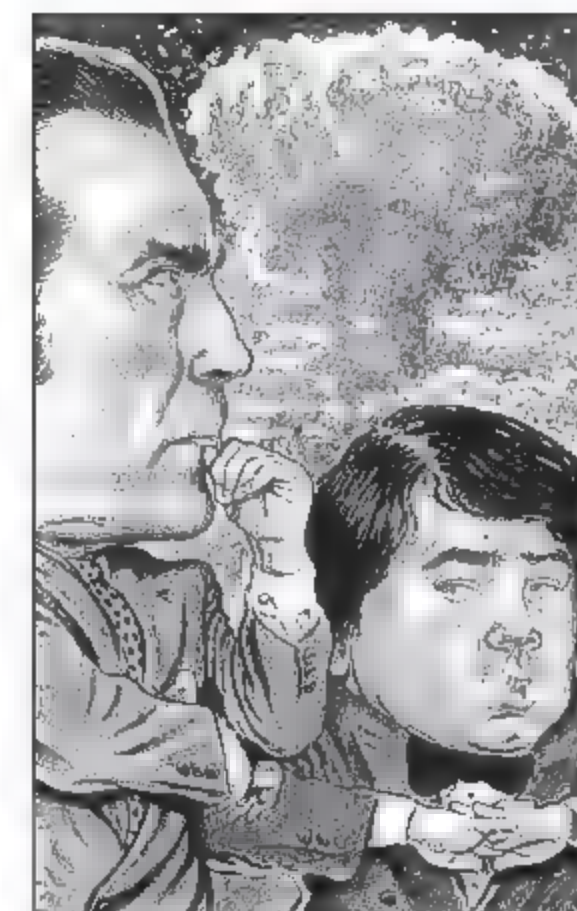


MAD #189/MARCH 1977

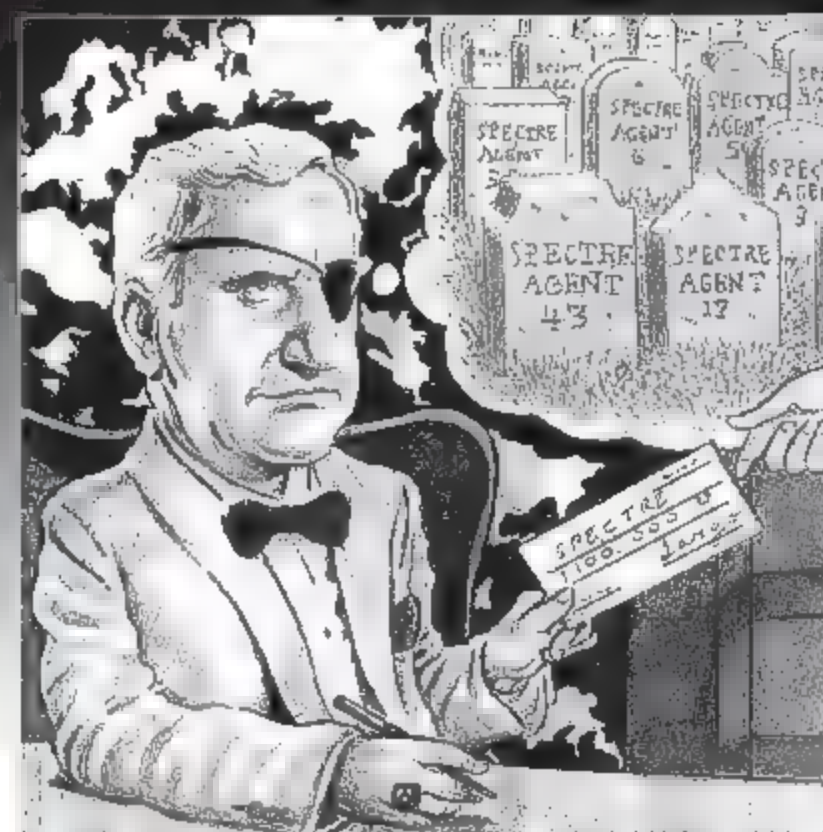


JAMES BOND VILLAINS' PET PEEVES

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN



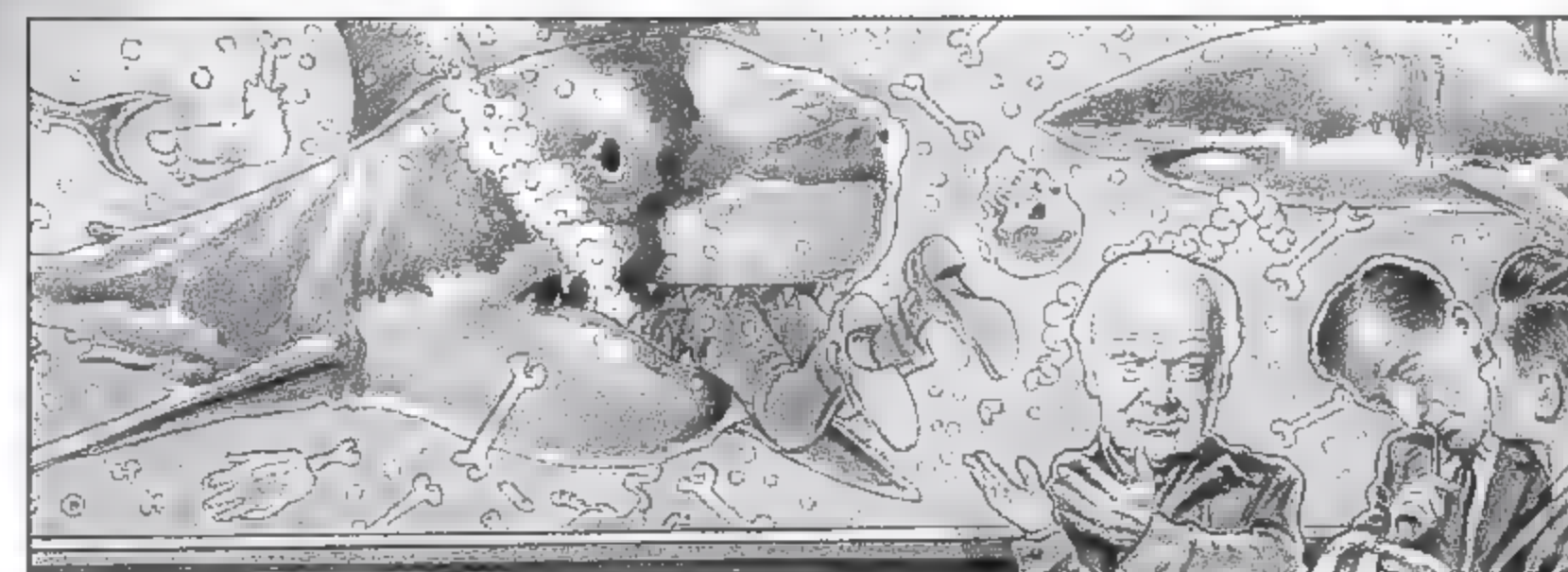
Should have spent the extra \$50,000 for the off-shore hideaway WITHOUT the "Destroy Entire Island" button.



You're forced to contribute to the company pension plan, even though the average life expectancy of a member of your organization is 26.3 years.

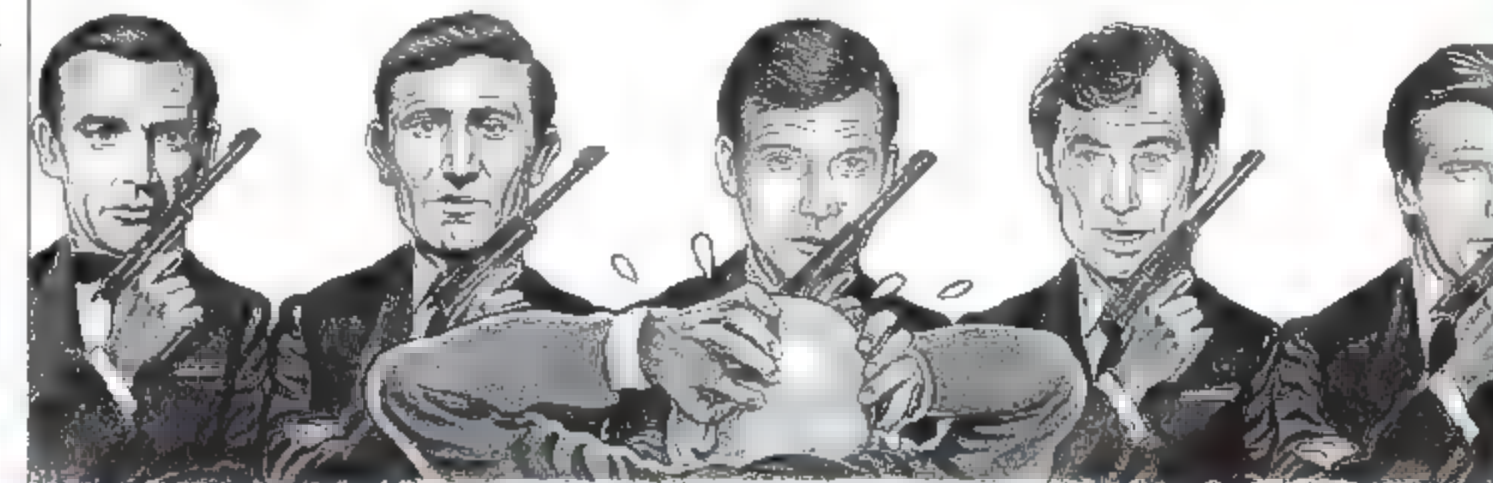


SPECTRE downsizing means that you can hire either the albino dwarf with the poison fingernails or the Indian rubber man who strangles with his elbows - but not both.



Before they'll allow the deduction, the IRS demands proof that you use your 1,800 foot shark tank exclusively for business purposes.

Every time you and your criminal organization finally learn to recognize 007 on sight, they send a new James Bond with a totally different face!



MAD #365/JANUARY 1999

by Mike Snider
WRITER

Uo me, writing for MAD from about 1980 onward was like the world's weirdest scavenger hunt: searching through the "Land of MAD Topsy-Turvy" already carved out by the "O.G.'s" (the "Original Gang" of Idiots—Frank, Dick, Stan, et al.), looking high and low for new ideas and premises that were different...or at least different enough to be not-so-obvious rip-offs of prior articles...but not SO different as to wind up in the editors' reject pile!

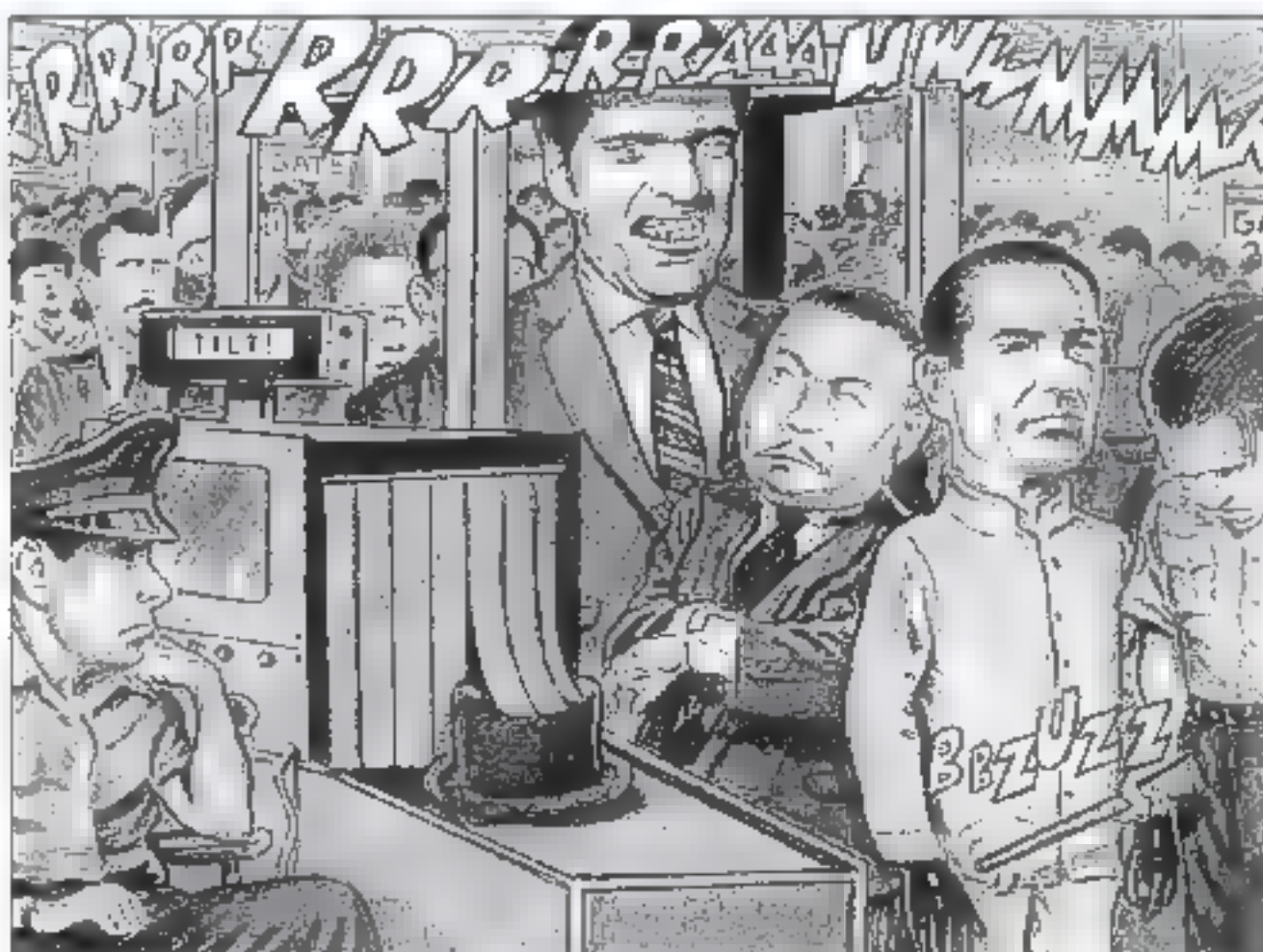
One of my fellow "scavenger-hunters" who came a few years after me, Desmond

Devlin, is an uncommonly funny and clever guy whose work has sometimes made me laugh out loud...and sometimes made me jealous as hell! Take this article of Desmond's from 1998, "James Bond Villains' Pet Peeves." When I first read it, my initial reaction was, "Damn! He beat me to another good idea! And I'd already been searching in those areas of Premise-ville just last week!" The out-loud laughter came next, at two of his gag-lines that I never would've come up with myself! (All MAD writers are "bent," but each at his own angle!)



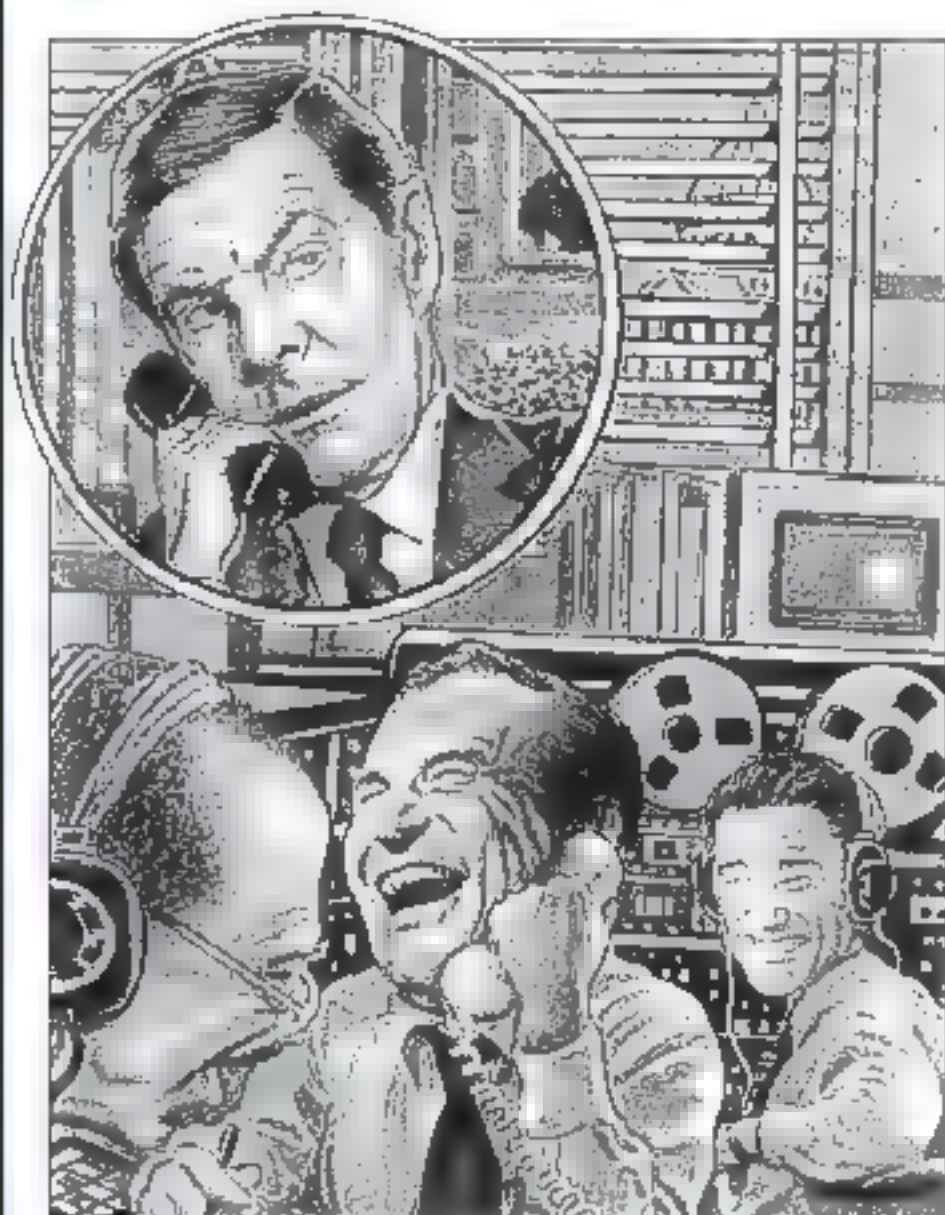
JAMES BOND VILLAINS' PET PEEVES

With all of Bond's hidden devices and micro-gadgets, you're too paranoid to work the friggin' coffee machine in the morning!



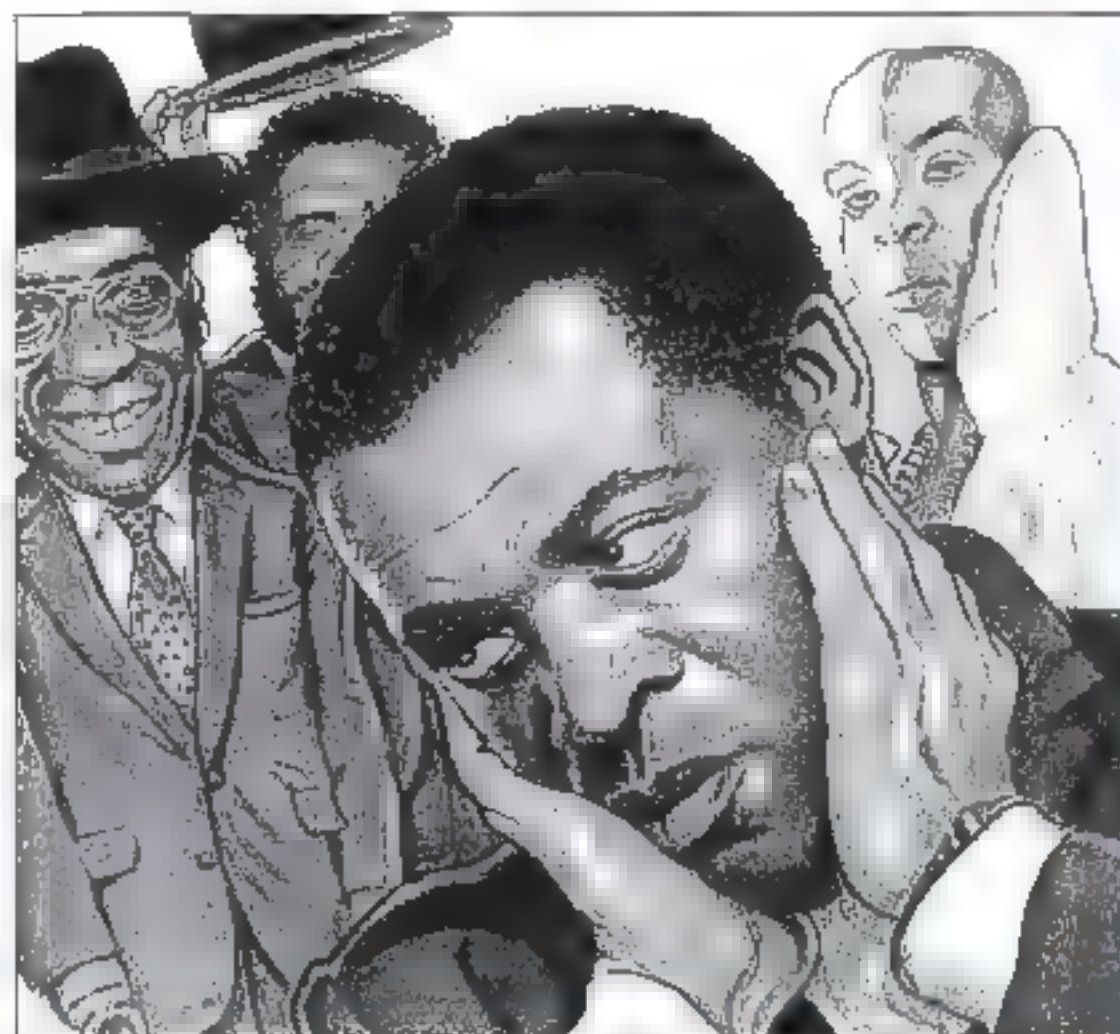
Between the guy with the metal teeth, the guy with the metal hands and the guy with the metal hat, it takes absolutely forever for you and your henchmen to get past airport security!

Your psychiatrist has told you and told you that always keeping Bond alive so you can tell him your secret plans is "a spiraling self-destructive pattern," but you just can't help it!



Nowadays, when you threaten to detonate a 15-megaton bomb in Washington D.C., the FBI tells you to "get in line."

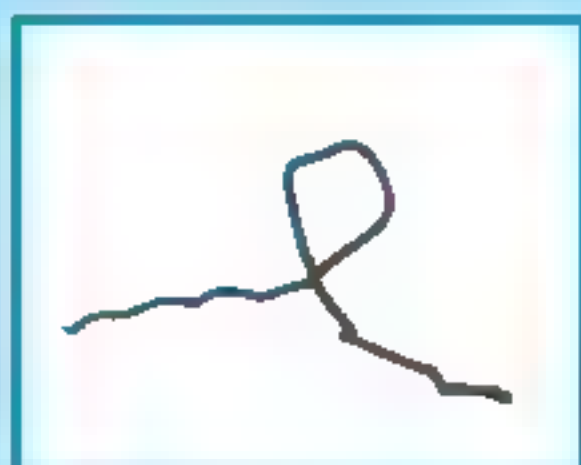
After murdering the last 15 Nobel Prize winners who have secretly worked on your weaponry, it's impossible to attract top talent anymore.





THAT WAS EASEL DEPT.

How to Draw a Monkey



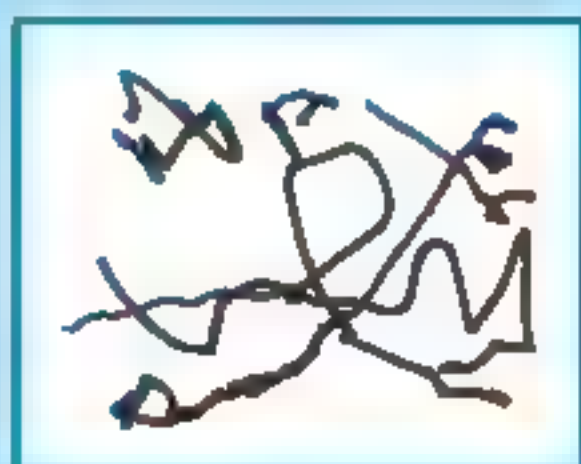
1. Begin by drawing a circle. Don't worry if it's not perfectly round.



2. Now add a nose right in the middle of the circle. Be careful not to make it too big. We're not drawing a mandrill here. (They're much too hard to draw.)



3. Next, just above the nose we add two eyes. Make them small and sort of monkeylike.



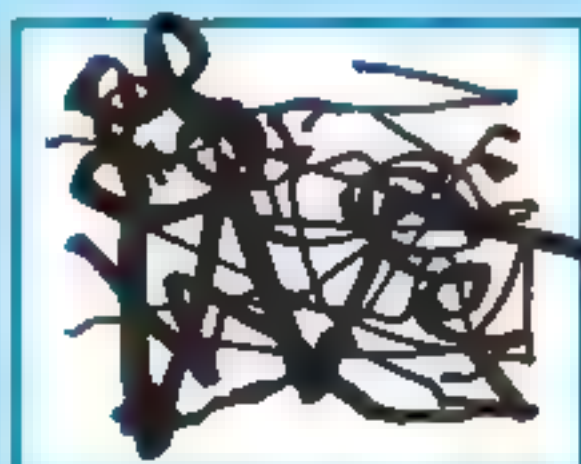
4. On both sides of the circle we add the ears. Chimps have big ears and rhesus monkeys have tiny ears. Let's make this fellow a chimp.



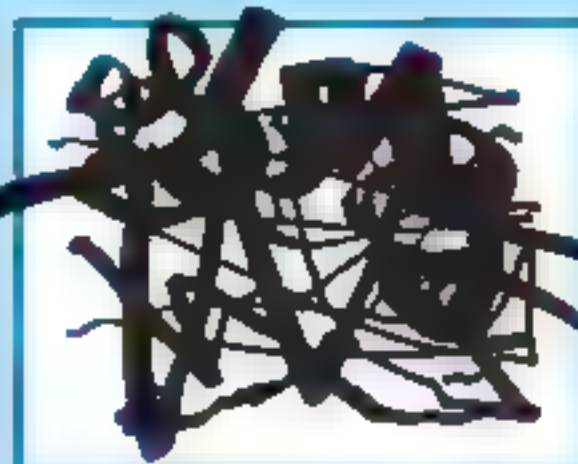
5. Okay. Now it's time to give our monkey a mouth. Let's give him a big smile.



6. Hey. Don't forget to add his deadly sharp monkey teeth.



7. Now just above the eyes, we add his furrowed brow. Because, despite his great big smile, there's plenty of turmoil in the world to fret about. Even for a monkey. What am I saying? Especially for a monkey.



8. Okay. Just below his left eye (that's the eye on your right), add a tiny teardrop tattoo. This indicates that he may have killed another monkey in prison. Hey, it happens.



9. Finally we put the finishing touches on his monkey facial features by adding scars, blemishes, wrinkles, or shaved medical testing patches. And there you have it. A monkey drawing you can be proud of. Well done.

WRITER AND ARTIST: JOHN ZIGZAG CALDWELL

MAD #488/APRIL 2008

by Teresa Burns Parkhurst
WRITER/ARTIST



Chances are, I may not be the only contributor to choose a John Caldwell piece, because we all know what happens when Caldwell doesn't get any attention, and frankly, I don't have the time, energy, or stockpile of Rust-Oleum to resurface my Corolla yet again. However, I think I am the only contributor who refers to him by his baptismal name of Helen. So, there's that.

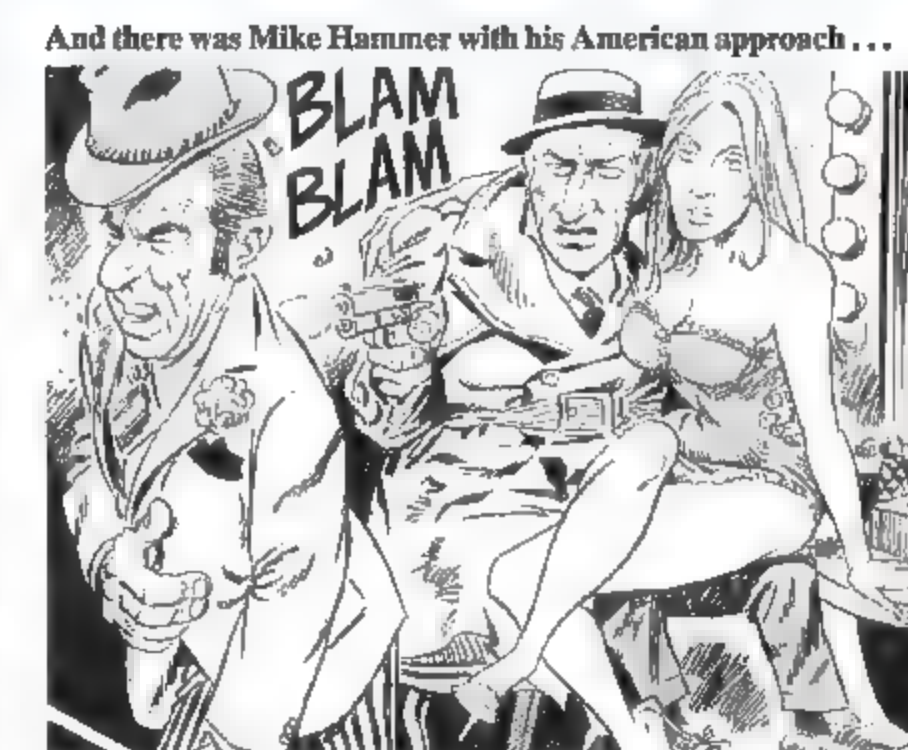
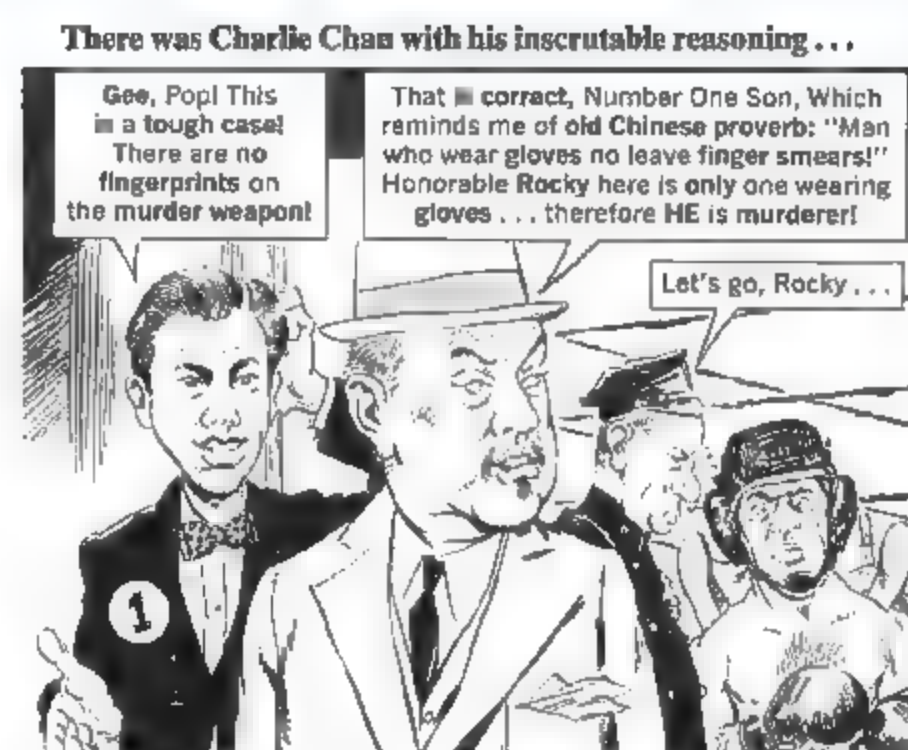
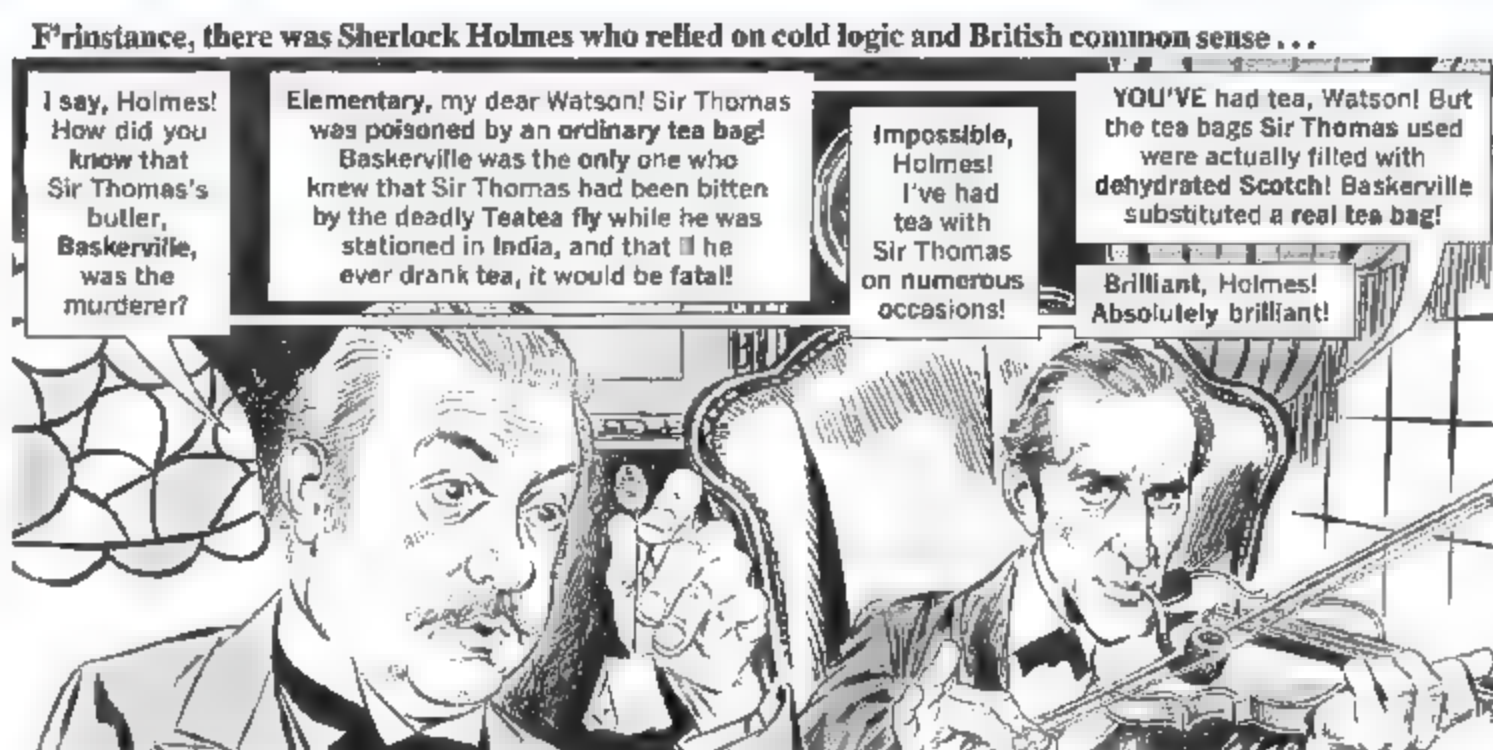
Truth is, if not for Helen, I'd still have my TV table and cigar box

set up down at the corner trying to hawk cartoons and tiny Play-Doh pies and cakes. He's the one who took me by the collar and then forgot what he was going to say and then quickly made up something else using his cheesy mob voice, but I knew what he meant. And it changed the direction of my life. And my collar.

Sure, we all know this isn't representative of his true skill and expertise when it comes to, say, drawing an epileptic monk gone bad, but, it's funny as hell (personal fave: "Let's make this fellow a chimp." Kills me), he barely had to do anything, and, HELLO, he got paid for it. Genius.

So thank you, Helen, and all of the comical powers-that-be who have led me to my own scribbles on the legendary pages of MAD, thus affording this cartoonist much happiness, and, when necessary, the random case of Rust-Oleum.

KNIFIN' FALK DEPT.
There have been many famous fictional Detectives through the years, and each has had his own special technique for solving a crime.



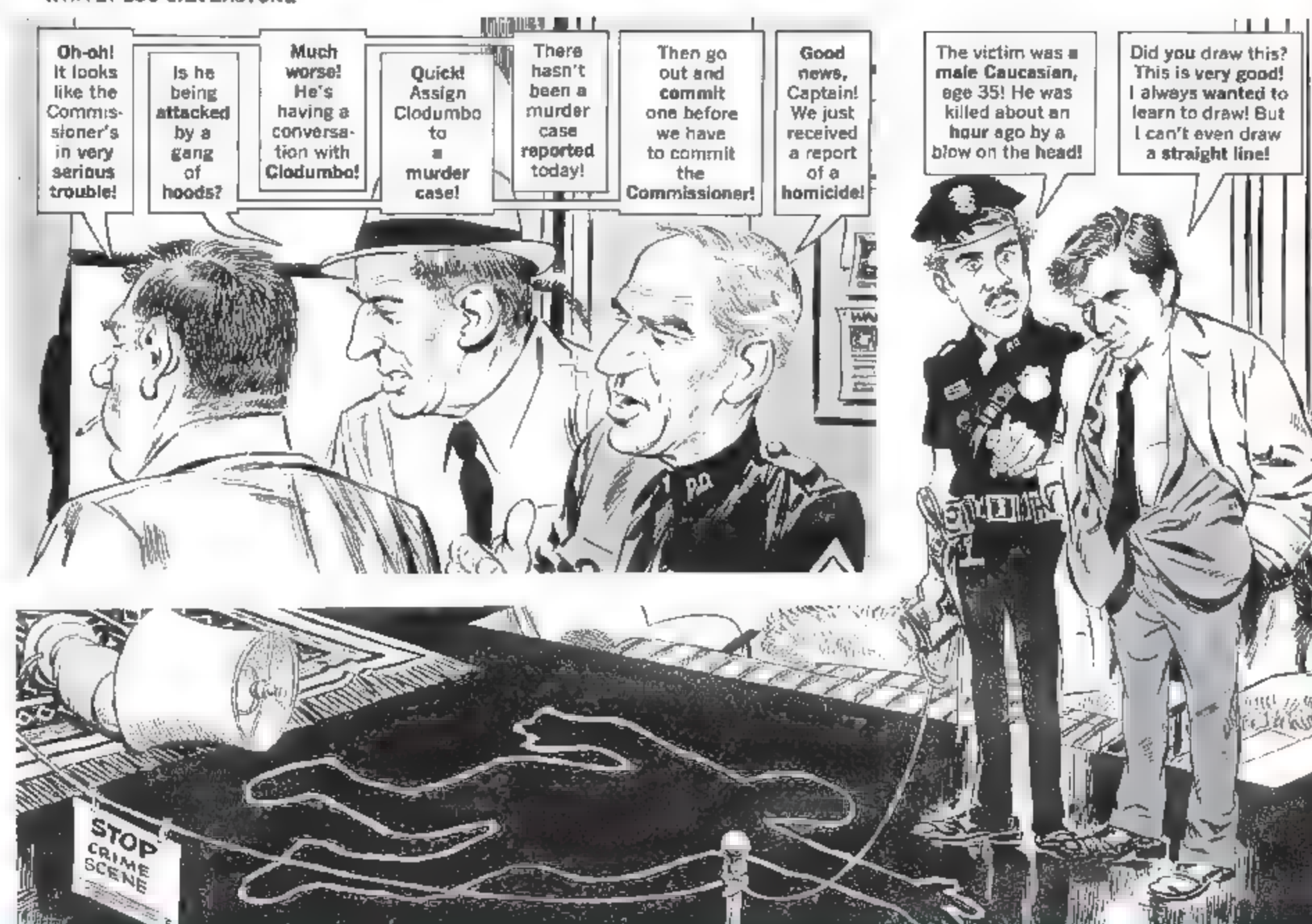
But enough of the crime-fighters of the past! Today, we have a new style TV Detective with

his own unique method of solving cases. You'll see what we mean as we take a MAD look at...

CLODUMBO

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE



by Lou Silverstone
WRITER

Cludumbo is the MAD word for things that are stupid, that suck, that stink and are boring, which describes most TV shows. *Columbo* was different; it was the kind of show I would watch even if I wasn't spoofing it for MAD. Naturally, I begged and pleaded with the MAD editors to spoof it. I promised to write a masterpiece and was finally given the okay to do *Columbo*.

I said to my faithful typewriter, "Don't fail me now!" (So I talked to my typewriter, big deal! Cowboys talk to their horses and gun nuts talk to their guns, so why can't a writer talk to his

typewriter? For you young readers, a typewriter was an instrument used for writing way back in the 1970's, B.C. — Before Computers.) But I digress.

My typewriter didn't fail me. *Columbo* himself, Peter Falk, and the creators of the series, Richard Levinson and William Link, loved our satire. And Angelo Torres did one hell of a job illustrating the article. He really aced it — a perfect 10!

Angelo and I worked on many TV satires together, but I always felt there was something special about our "Clodumbo." It still makes me laugh. This former member of "The Usual Gang of Idiots" picks "Clodumbo" as his all-time favorite MAD article. Excluding, of course, articles by Al Jaffee and Don Martin.

MAD #158/JANUARY 1973



I didn't exactly draw it, Lieutenant! I traced around the body!

Y'know, this reminds me of a Potsy court! Did you ever play Potsy?

Uh—no, Sir!

I used to be the Champion Potsy Player of my old neighborhood!



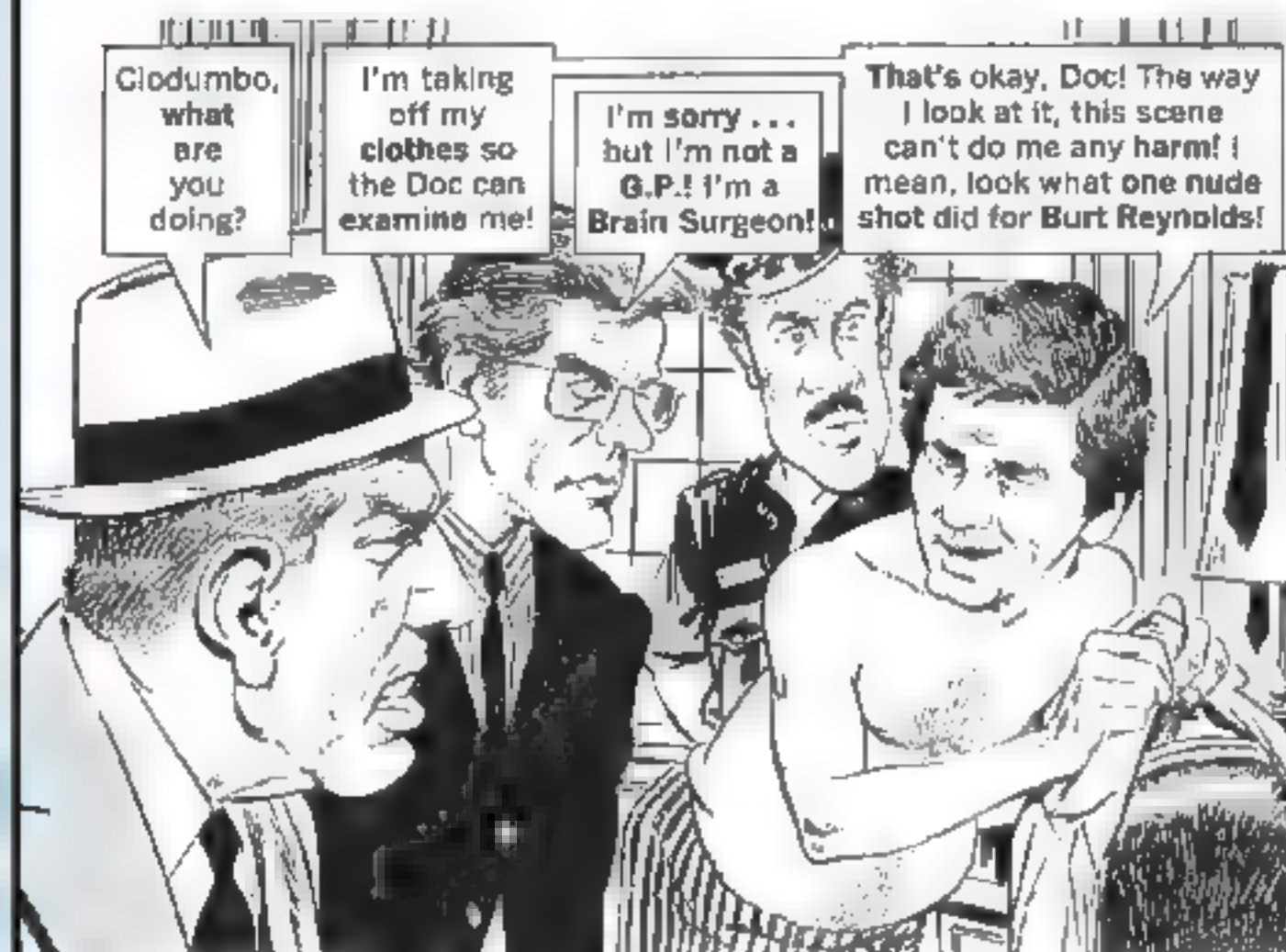
How are things going, Clodumbo?

Very good, Sir! I'm on twosie!

Just what is going on here??

Who are you? I'm Dr. Robert Culpable! I live here!

You're a DOCTOR?! Isn't that a coincidence! My wife was saying just the other day that I ought to see a Doctor for a check-up!

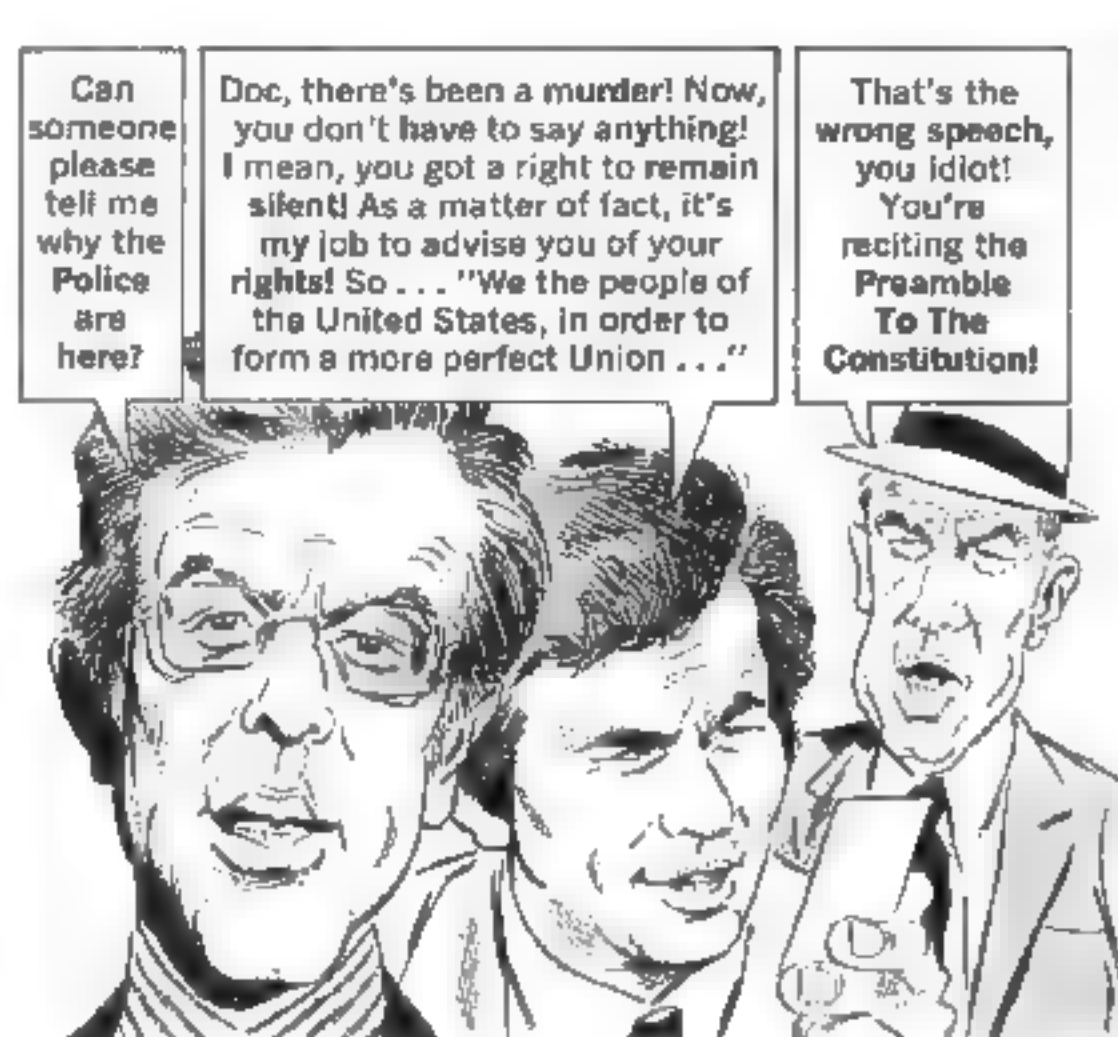


Clodumbo, what are you doing?

I'm taking off my clothes so the Doc can examine me!

I'm sorry ... but I'm not a G.P.! I'm a Brain Surgeon!

That's okay, Doc! The way I look at it, this scene can't do me any harm! I mean, look what one nude shot did for Burt Reynolds!



Can someone please tell me why the Police are here?

Doc, there's been a murder! Now, you don't have to say anything! I mean, you got a right to remain silent! As a matter of fact, it's my job to advise you of your rights! So ... "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union ..."

That's the wrong speech, you idiot! You're reciting the Preamble To The Constitution!



Isn't that something! I learned that way back in Grammar School! I was in Miss Greenfield's class! She was some terrific teacher! She taught me something I never forgot! Listen to this: "Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers—"

I'm going back to the Precinct and lock myself in a maximum security cell!

Take me along with you, Captain! PLEASE!



I'm leavin', now, Doc! Uh ... oh, yeah! Where were you at 11 o'clock this morning ...?

No kidding! And you're walking around already! That's really terrific!

I was in Surgery!

Lieutenant, I wasn't the patient! I was operating!!

Oh, yeah! That's right! Uh—Doc, did anybody see you while you were operating?

There was the patient, three nurses and another Doctor!

That's fine! I—er—mean, it's always good to have an airtight alibi! G'bye, Doctor...



Oh, no! I—I thought you'd left!

Uh... there's one thing I want to get straight, Doc! When you perform surgery, you wear a mask! Isn't that right?

That's right, Lieutenant! I do!

I see! Then nobody could really identify you! I mean, it could have been anybody behind that mask! Zorro! The Lone Ranger...

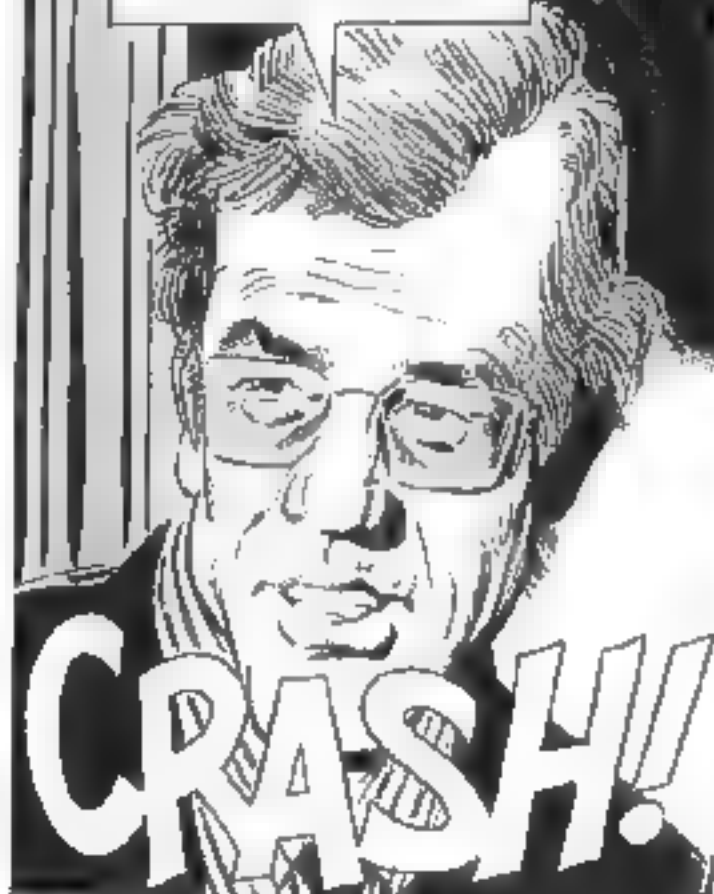


Well, I really have to run, Doc! I'll be seeing you...

No! Wait, Lieutenant! That's...



... That's not the way out! That's a CLOSET!!



Are these your clubs? Y'know, I think golf is a terrific game! My wife is always after me to take up a sport! Mind if I take a few practice swings?



I'm sorry, Doc! I guess my game is a little rusty!

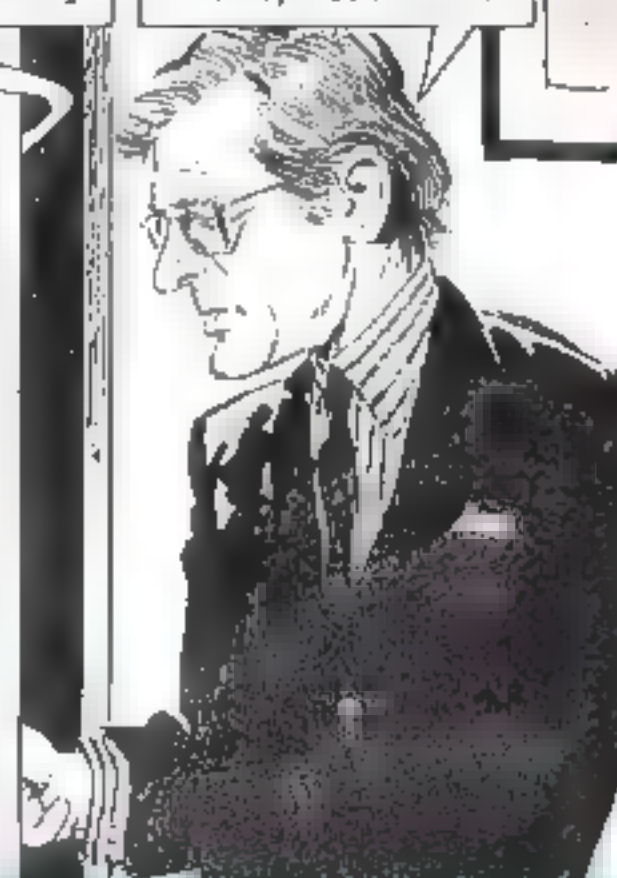
If you're finished, Lieutenant, I'd appreciate it if you'd leave!



Okay, Doc! I'm going! I've taken up too much of your time already!

That's not the way out either, Lieutenant!

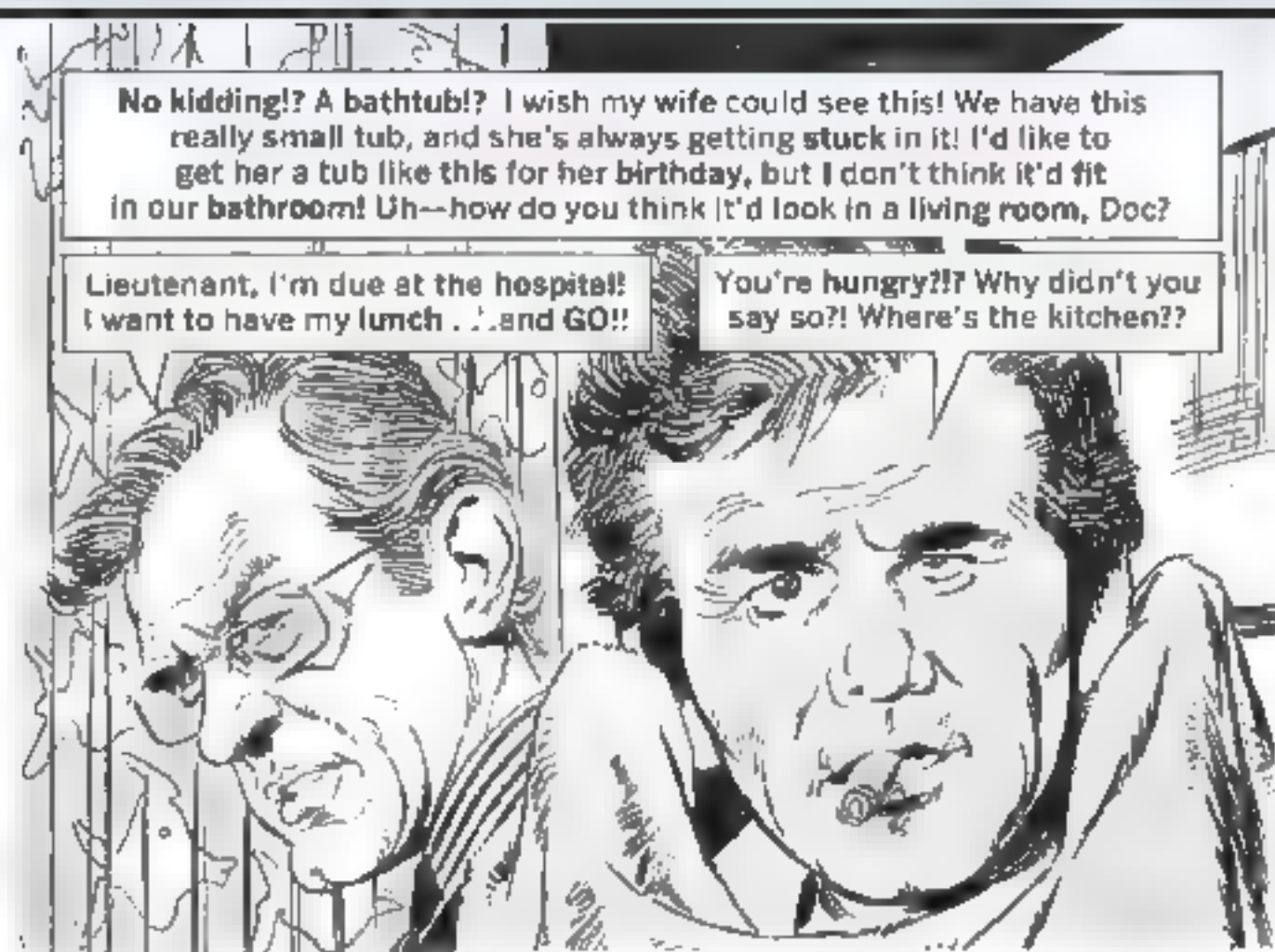
SPLASH!





Doc, you really know how to live!
I mean, this is fantastic! A
swimming pool in the bathroom!!

That's the
BATHTUB,
Lieutenant!



No kidding!? A bathtub!? I wish my wife could see this! We have this
really small tub, and she's always getting stuck in it! I'd like to
get her a tub like this for her birthday, but I don't think it'd fit
in our bathroom! Uh—how do you think it'd look in a living room, Doc?

Lieutenant, I'm due at the hospital!
I want to have my lunch . . . and GO!!

You're hungry?!? Why didn't you
say so?! Where's the kitchen??



SPLAT

Please
don't
bother,
Lieutenant!
I can stop
off at a
Diner!

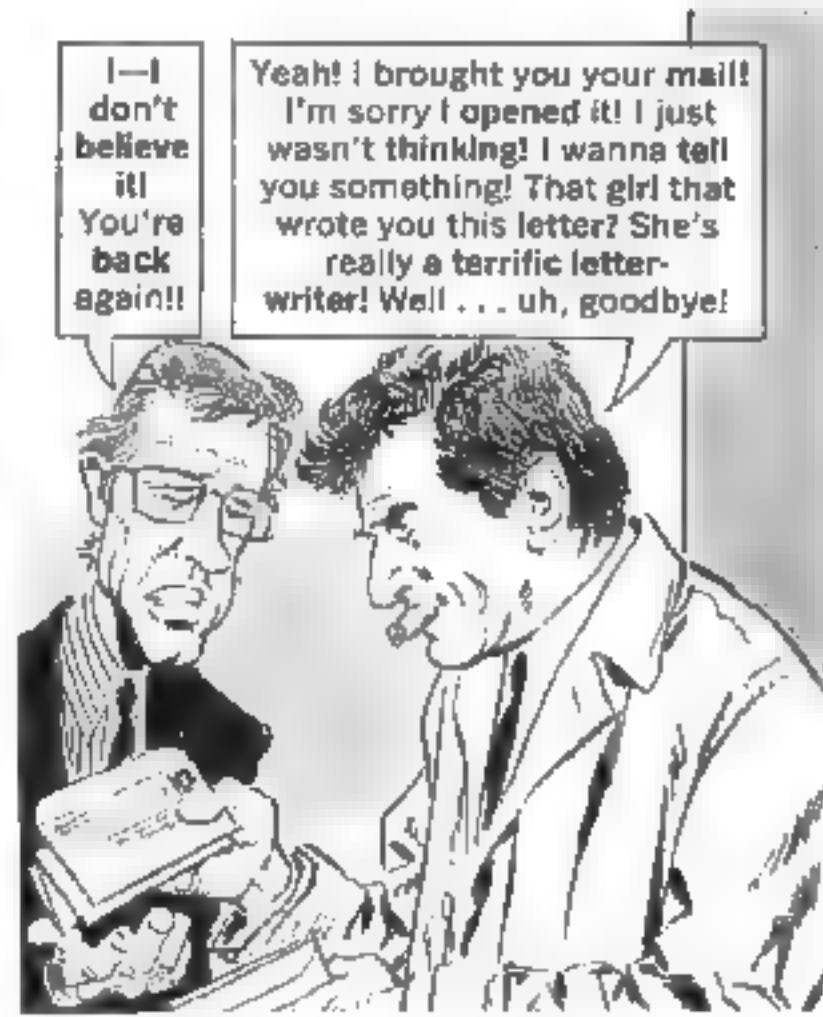
It's not healthy to eat in
those places! Besides, it
can be very expensive! Look,
don't worry! I'm an expert
Chef! How do you like your
eggs—Oops! Sorry! I'm not
used to such low ceilings!



Look
here!
It's
after
ONE,
and
I—

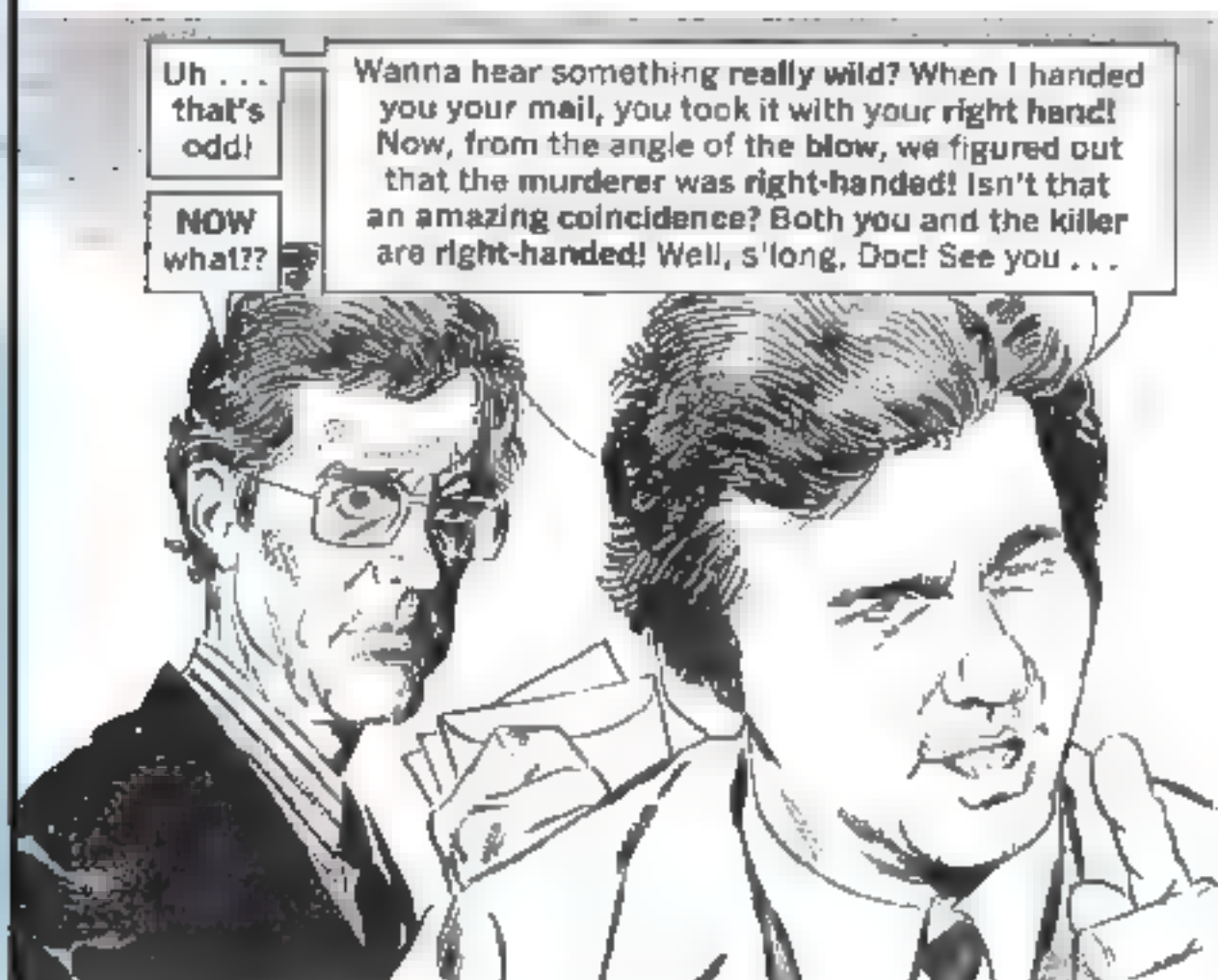
Where did the time go? I mean,
when you're enjoying yourself,
the time just seems to fly!
Okay, I'll see you around! Uh,
is this the way out, Doc . . . ?

I certainly hope so!



I—I
don't
believe
it!
You're
back
again!!

Yeah! I brought you your mail!
I'm sorry I opened it! I just
wasn't thinking! I wanna tell
you something! That girl that
wrote you this letter? She's
really a terrific letter-
writer! Well . . . uh, goodbye!



Uh . . .
that's
odd!

NOW
what??

Wanna hear something really wild? When I handed
you your mail, you took it with your right hand!
Now, from the angle of the blow, we figured out
that the murderer was right-handed! Isn't that
an amazing coincidence? Both you and the killer
are right-handed! Well, s'long, Doc! See you . . .



■ anything the
matter, Doctor?

I'll be all right!
Er . . . scalpel . . .

Is this what you're
looking for, Doc?

PLEASE, Lieutenant! Have pity! I'm—I'm operating!

That's okay! You go right ahead! Don't mind me! I always wanted to see a real operation! I mean, I love all those medical shows! Hey, is that thing the brain?

DON'T TOUCH THAT!

Sorry, there! I'll just put it back and . . . OOPS!!

Here, Miss! Let me help you clean that up! I'm always helping my wife around the house! Uh—Doc, I meant t' tell you! We identified the body!

Which one? The man in my apartment—or this poor devil on the table??

No kidding! Is he . . . ? I'm really sorry to hear that! Well, I guess you can't win 'em all, eh, Doc? Uh—you wouldn't happen to have an ash tray around here, would you? Never mind! I'll use this—

Hey, what's the matter, Doc? You got a headache? Listen, I know you're a Doctor, and I don't want to tell you your business, but I think you been working too hard! You gotta relax! Why don't you take this pretty Nurse out to a Drive-In, or for a Pizza! I'll clean up here! You run along!

Lieutenant, I already have a girl, and we're going to the theater tonight! That's one place you can't follow me! The play's been sold out for six months!

That's great, Doc! Go ahead and enjoy yourself, and forget that you're the Number One suspect in a murder case!

What's wrong, Robert? You're so nervous!

I can't help it! I know he's going to show up!

Did you lose something, Sir?

I hope so! A Police Lieutenant with a smelly cigar and a rumpled coat . . . ?

Have you tried checking the Lost and Found Dept.?

You know, you were right, Doc! This is a really tough ticket to get! And the prices they're asking . . . Wow!

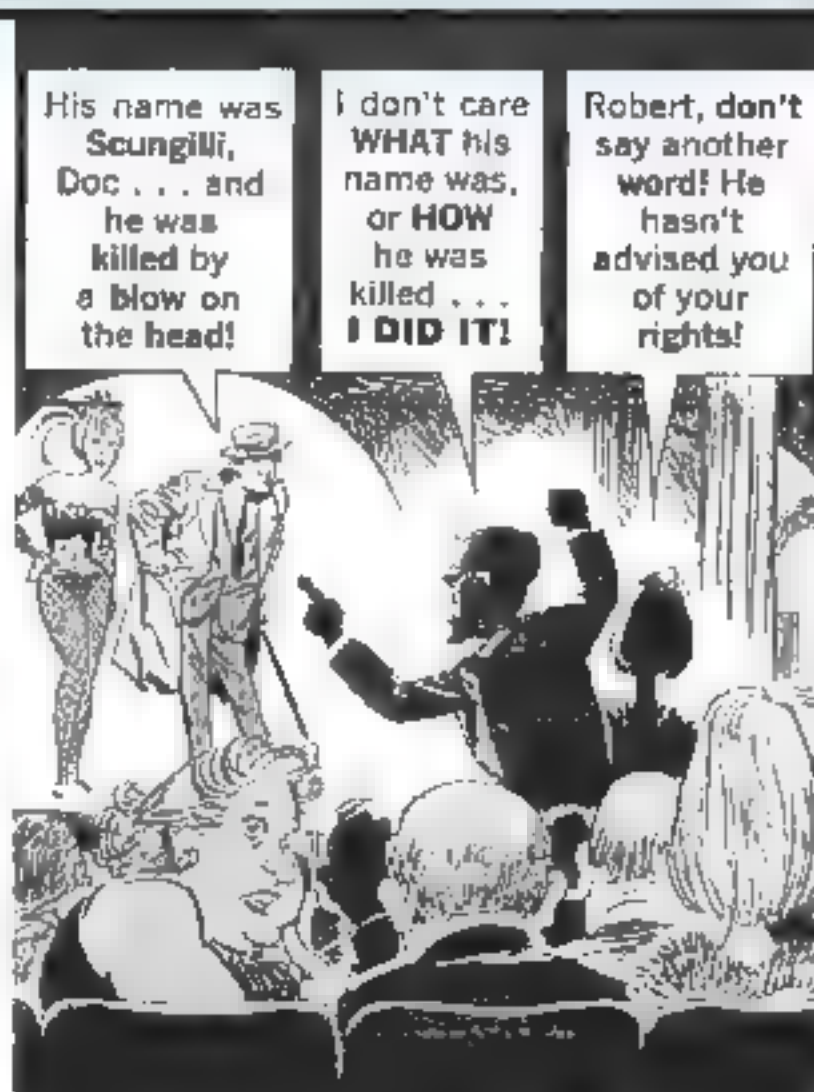
Uh . . . the reason I'm here is, I forgot to tell you the victim's name! He was Little Charlie Scungilli!



Hey!
Who
are
you?!

My name is
Clodumbo!
I'm with
the Police!

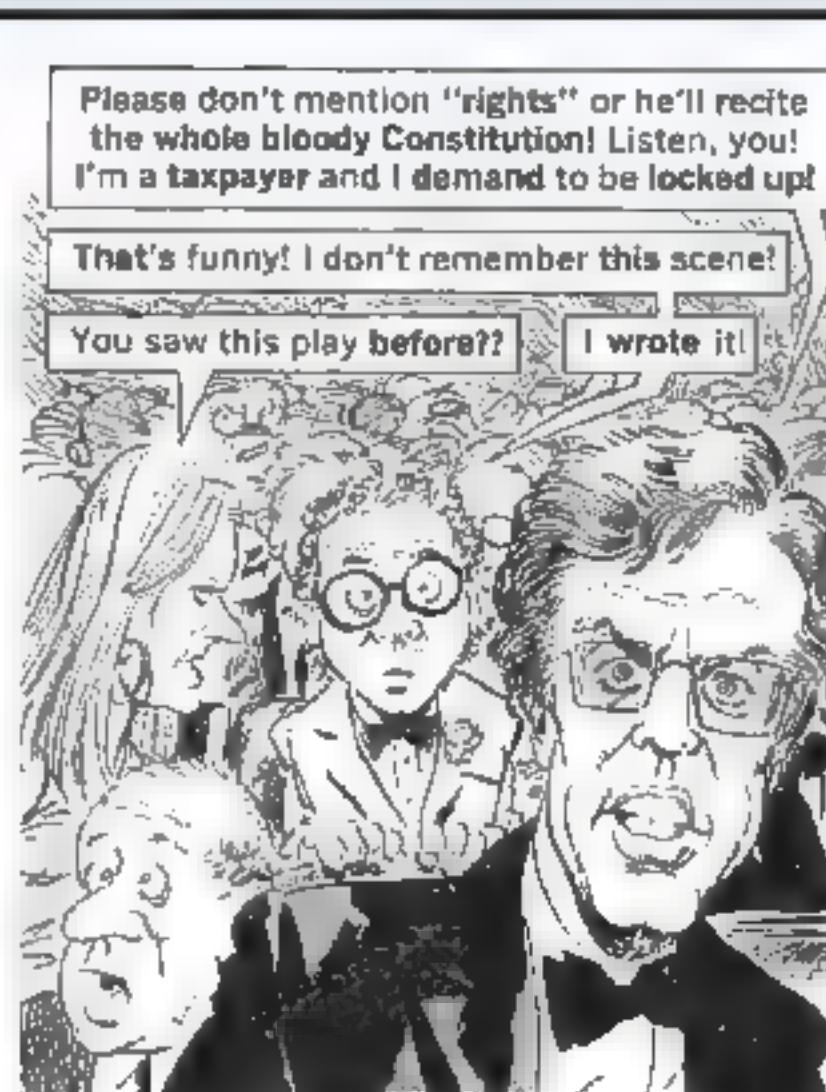
I did it!
I DID it!
I shot
Calimari!



His name was
Scungilli,
Doc... and
he was
killed by
a blow on
the head!

I don't care
WHAT his
name was,
or HOW
he was
killed...
I DID IT!

Robert, don't
say another
word! He
hasn't
advised you
of your
rights!



Please don't mention "rights" or he'll recite
the whole bloody Constitution! Listen, you!
I'm a taxpayer and I demand to be locked up!

That's funny! I don't remember this scene!

You saw this play before??

I wrote it!



Take me
to a nice
quiet cell,
right now!!

One
minute,
Doc!

Where
are you
going?

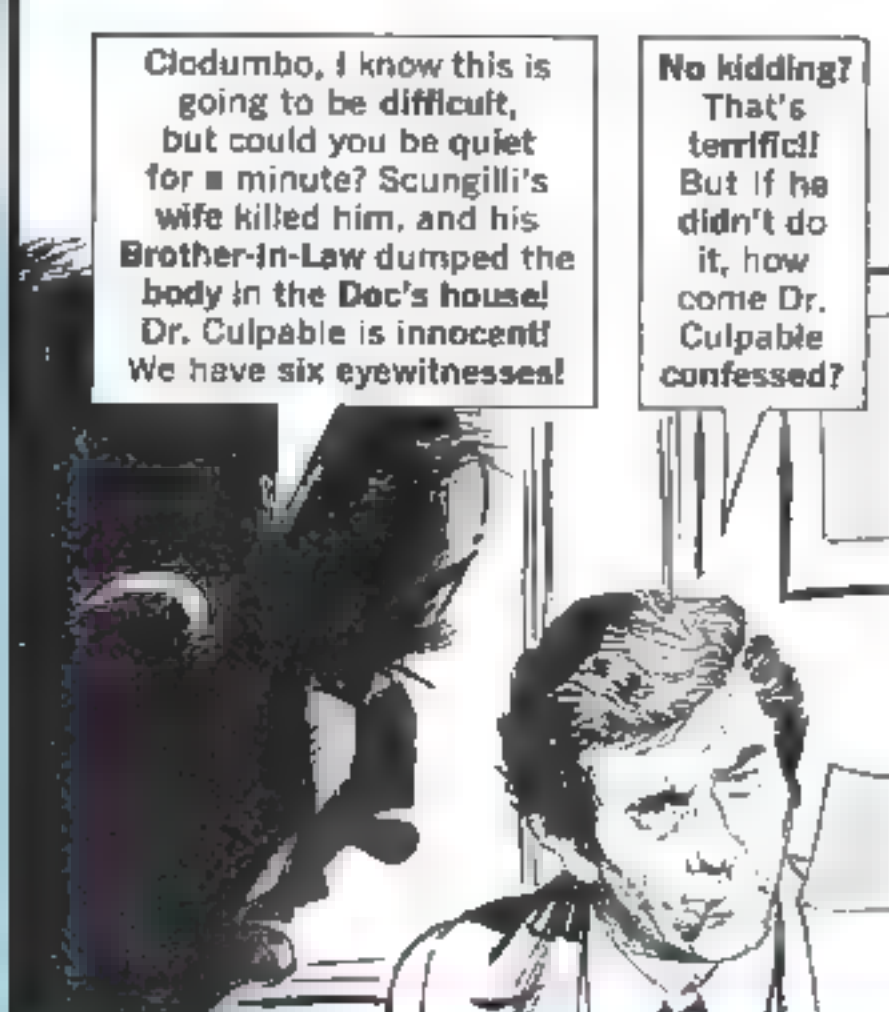
I'm gonna take a bow!
Y'know, my wife says
I'm so hammy I should
have been an actor!



Here's the Doctor's confession,
Captain! Right from the start, I
figured ■ was our man! I mean,
his fingerprints were all over
the scene of the crime!

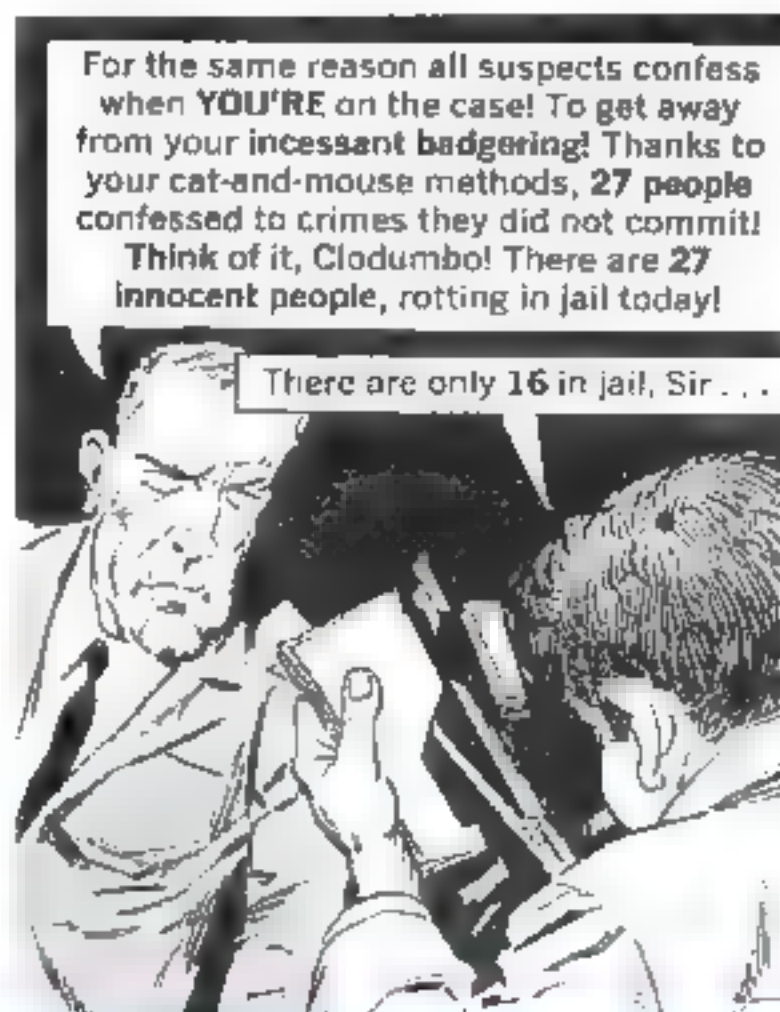
Why not!?!
It was
his HOUSE,
Lieutenant!

Yeah, I guess that could
account for the prints!
But I had this gut
feeling about him! His
alibi was too perfect!



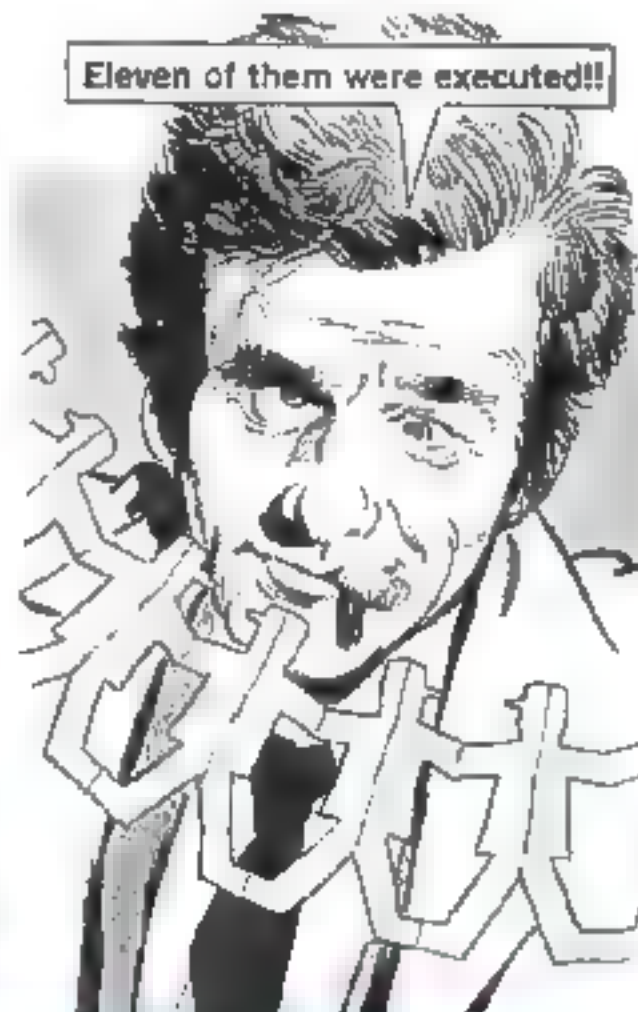
Clodumbo, I know this is
going to be difficult,
but could you be quiet
for a minute? Scungilli's
wife killed him, and his
Brother-in-Law dumped the
body in the Doc's house!
Dr. Culpable is innocent!
We have six eyewitnesses!

No kidding?
That's
terrific!
But if he
didn't do
it, how
come Dr.
Culpable
confessed?



For the same reason all suspects confess
when YOU'RE on the case! To get away
from your incessant badgering! Thanks to
your cat-and-mouse methods, 27 people
confessed to crimes they did not commit!
Think of it, Clodumbo! There are 27
innocent people, rotting in jail today!

There are only 16 in jail, Sir...



Eleven of them were executed!!

PEN AND STINK DEPT.

THE STRIP CLUB

IT'S A HARD DAY'S KNIGHT



CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN

by Jonathan Bresman
WRITER

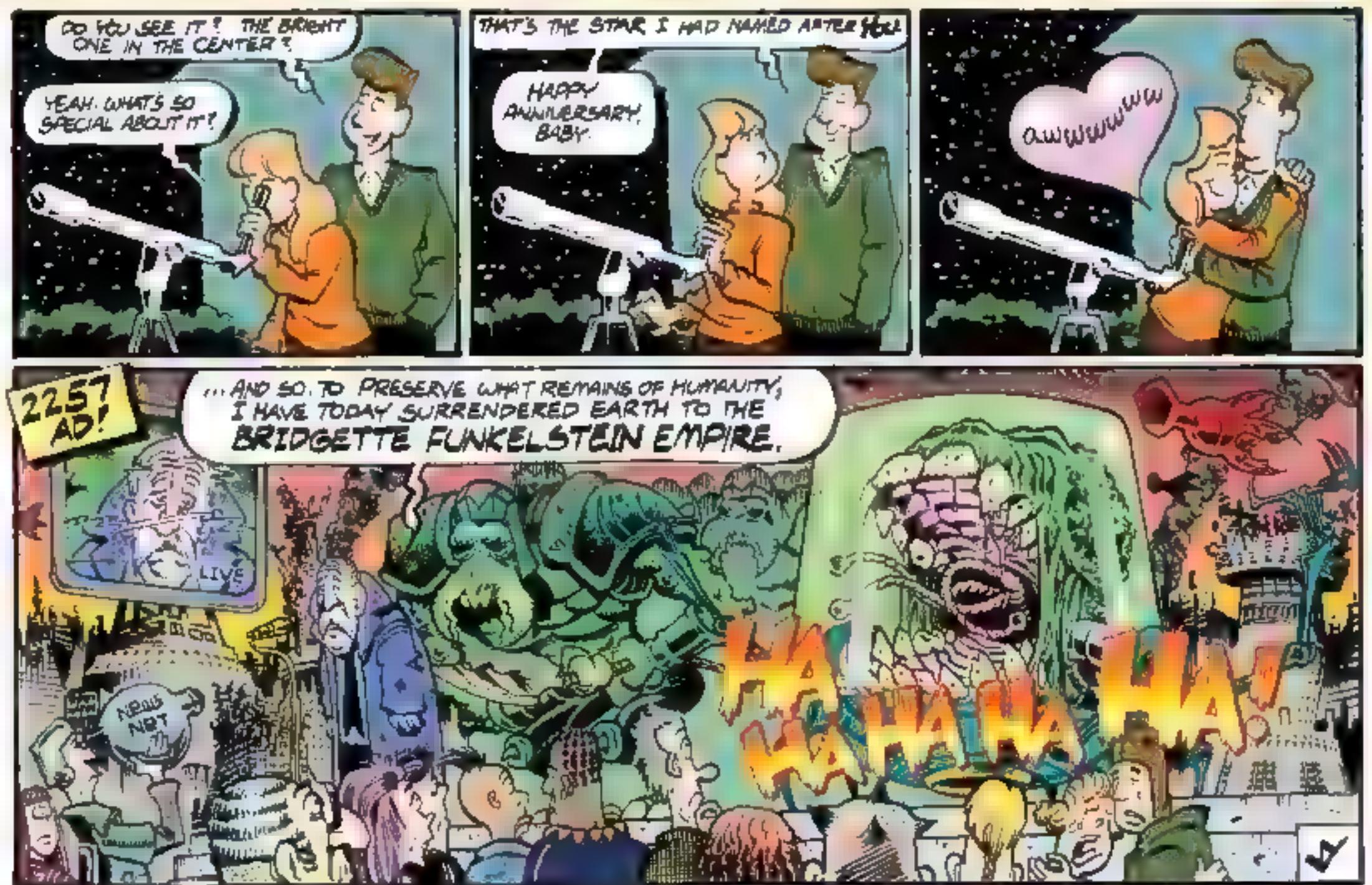
In 2005, Editor John Ficarra noticed that people were multi-tasking their entertainment — simultaneously reading, texting, e-mailing, web surfing, watching TV and playing games. He therefore decided to add more “bite-sized” pieces to the magazine, making it easier for people to add MAD to their mix. This led to the Strip Club, the section of the magazine that is closest to my heart. I was given the honor of recruiting

cartoonists who could tell short, silly, yet cerebral stories, and I had the pleasure of inducting scores of new contributors into the Usual Gang of Idiots, including such talents as children's author Mo Willems, editorial cartoonist Ted Rall and comedy writer Simon Rich. In this Strip Club you will see Christopher Baldwin's chatty wit, Joey Alison Sayers' twisted time-travel antics, Jason Yungbluth's cosmically disastrous romance, the cutting pop-culture comedy



KEITH KNIGHT

2000 AUGUST 11th MAD MAGAZINE



JASON YUNGBLUTH

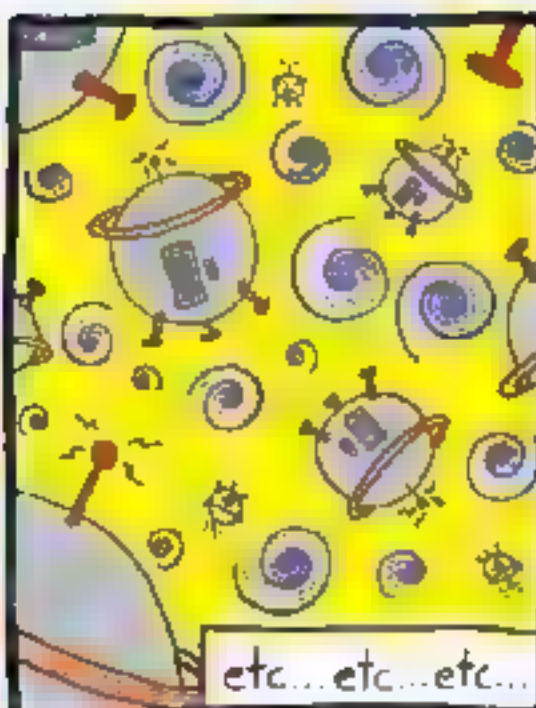
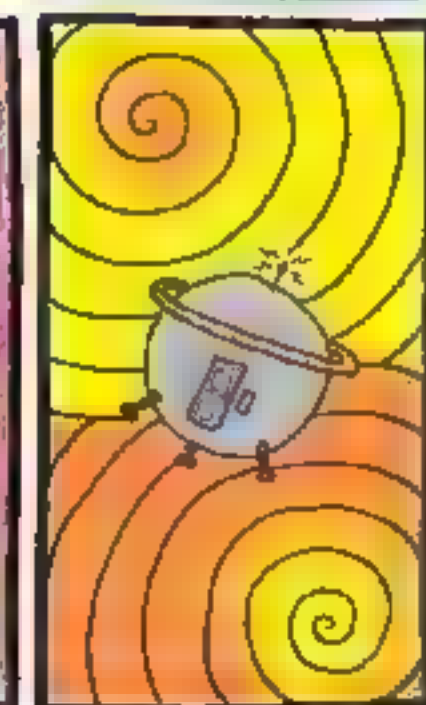
of Keith Knight and John Kovalski's portrayal of the limits of sock puppet loyalty. While there was only space for these strips, I hope that MAD will one day publish a Strip Club collection so that you can enjoy the work of the rest of our new Idiots while you multi-task your media consumption — further demolishing what remains of your attention span.

ME, MYSELF AND MY PUPPET

AT THE STORE



JOHN KOVALESKI



JOEY ALISON SAYERS

WE ALL HAVE OUR BLUE CROSS TO BEAR DEPT.

While the bozos in Washington D.C. continue prattling over health care reform, more and more Americans are turning to the wonderful world of the Health Maintenance Organizations (HMOs). You know, those little companies that enable people to get somewhat adequate medical help for cheaper prices. (But you remember what your mom said about getting what you pay for, right?) With the market flooded with these organizations it can be an ordeal just choosing one, so here's MAD's sure-fire way...

HOW TO TELL IF YOU'VE SELECTED A BAD HMO

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

Every time the doctor writes a prescription, he brags, "I used to feed these to Elvis like they were M&Ms."



You're the only human waiting to be treated.



Prior to a minor surgical procedure, the doctor asks if you'd mind filling out a toe tag.



The dental coverage only includes spinach removal.



The doctor loses it every time he examines your symptoms.



by Andrew J. Schwartzberg
WRITER



editors are not really supposed to say they have a favorite artist or writer. It's kind of akin to a parent admitting they have a favorite kid. You just don't do it, unless you're a heartless idiot. But, since I haven't been on MAD's editorial staff for almost 20 years, I'm thinking this rule no longer applies to me. So now I can scream from the mountaintops that John Caldwell was my favorite artist/writer. (Of course, I live in a relatively flat area and I'm too lazy to drive to a

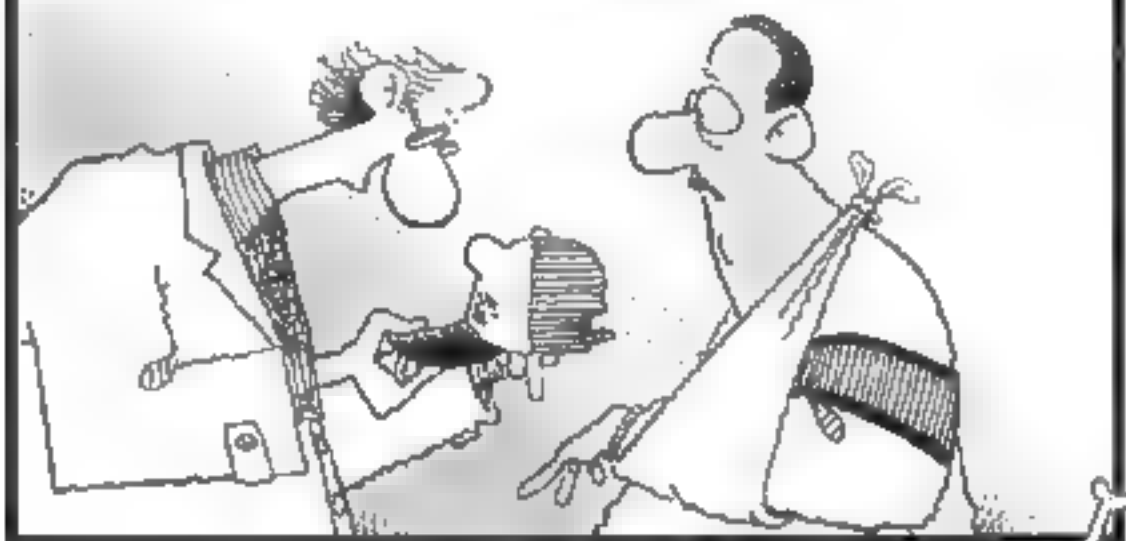
The clinic has a drive-in window service.



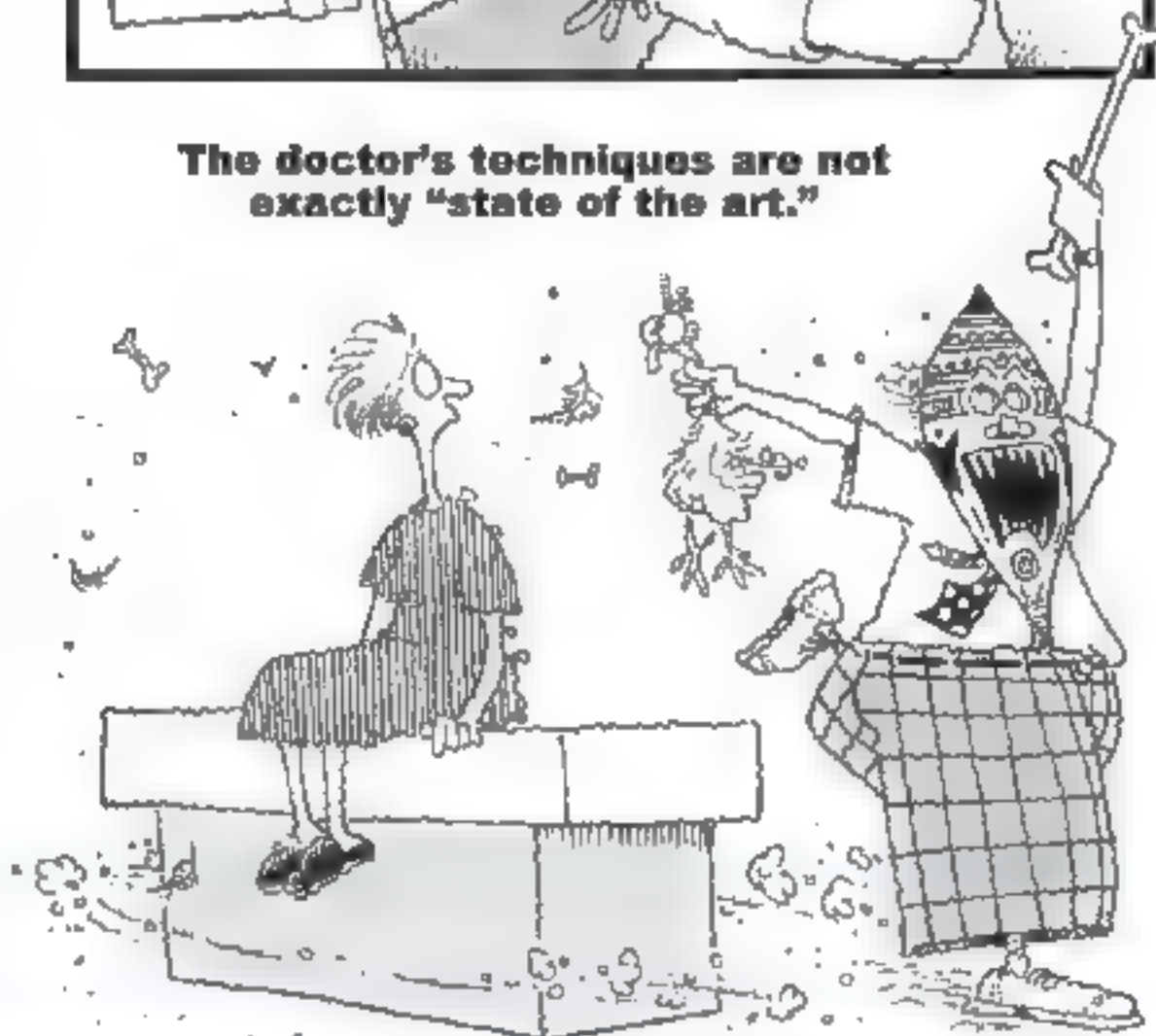
The doctor makes a habit of calling in his cousin, the janitor, on consultations.



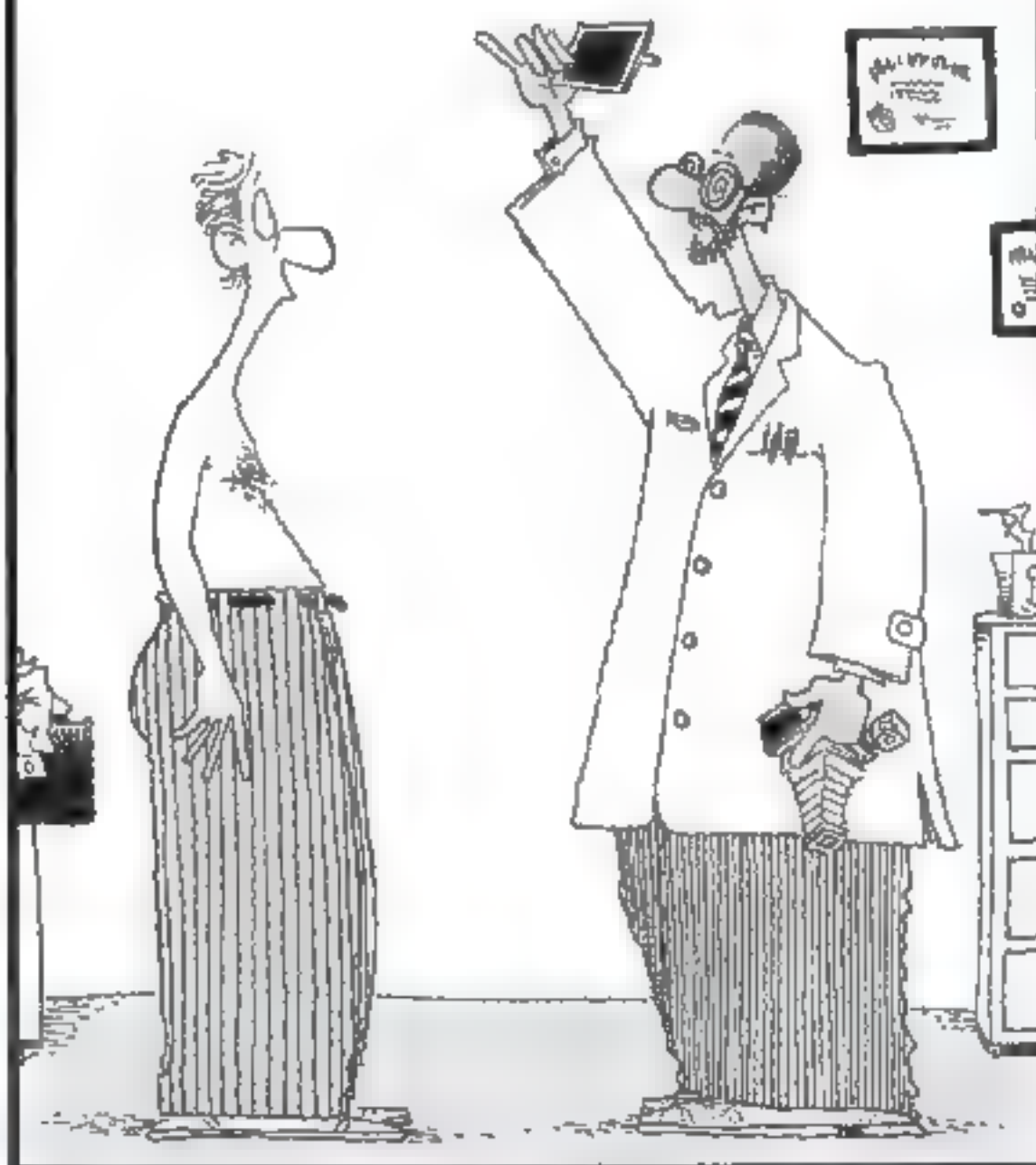
Your doctor elects to treat a suspicious lump in your hat.



The doctor's techniques are not exactly "state of the art."



Your chest examination consists of your doctor holding a polaroid of your chest up to a light while wearing magic x-ray specs.



MAD #341/DECEMBER 1986

mountaintop, so I won't actually do it.) In any event, his work consistently made me laugh out loud and I eagerly awaited every new piece he sent in. The last article of his that I got to review before I left MAD was "How to Tell if You've Selected a Bad HMO," so I've always had a soft spot for it. There are some great lines in there and, to this day, whenever I see a doctor whose advice I question I think to myself, "What are you going to do next — treat the suspicious lump in my hat?"

A Letter From *Slash*

To EveryBody @ "MAD" Magazine
 Thank for the most prestigious
 magazine cover I've ever been on!
 Incidentally I've got a collection of "MAD" mags
 dating back to 1976.
 Anyway its an honor & I ~~think~~ think
 its very cool &

TAKE CARE

Sincerely

Slash
 94



ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS



SONG OF INDIA INK DEPT.

Recently, some smart producer got the bright idea to make a musical out of "Li'l Abner!", and it turned out to be a resounding success both on Broadway, and as a Hollywood movie. The way we look at it, this will probably start a whole rash of musicals based on comic strips, like "Kerry Get Your Gun", "Call Me Sluggo" and "The Little King and I". So, to nip this nauseating trend in the bud, here is our version of a comic strip musical to end all comic strip musicals . . . mainly . . .

>>>

"I can't understand it, folks! My 'sawing-a-woman-in-hair' trick always worked before!"

The Mad "Comic" Opera

ACT 1, SCENE 1: THE OFFICE OF DICK TRACY



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



MAD #56/JULY 1986

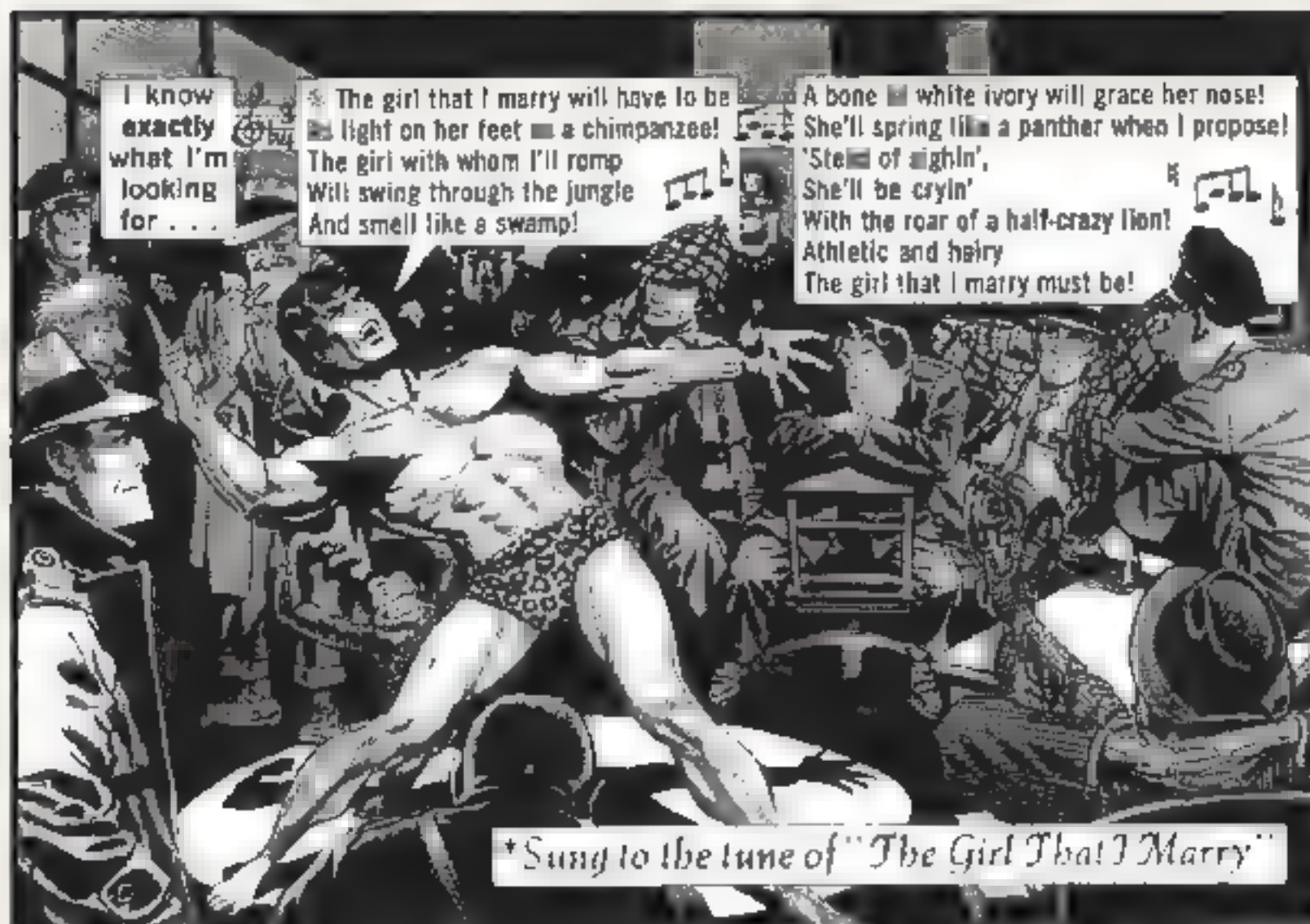
by Tom Richmond
ARTIST



Picking a favorite piece from among the many thousands published over the last 60 years in MAD is a little like picking which of your kids is your favorite — it's impossible. However, I was told I would not get paid for my last MAD job until I did just that, so...

I've always thought MAD was at its best when it took something and turned it completely on its head. They often took the realistic

and serious and made it absurd and silly — but they sometimes took the absurd and silly and made it look even more so by putting it in a more realistic world. Writer Frank Jacobs and artist Wally Wood did just that in "The Mad 'Comic' Opera" in MAD #56. Frank's clever script included many of his "sung to the tune of..." song parodies, still a relatively new thing then and soon to become his iconic signature. Wally Wood's art seamlessly combined the look of simple comic strip characters into a gritty and realistic style with deep shadows and atmosphere galore. My favorite panel is the one where Dagwood's shadow is broken up by his recently acquired bullet holes...perfect art for a great story and concept.



I know exactly what I'm looking for...

The girl that I marry will have to be light on her feet — a chimpanzee! The girl with whom I'll romp Will swing through the jungle And smell like a swamp!

A bone — white ivory will grace her nose! She'll spring like a panther when I propose! 'Steal of aighn', She'll be cryin' With the roar of a half-crazy lion! Athletic and hairy The girl that I marry must be!

*Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"



But what ever happened to Jane?

She ran off with Mark Trail!

Oh, that's a shame! Well, don't worry! I'll help you find a wife!



Hey, Tracy! I was just in Dugan's Bar, and I saw your girl-friend Orphan Annie!

So what, Phil! She's probably just waiting for me!



But she was with a guy in a white coat!

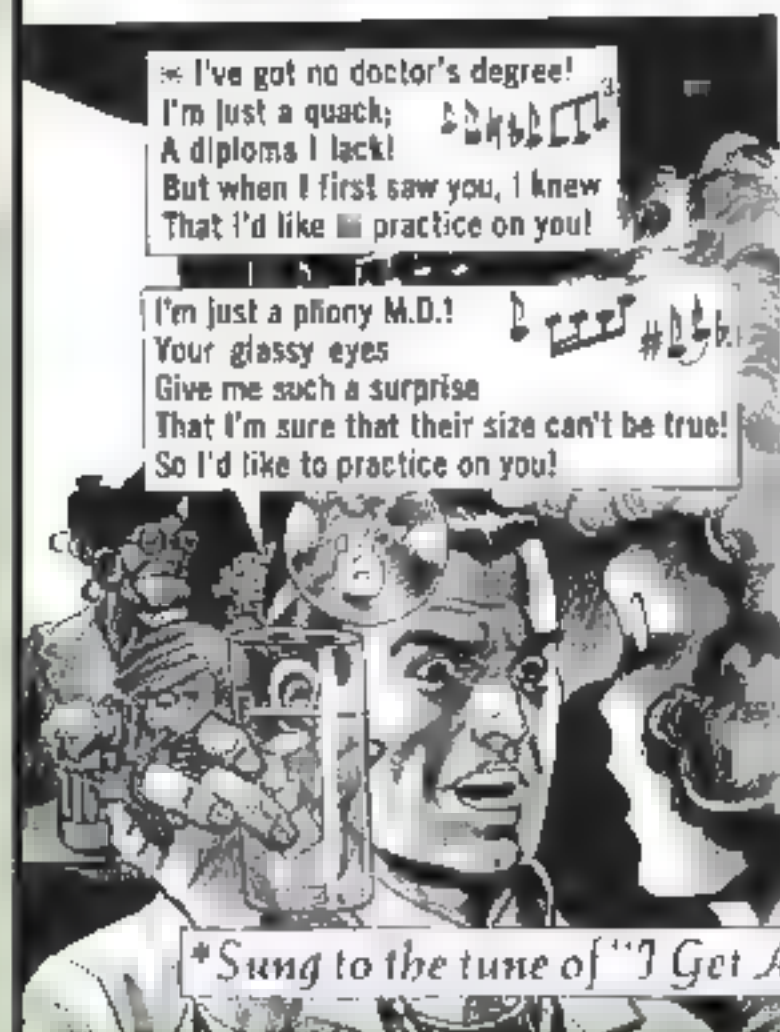
White coat, you say! That could only be one man! That hideous arch-fiend, Rex Morgan, M.D.! C'mon, Tarzan! We've got to save her!



ACT 1, SCENE 2: DUGAN'S BAR

Leapin' lizards! I don't like the way you've been talking, Rex Morgan, M.D.! What do you want with me, anyhow?

It's your eyes, Annie! I've never seen anything like them before! I must have you (heh-heh) forever!



I've got no doctor's degree! I'm just a quack; A diploma I lack! But when I first saw you, I knew That I'd like to practice on you!

I'm just a phony M.D.! Your glassy eyes Give me such a surprise That I'm sure that their size can't be true! So I'd like to practice on you!

*Sung to the tune of "I Get A Kick Out Of You"



I look at you every time that we Are meeting here For highbills! Now you can see makes no sense — me! You've obviously got No eyeballs!

Why not leave Tracy for me? Let's make a date — After I operate You'll look great there Preserved just like raw! Oh, I'd like to practice On you!

Hold on, Rex Morgan, M.D. Your evil plans are doomed!

He's mad, Tracy! Stark raving mad!

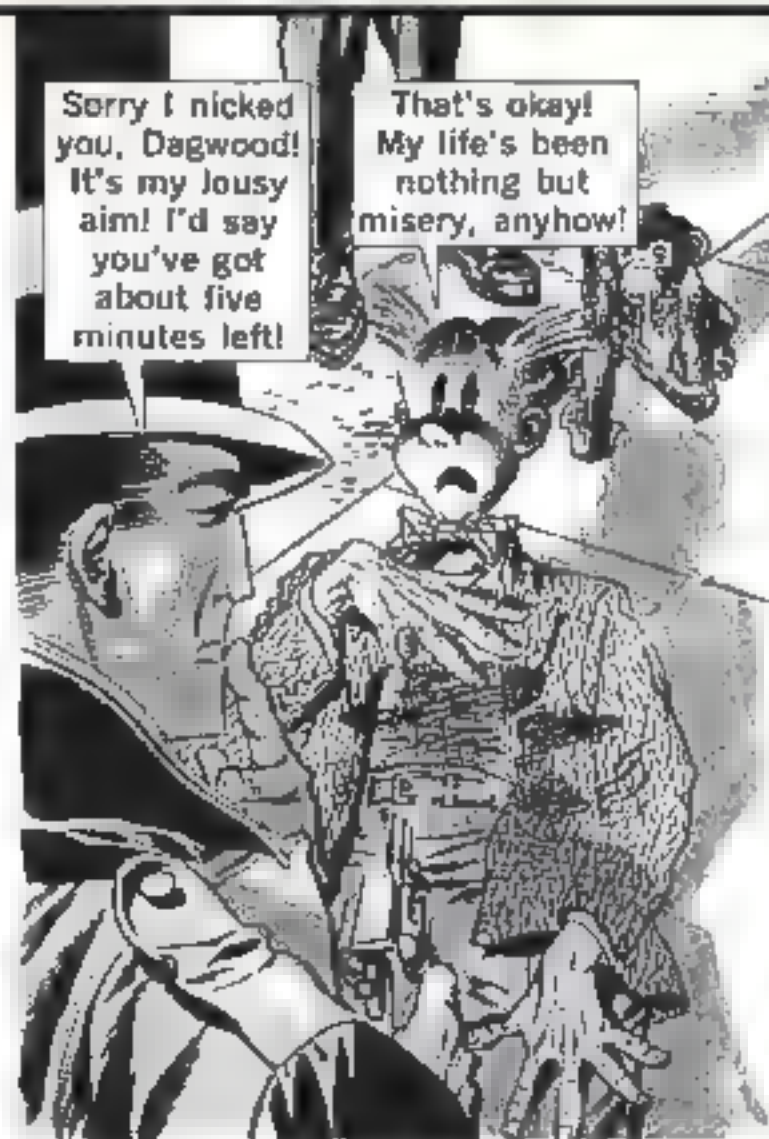


Shoot me, Tracy,
and you shoot
your girlfriend!

If only I can
aim straight!



Ha! Missed
me, Tracy!
Now, I'm
getting out
of here, and
I'm taking
Annie with me!



Sorry I nicked
you, Dagwood!
It's my lousy
aim! I'd say
you've got
about five
minutes left!

That's okay!
My life's been
nothing but
misery, anyhow!



* Old Man Dithers;
That Old Man Dithers!
He pays me nuthin'
An' treats me rotten!
I'll just keep screamin'
He keeps on screamin'
All day!

I get no Blue Cross!
No paid-up pension!
A raise I'm needin',
But don't dare mention!
'Cause Old Man Dithers
He'd only lower
My pay!

Look me!
It's just a crime!
No vacation
Or overtime!
Nine till five!
Like a slob!
A minute late
And I lose my job!

I feel I'm goin'
It's gettin' hazy!
Goodbye Blondie!
Goodbye to Daisy!
And Old Man Dithers
Can just keep screamin'
All day!

He's (sniff)
dead, Tarzan!

* Sung to the tune of "Old Man River"



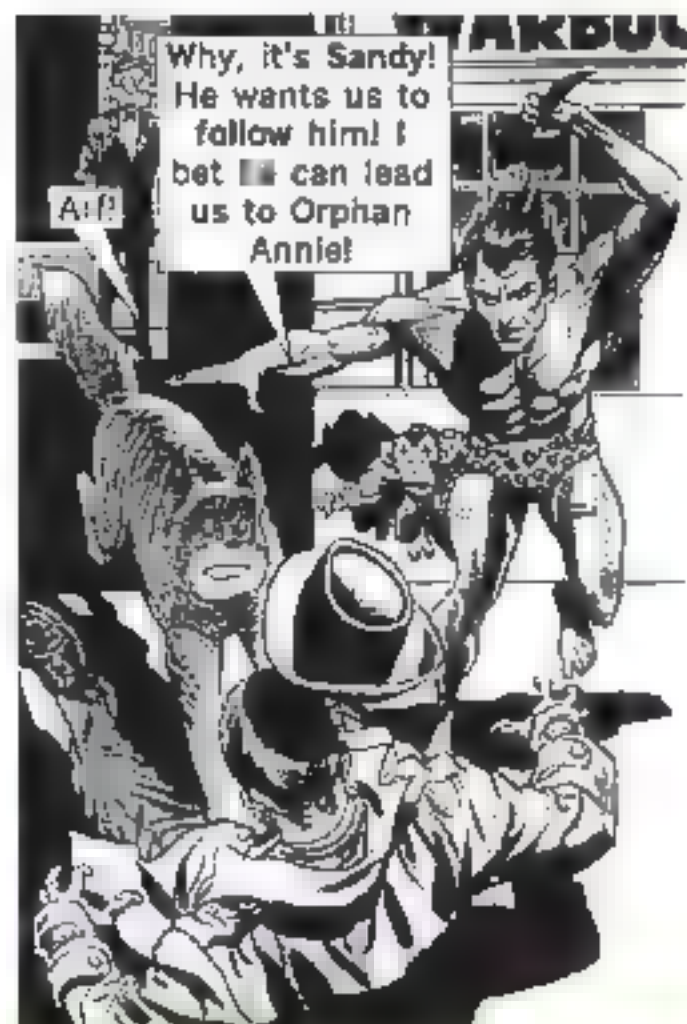
Why, Tracy! You're
crying! It be-
cause you feel
sorry for killing
him by mistake?

No! But
I'll tell
you why!

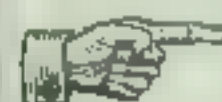
* You ask me why I sob
Killing some poor slob!
I of course reply
When the bullets fly
Something makes me cry!

True, I am just a heel!
Sorrow I don't feel!
Shooting the wrong guy
Didn't make me cry!
Smoke got in my eye!

* Sung to the tune of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"



Why, it's Sandy!
He wants us to
follow him! I
bet I can lead
us to Orphan
Annie!



ACT 1, SCENE 3; IN A PLANE, 18,000 FEET UP



* It was just one of our wings!
Just one of our airplane's wings!
One of those breaks
That bad weather brings!
Just one of our wings!

It's been just one of those nights!
Just one of those perilous flights!
When you bail out,
Count ten and pull strings!
Just one of our wings!

If I'd thought a bit
To the end of it,
When I saw the plane
was unsound!
I'd have been aware
Once we'd reach the air
That we'd crash,
smash to the ground!

So goodbye, have a nice trip!
Here's hoping
I've still got a strip!
Now I must run,
'Cause we've got just one
Of our wings!

He
bailed
out!

Guess we
better do
the same!
I sure hope
Sandy can
count to
ten . . .

Art!

*Sung to the tune of "Just One Of Those Things"

ACT 2, SCENE 1: PENNY'S HOUSE, 18,000 FEET BELOW

I'm so glad that
Penny invited you
and Lowizee to
dinner with us,
Snuffy! Tell me!
Are you really
beatniks?

Someone's
at the door,
Mom! I'll
see who
it is!

One side, Kid!
The name's
Morgan, M.D.,
and I need a
hideout for
Annie and me!

Run for
your lives!
He's mad!

Don't listen to
her! She's mad
herself! Just
look at those
staring eyes!

Pore chile's all
tuckered out! Ye
allin', honey?

I'm all right!
It's just that
I wish Dick
Tracy were here!
Gosh, I miss him!

* Tracy!
How I miss ya! How I miss ya!
My dear Dick Tracy!
I'd give the world to say
That you were here with A-
N-N-I-Even know that
San-dy's
Workin' for ya, barkin' for ya!
He'll find me, Tracy!
A happy girl I never will be
Till Tracy comes an' rescues me!

Don't worry,
Annie! We're
here! Sandy
did lead us
to you!

Tracy!
At last!

And now for you,
Rex Morgan, M.D.
Take that! And
that! And . . .

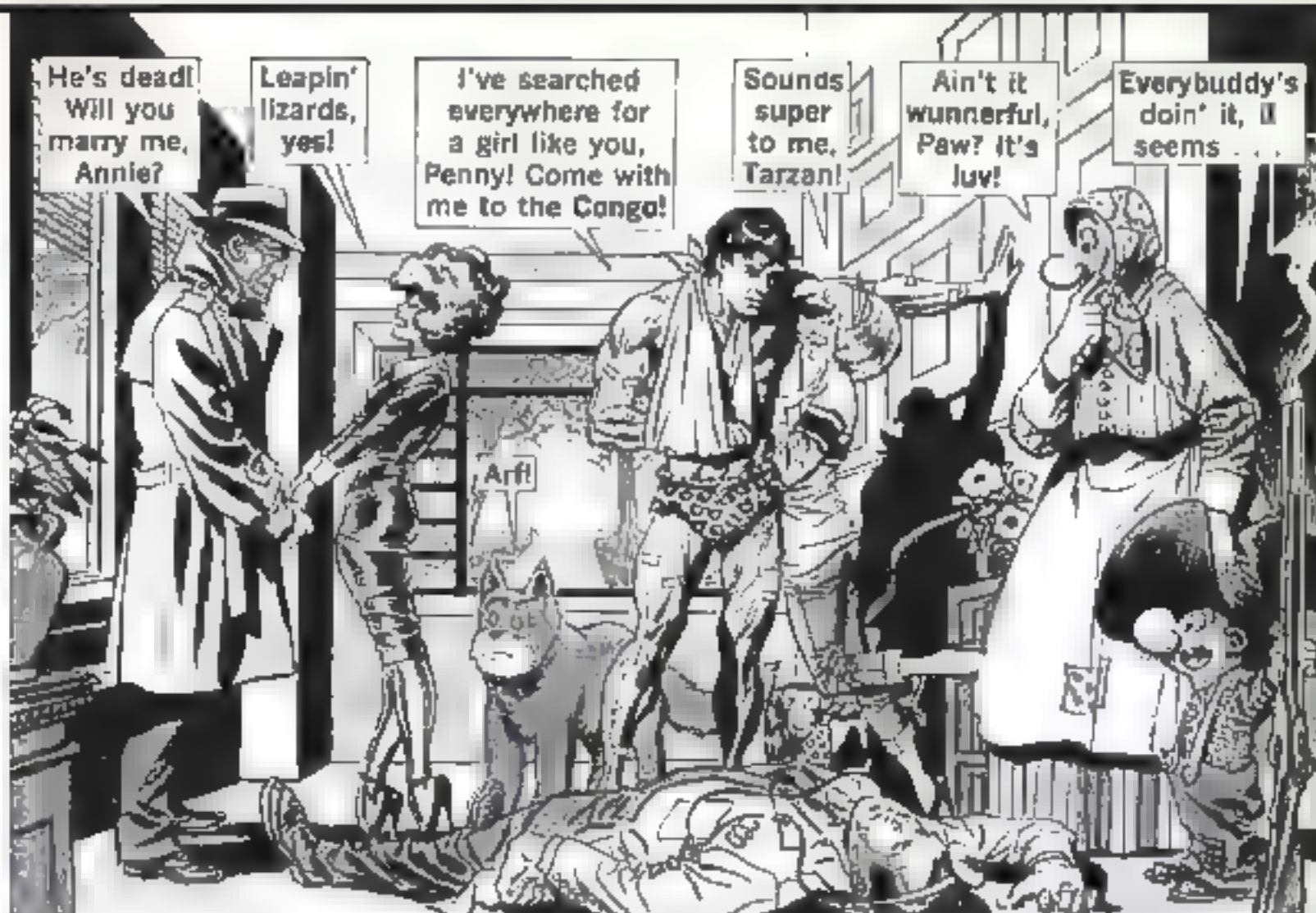
Darn it!
I keep
missing
him!

*Sung to the tune of "Swanee"



I'll pick 'im off for yuh, Tracy!

My abdominal cavity has been laterally incised, and all them funny little things in there ain't workin' no more!



He's dead! Will you marry me, Annie?

Leapin' lizards, yes!

I've searched everywhere for a girl like you, Penny! Come with me to the Congo!

Sounds super to me, Tarzan!

Ain't it wunnerful, Paw? It's luv!

Everybuddy's doin' it, it seems...



* Like frinstance, Abbie and Slat do it! Donald Duck and his three brats do it! Let's do it! Let's fall in love!

We've heard that Gumps without chins do it! Mickey, Phil, and all the Finns do it! Let's do it! Let's fall in love!

Some say the Three Little Pigs do it! When the Wolf's out of reach! Maggie and Jiggs do it! Not to mention Miss Peach!

We know that Blondie and Dag do it! Frequently a Yokum and a Scragg do it! Let's do it! Let's fall in love!

* Sung to the tune of "Let's Do It"



We're told that both Hans and Fritz do it! Snazzy dames like Fritz do it! Let's do it! Let's fall in love!

Prize pups like Pluto and Scamp do it! Alley Oop and Pete the Tramp do it! Let's do it! Let's fall in love!

It's true that Kayo and Moon do it! Though well-mannered they ain't! Linus will soon do it! Not to mention The Saint!

They say that most folks on Earth do it! Even certain friends of Mary Worth do it! Let's do it! Let's fall in love!

THE END



PRESENTING THE BILL—reproduced here, is one of a series of original oil paintings, "Practising Medicine For Fun and Profit", commissioned by Park-David.

Great Moments in Medicine

Once the crisis has passed . . . once the patient has regained his strength . . . once the family is relieved and grateful . . . that's the time when the physician experiences one of the great moments in medicine. In fact, the *greatest moment* in medicine! Mainly, the moment when he presents his bill! That's the time when all of the years of training and study and work seem worthwhile. And there's always the chance that the shock might mean more business for him!

Park-David scientists are proud of their place in the history of practicing medicine for fun and profit, helping to provide doctors with the materials that mean higher fees and bigger incomes. For example, our latest development . . . tranquilizer-impregnated bill paper . . . designed to eliminate the shock and hysteria that comes when the patient gets a look at your bill. Not only will he remain calm when he sees what you've charged . . . now he won't even *care*!

COPYRIGHT 1966—PARK-DAVID & COMPANY, WITH THE BLESSINGS OF THE AMA

PARK-DAVID

... Pioneers in bigger medical bills

ARTIST: KELLY FREAS

MAD #48/JULY 1968

by Frank Jacobs
WRITER



Why pick this?

It remains a MAD classic. It stands out as the ideal spoof of an ad campaign. Its artwork by Kelly Freas maintains the look of the artwork in the Parke-Davis ads, albeit with typical MAD touches. But most important, I laughed out loud the first time I saw it...and still do.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF Willie Weirdie



נצח

Dear Harry:

As promised—the
Jaffee method of
achieving obscurity
in the world of art.

I hope you can make
heads or tails of it, but
most of all I hope
it helps in some way.

TRY your own variations.

Best—
Al J.

by Harry North
ARTIST



I can't remember if I said it or somebody else did, but it's true: Al Jaffee is the only man who can tell the same joke four times in a row and be as hilarious the last time as the first.

Why would anyone tell the same joke four times in a row? Because that someone was obliging and was asked to, yes? I always ask people to repeat good jokes because I'm going to memorize them and recycle them. In your dreams! Even if I remember the punch-line no one's falling around like with Al. Once you've heard him tell it it's an impossible act to follow. Never that that's his intention; he's the kindest man — which is a big part of the secret, really, isn't it? His little face wrinkles up, his lugubrious voice never hurries and, above all, telling it makes him bubble over with mirth himself, like a miniature Jewish Santa Claus. Totally infectious.

Another thing of Al's that I aspired to was the really good gray reproduction he mysteriously managed to get in the printing of his black and white drawings on that crappy paper MAD used. It turned out he had a neat method. Now, there are artists who will never hand out their

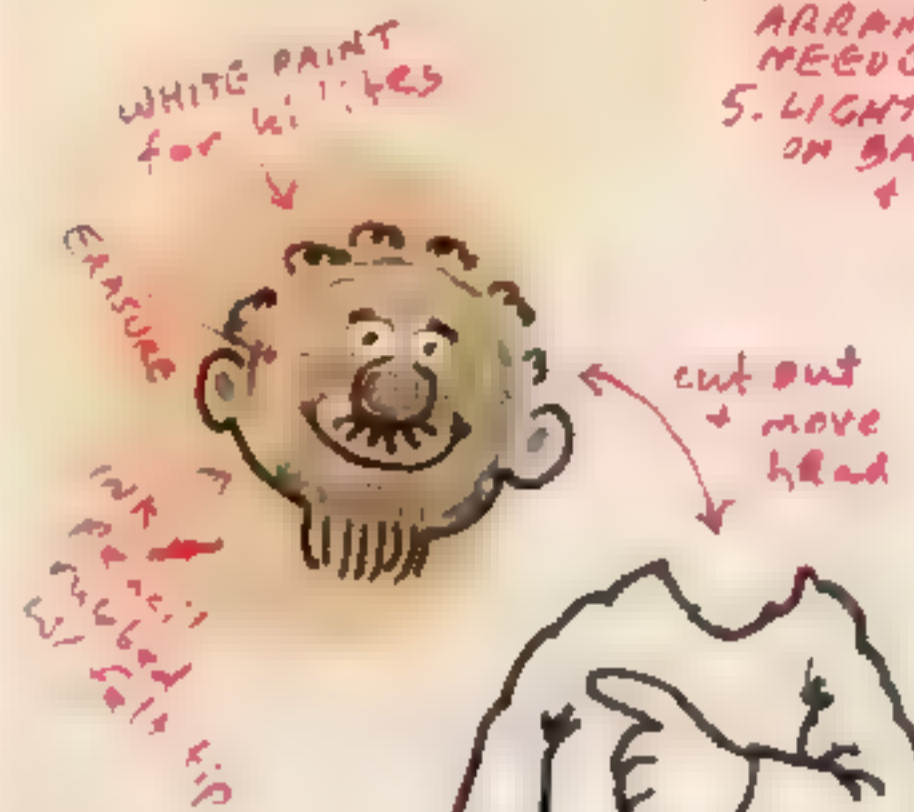
TRACING PAPER



VELLUM

STEPS

1. ROUGH SKETCH ON TRACING PAPER
2. REFINE SKETCH
3. ~~DO~~ LIGHT SPRAY ADHESIVE BACK OF SKETCH
4. CUT UP SKETCH AND ARRANGE PARTS AS NEEDED
5. LIGHT SPRAY ADHESIVE ON BACK OF VELLUM + OVERLAY SKETCH
6. INK, PENCIL, MODEL + FINISH
7. REMOVE VELLUM AND MOUNT ON WHITE BOARD
8. FIXATIVE SPRAY IF NEEDED



UNDERSIDE
SPRAYED
LIGHTLY
WITH
REPOSITIONABLE
MOUNTING
ADHESIVE

LIFT HERE

MARKER -
(CAN USE
INK)

INK

pencil
rubbed
with felt
tip.
(to be
sprayed
w. fixative)
ERASURES CAN
BE MADE AND
REWORK BEFORE
SPRAYING

secrets, but, as you can see above, Al went out of his way to share with me, and even though we don't as a rule send in originals these days (using Photoshop so that everything can be endlessly changed by the damned art director and editor), some of you may still be tactile enough to make use of this blending of pencil and ink technique, so here it is.

Of course, the work of Jaffee's that will be best remembered — and rightly so — is the great volume of Fold-In art from the back covers that would fill a museum. Apart from the concepts, that I hope he got some help with, the sheer illustrative working out and ingenuity was always a delight to mull over. I wonder if anyone didn't try to discern the message before folding the page. I can't imagine, it was half the pleasure. At this point, I don't recall ever actually seeing any of the original Fold-In art when it was available for view in Lenny Brenner's drawers(!). I guess that whenever I went up to the Mad office, I was too busy ogling Mort Drucker pages and begging Al Feldstein to let me draw outside the boxes a bit — that never happened, but then, if the contributors are, so to speak, the accelerator, the editor must be the brake for the bus to get you home.



KNOCK ON WOODY DEPT.

I'm **Woody Allen**! I'd like to introduce you to my latest film! I'm very proud of it—it's **new**, it's **different**! Like for instance, even though it's the 14th consecutive film in which I've played a **total neurotic**, this is the **first time** there are **other neurotics** in even **worse shape** than me, mainly...



HENNA AND HER SICKOS

(OR: "PLAY ANNIE HALL'S MANHATTAN MEMORIES AGAIN, SAM!")



MORT DRUCKER



I'm **Henna**, and these are my two sisters, **Hollow** and **Loose**! Welcome to our hip, contemporary, utterly **Nouveau York** Thanksgiving dinner! Let's get started!

Okay, I'll start with **neurosis** and **guilt**!

Who wants some **angst** and **despair**?

Please pass me a **double helping** of **latching**! And make sure you **lean** all over me when you serve it!

Thank you for the **blessings** we're about to receive—the **turkey**, the **stuffing**, the **cranberries**, and the **one-liners** about **Franz Kafka**, **Nazis**, and **psychoanalysis**!

Can I make a **wish**?

If it's **appropriate**...

I wish for **world peace**!

That won't do...

Okay, how's this—I wish to attend a **Gestalt Therapy** summer camp so I can work through my **anxiety crisis**!

That's much better, dear!

This is a veritable masterpiece! **Woody** has certainly grown as a filmmaker!

What brilliant touches! Instead of **Gershwin** music, he's using **Rodgers and Hart**! And instead of **Diane Keaton** talking in overlapping dialogue, he has **Mia Farrow** doing it!

He shows real maturity as a Director since "**Manhattan**" and "**Stardust Memories**"!

Right! **Woody's** finally learned where to buy **color film**!

Listen, everyone—**Melissa** just said her very first word! Say it again, **Melissa**!

Depression!

Isn't she just darling!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DEBBEE OVITZ

MAD #265/SEPTEMBER 1988

by **Arnie Kogen**
WRITER



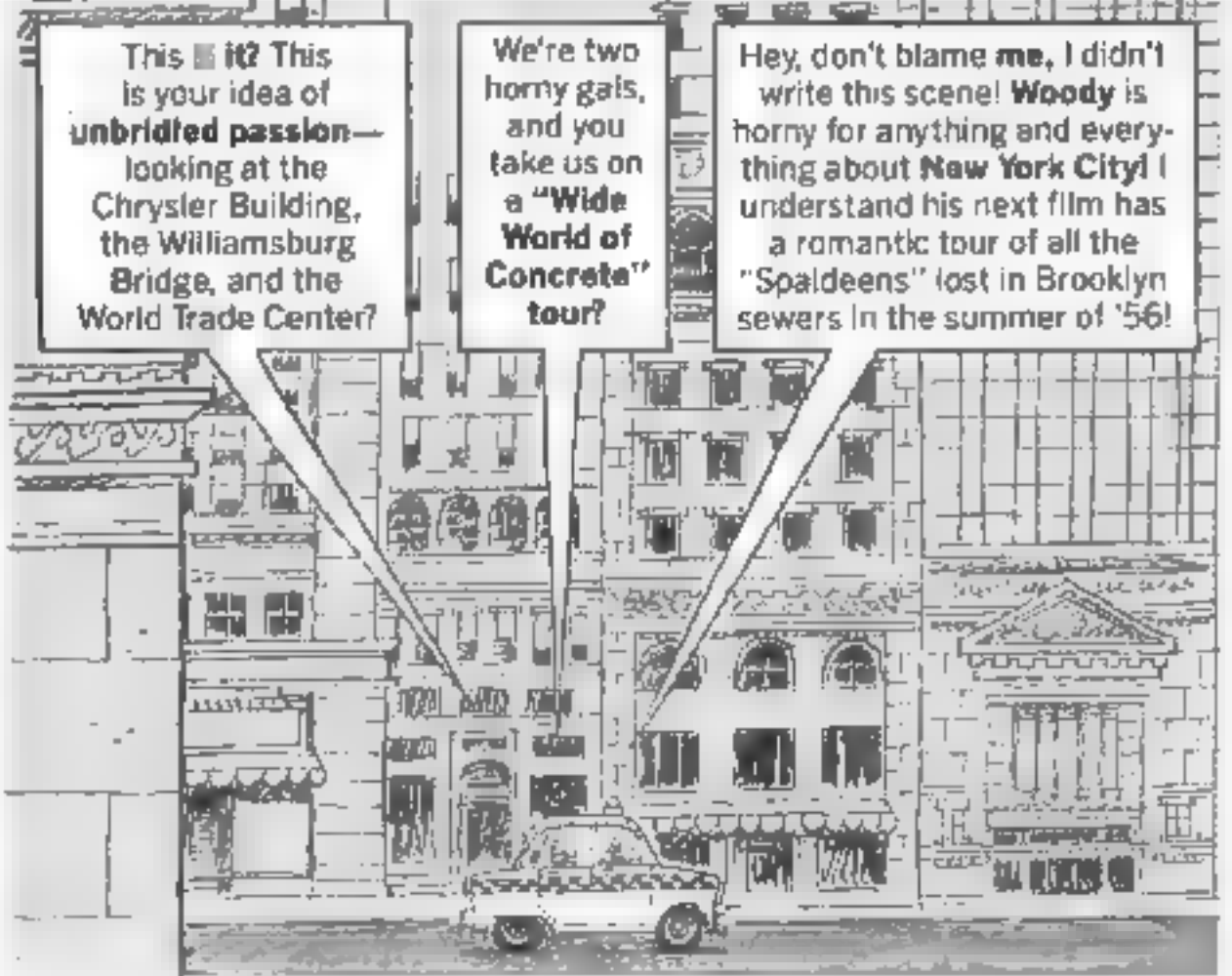
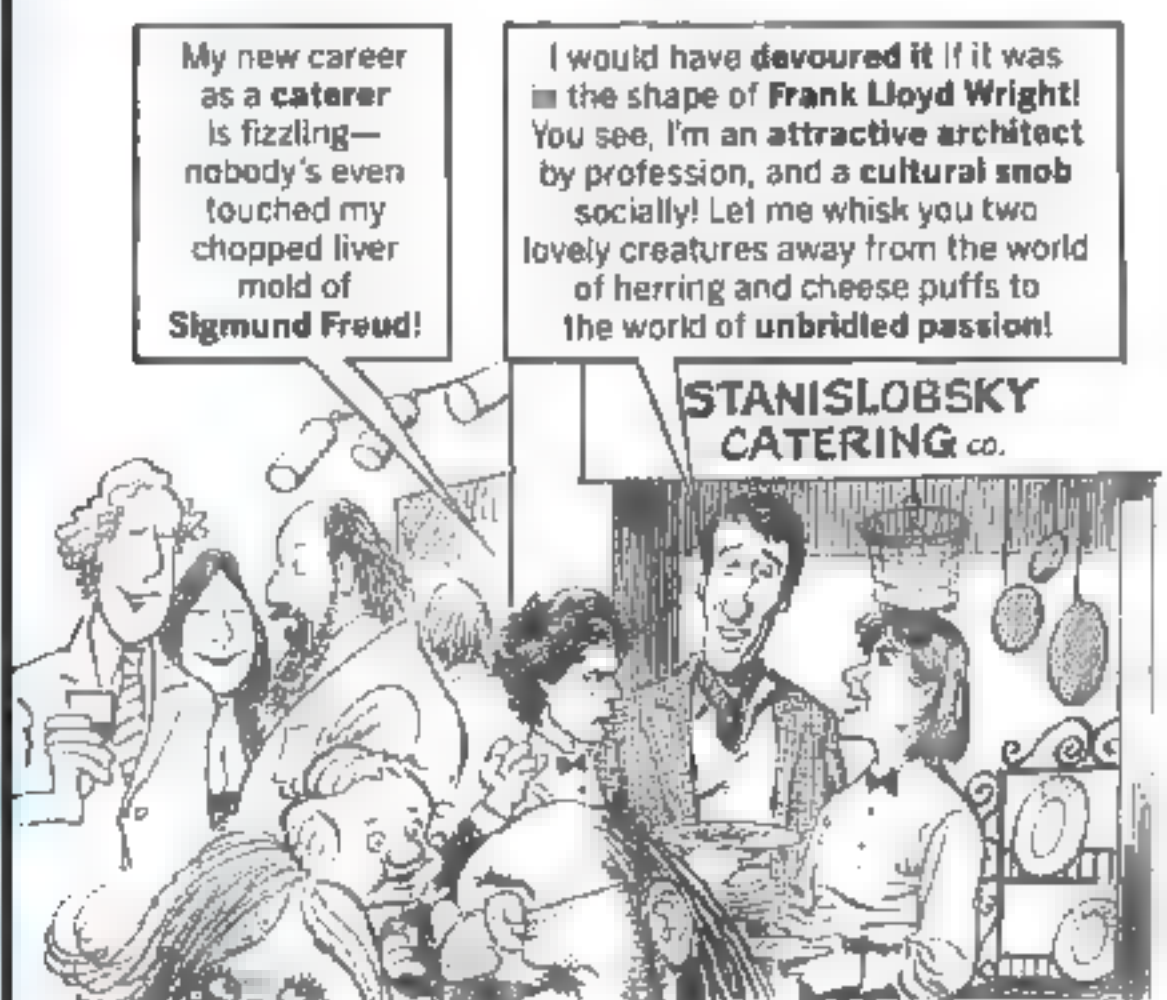
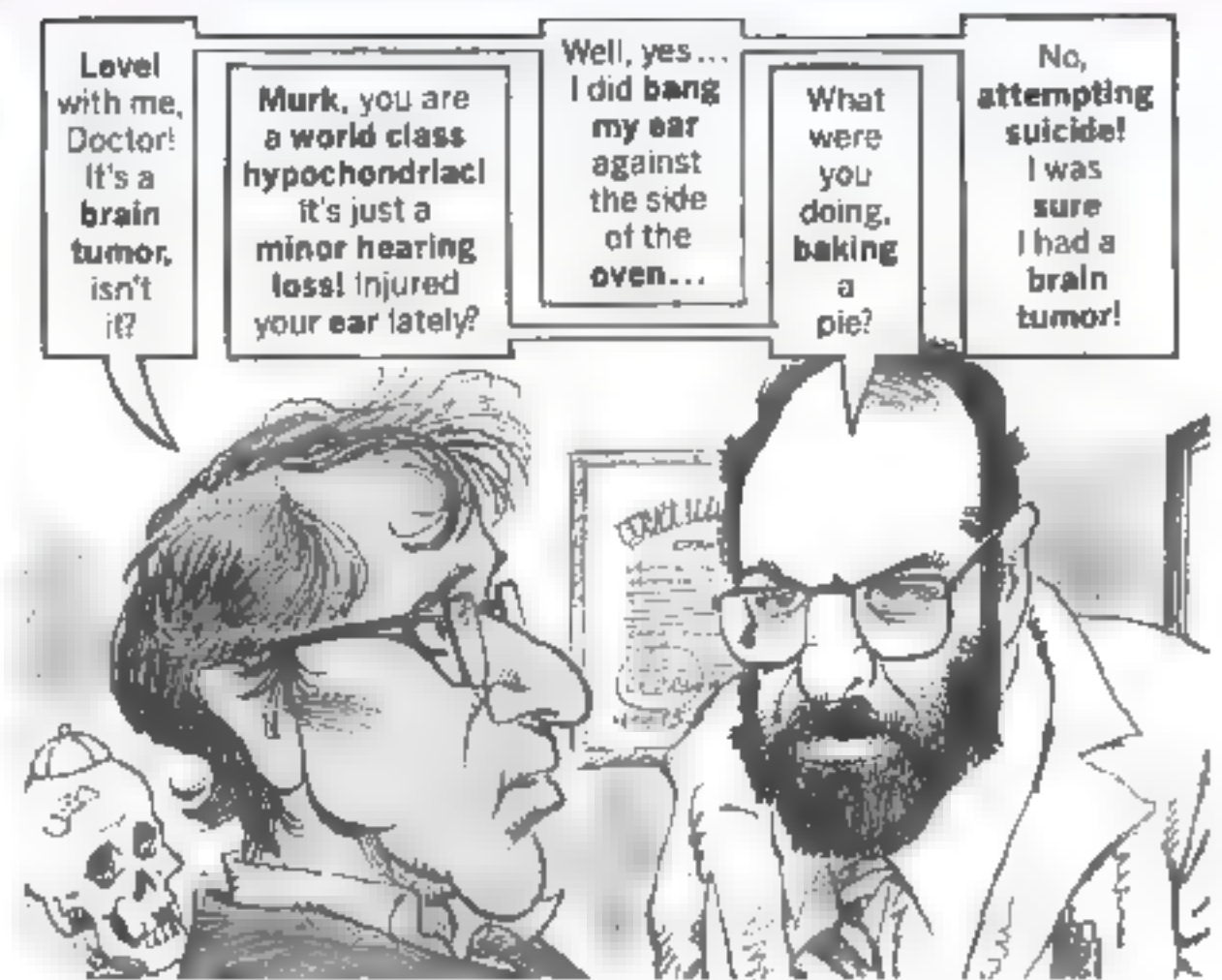
My personal favorite MAD article of all time?

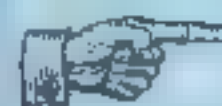
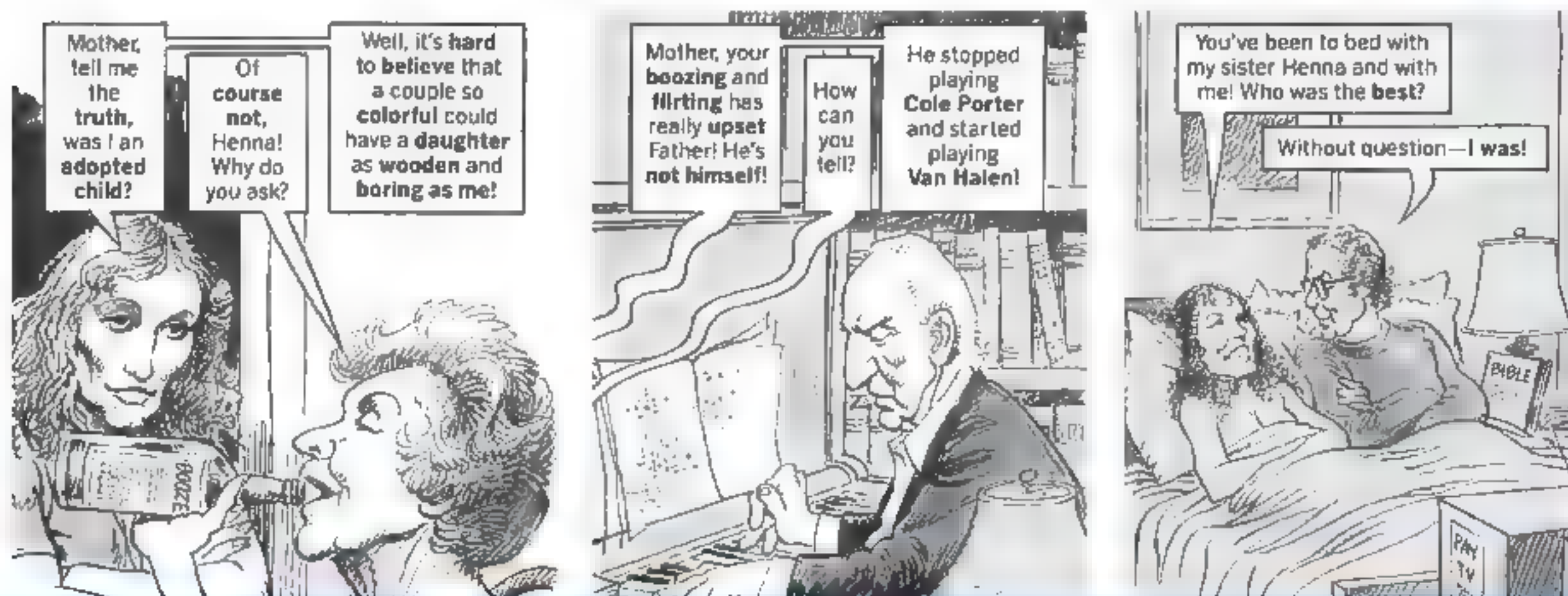
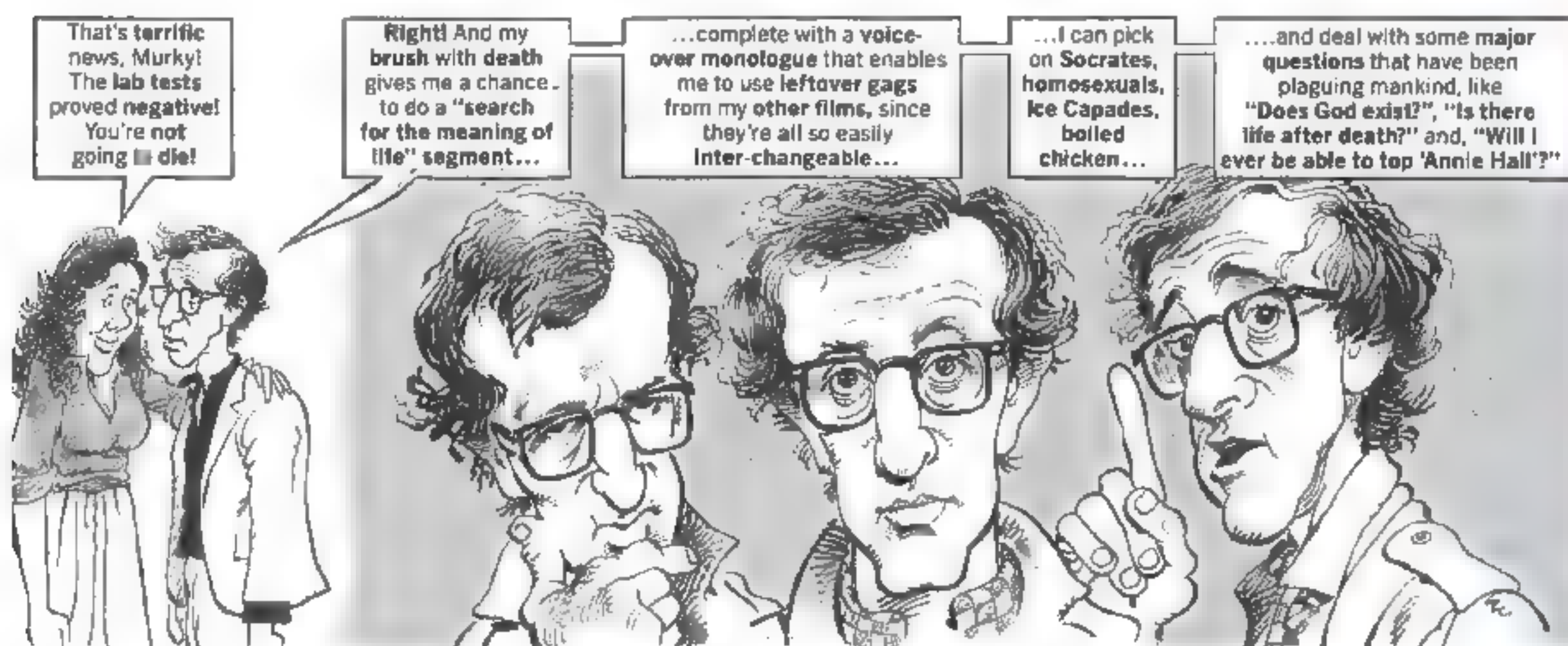
I could easily go with Tom Koch's classic "43 Man Squamish" (MAD #95).

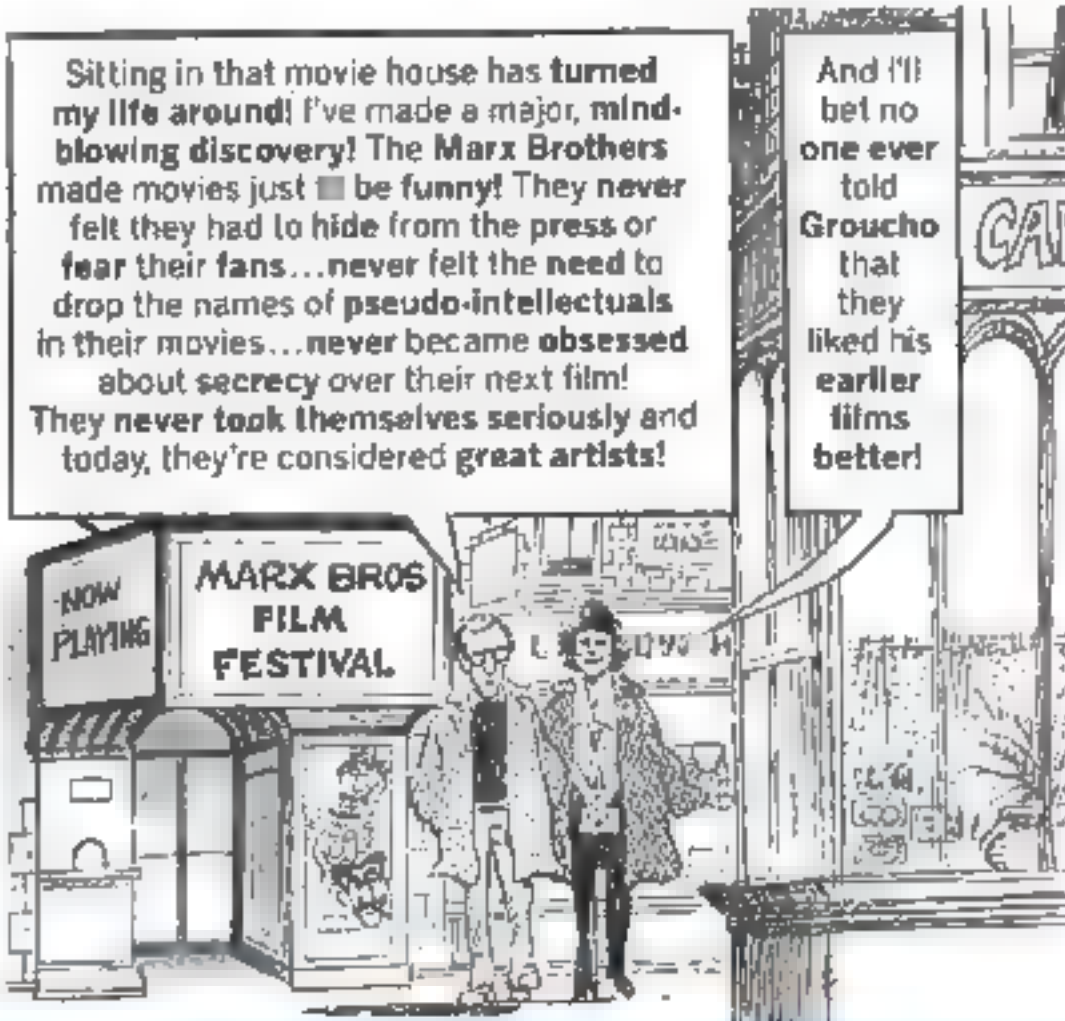
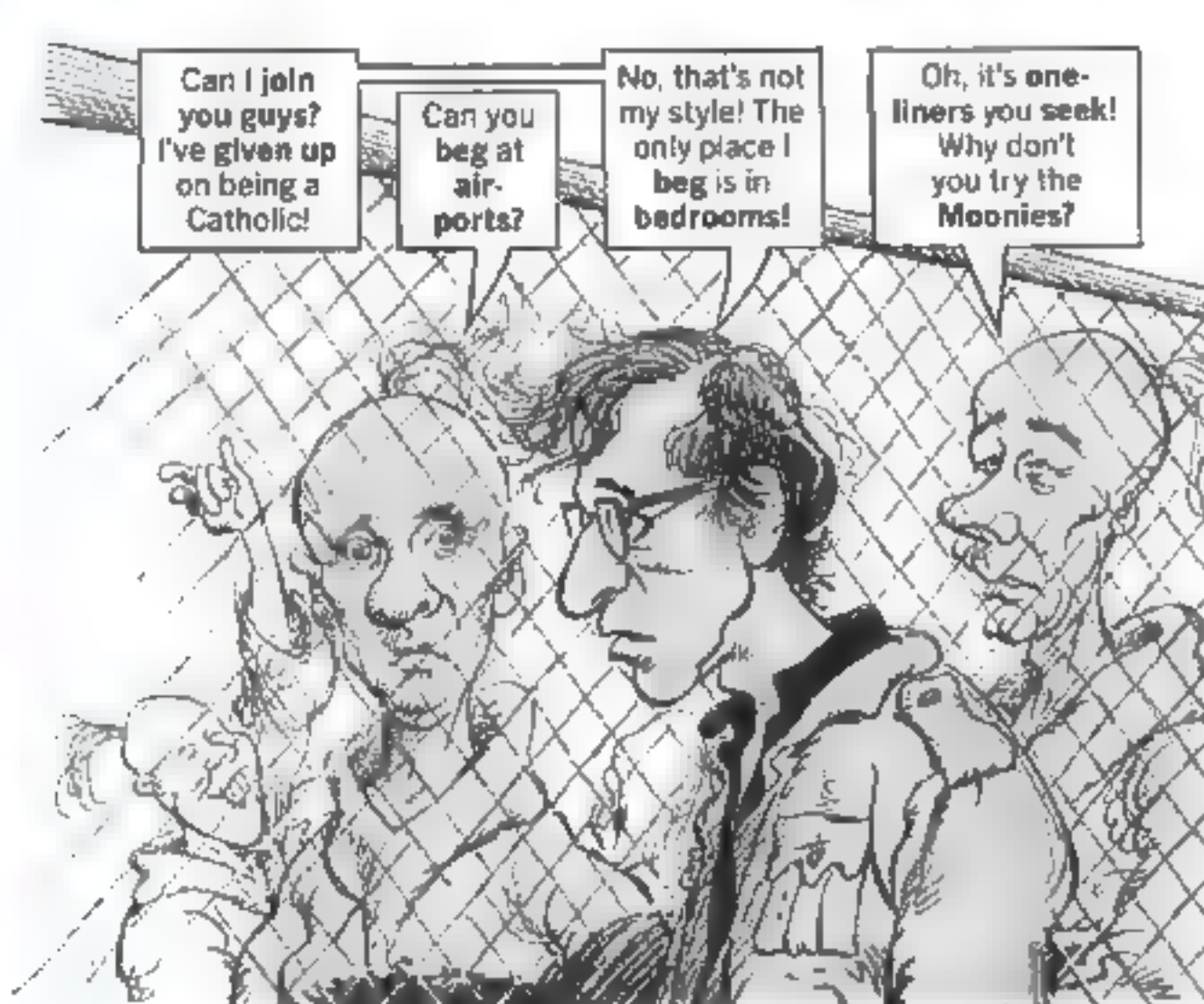
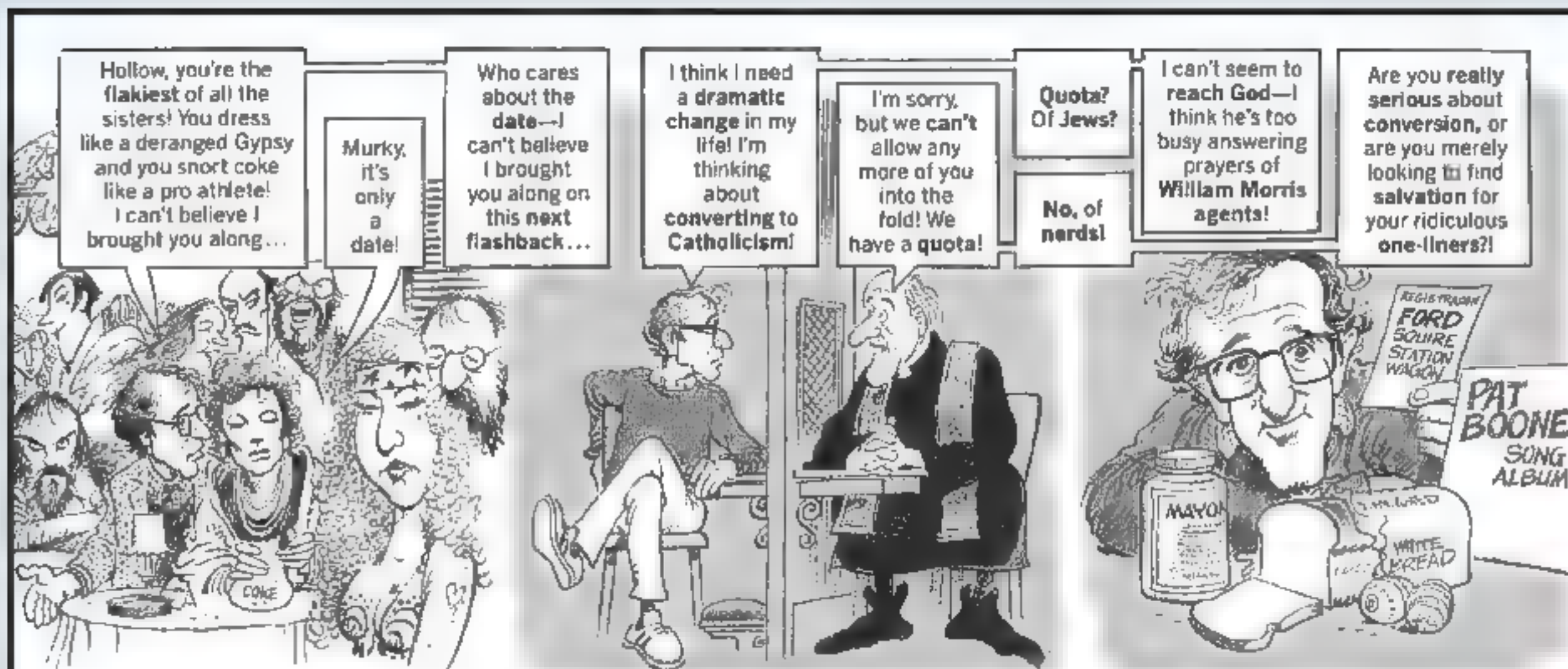
"Squamish" was the *Casablanca* of MAD articles (I actually once wrote a MAD spoof of *Casablanca*, called "Casabonkers," which, sadly, wasn't the *Casablanca* of MAD articles). Or I could go with Larry Siegel's brilliant parody of *Patton* (#140). Or, I could ignore those gems, lower the comedy bar slightly and go with one of my own articles.

Okay, I'm going with one of my own. It was written during the 1980s. People did crazy

things in the eighties: they worshipped Super Mario Bros., Gummi Bears and The Beastie Boys, and actually sat through entire episodes of *The Love Boat*. Me? I wrote two MAD stories under different names: "Debbie Ovitz," which was a combination of the names of two of my agents. This, a parody of *Hannah and Her Sisters*, was one of those stories. Mort Drucker did an incredible job with this Woody Allen film, especially the opening splash. I've written around 250 articles for MAD. I think this was one of the best things I've done, and one of the best things Debbie Ovitz has done.







A KICK IN THE ASSEMBLY

If there's an especially hot place in hell, surely it is reserved for the numbskull idiot morons who write assembly instructions. Whether you're trying to put together a child's toy, an exercise bike or storage bin, if there's a way to make the instructions impossible to understand, these beanhead writers do it with ambiguous terms, technical jargon and meaningless phrases. (Then again, maybe all these instructions are clear and it's just the entire population of the planet that is "mechanically challenged".) Nah, it's them! And we wish them a pox on their house as we present. . .

RumbaFlex 2000

"Now You're In Control"



Dear Consumer:

By purchasing the RumbaFlex 2000 you have chosen the finest, and shown you're a smart consumer. The RumbaFlex 2000 will give you years of trouble-free operation and user satisfaction. In fact, with proper maintenance you will probably never have to replace your RumbaFlex 2000.

With the RumbaFlex 2000, quality and durability are designed right in. And with our patented "snap-to" assembly, you'll be enjoying your RumbaFlex 2000 in minutes. The following simple instructions will show you how to assemble, operate and maintain your new RumbaFlex 2000.

If you're a first time Rumba user, welcome to the exciting world of Rumba products. If you're one of our loyal customers, you will find the 2000 Series much easier to assemble (No tube inserts or daubing necessary!) and less irritating to use indoors (No more messy sponges or awkward handling than the old 1000 Series or chain-driven Rumba products. Say goodbye to the annoying grit. Say goodbye to the fuzz and drip. And say hello to that supple, saucy satisfaction.

Enjoy! With the new RumbaFlex 2000, you're in control!

ARTIST: MALINDA DUNN

WRITER: JIM BARTON

by Darren Johnson
WRITER

U was a rookie "Idiot" with a handful of MAD sales when Jim Barton's RumbaFlex 2000 opened my eyes (tear-filled from laughter) to no-holds-barred, flat-out funny absurdity. Paired with Malinda Dunn's equally preposterous and spot-on illustrations, his riff on indecipherable owner's manuals reached levels of ludicrousness I never thought possible. The "Parts List" alone is worth the price of admission, from the "styrene winch

nuggets" to the "load-bearing tongue wafers." Somehow Jim sustained this nonsensical hilarity over four pages (!) chock-full of salsa, sponges and swelling, all delivered in deadpan "instruction-ese." By eschewing pop culture references or topical humor and simply reveling in giddy gibberish, RumbaFlex 2000 remains as relevant and ridiculous today as it did in 1995.

MAD #327/JULY 1995

ASSEMBLY

"Save Some Biscuits For Me!"

Practically everything you need to assemble the RumbaFlex 2000 is included. The only additional supplies you'll need are a putty knife, a 14" orbital band saw, cotton or cheesecloth buffing mitts, a ceramic rabbit or other clamping device, a standard set of metric socket wrenches and 48oz. of luke-warm pudding.

You'll see the difference in the new RumbaFlex 2000 before you've even used it. That's because we've made assembly so easy.

The following is a list of the parts included in your RumbaFlex 2000 package:

PARTS LIST

Base Grid Chassis
Welded Support Frame
T-Grid Access Bars (12)
Deluxe J-Clips (16)
Gouda Cheese Wedge
Soft "Comfor-T-Nozzles" (3)
Central Drive Motor
"Role-Reemer" Drive Shafts (24)
Styrene Winch Nuggets (7)
Chamois Relief Tissues
Centrifugal "Whir" Straps (80)
Suction Lugs (14)
Foam Dispenser w/Fendle Lugs

2" Wood Screws (57)
1" Wood Screws (1)
4mm Locking Nuts (125)
6mm Macadamia Nuts (1)
Chilled Swivel "Lips" (5)
Suction Arm Sockets (23)
"Sure-Grip" Thigh Clamps
Velcro Chafing Pad
"Bald-Top" 6000V Rental Fuse
Tamper-Resistant Backwash Feeder
Collapsible Odor Probes (17)
Adhesive Racing Stripes
486 Computer Timing Monitor

Variable-Speed Goose Things (4)
Horizontal Clearing Blades
Padded Flogging Scoops (14)
Steam Pressure Valves (6)
"Fense-kooni" Leather TensionBells
Load-Bearing Tongue Wafers
Two-Tone Latex Dribble Sheets (8)
8' Grapple Bodice
Lubricated Bushy Hook
Hydraulic Juggle Truss (2)
Textured "Dura-Lung" (2)
16" Trundle Swabs
14' Steel Treads (3)

Saf-T-Rip "Weezle" Joint
40lb. Lightly-Salted Mackerel
Melt-N-Smelt Pine-Scented Epoxy
Hex-Shank Implant Extensions
Stainless Steel Spunk Duct (3)
Galvanized Flossing Fibers
Rayon Security Spats
Load-Bearing Boot Hosers
Extruded-Flannel Pebble Flutes
"Bartle Master" Octo-Seebler (7)
Velvet Lug Bushels (84)
Spec-Lunge Frazzle Snips (134)
All-Weather Radial Tires (16)



When assembling your RumbaFlex 2000, it is best to dress comfortably and avoid wearing fragrances. Also, to avoid tripping or stumbling during assembly, never wear shoes with tassels, festoons or jutting, beak-like appendages. By following these few simple steps, you will be able to quickly and easily assemble your RumbaFlex 2000, and start enjoying it right away. Here at Rumba Products, Inc., we like to say, "Rumba is so easy, and moist too!" ENJOY!

1) On a clean, dry surface, arrange all RumbaFlex 2000 parts in a sweeping floral pattern, making sure to weed out any with defective gaskets or pungent odors.

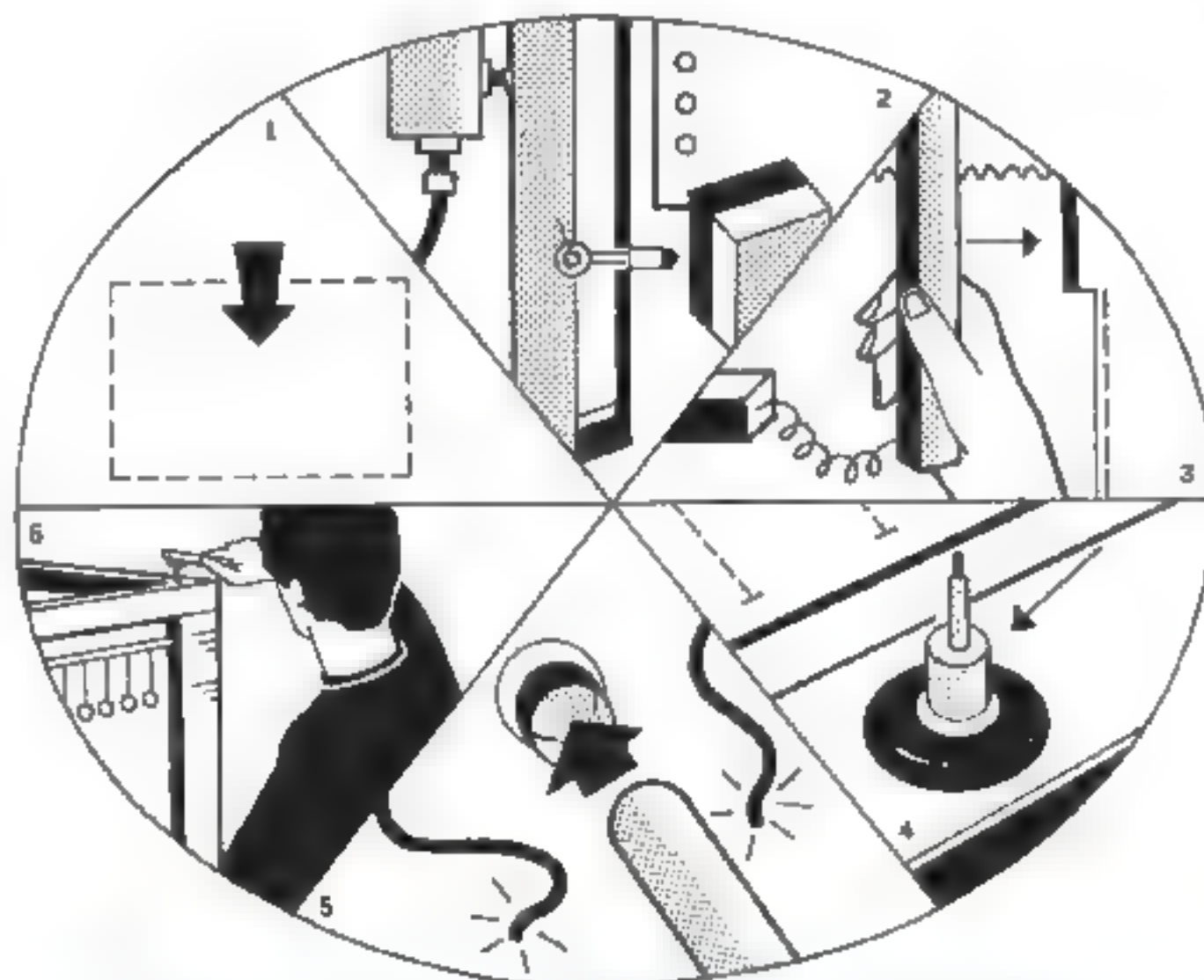
2) Attach all core grids, chassis, frames, bars, joists, blades and scoops using wood screws and epoxy. Soak all connections and joints in a zesty tomato-based sauce.

3) Join all valves, fuses, clamps, sockets and shafts with your choice of nuts and straps.

4) Insert all probes. (Keep that chamois cloth coming!)

5) Firmly attach housing and casing by wrapping flex-fins around U-shaped nugget legs and crimping with your custom needle-nose "nipping grips." This is especially important for those who will be using the RumbaFlex 2000 in humid climates, during street festivals or near fishing rodents.

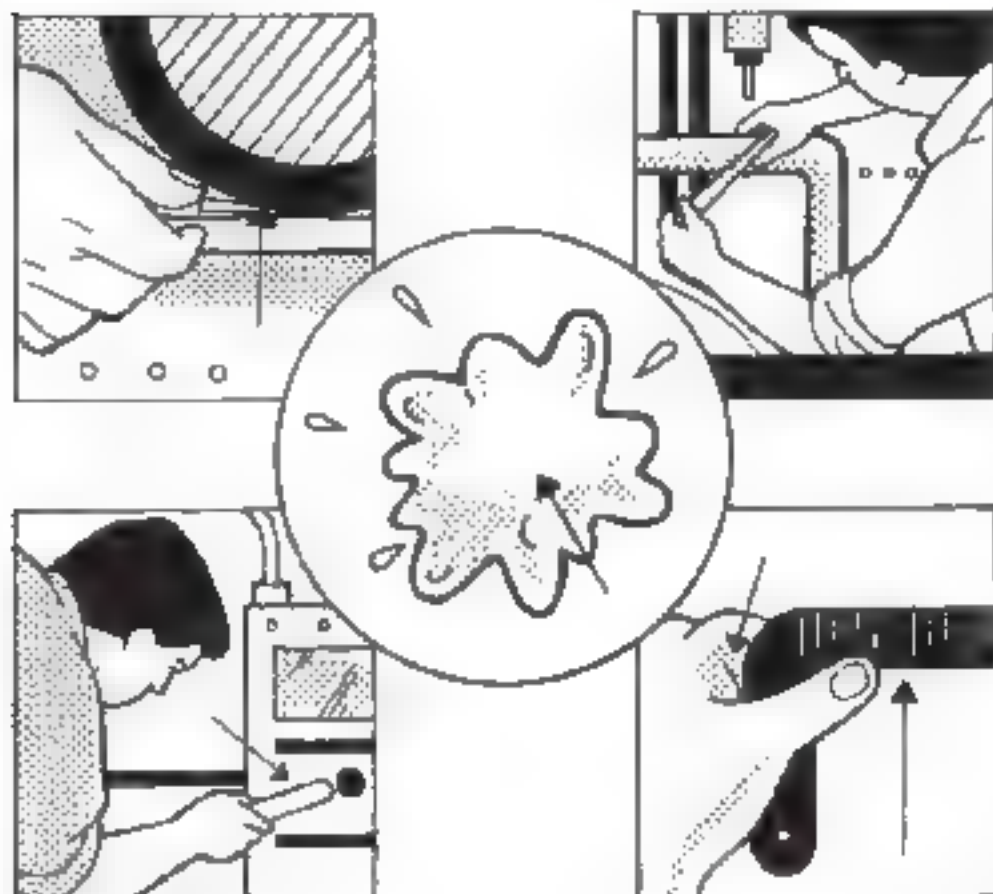
6) Finally, add decorative accessories and spunky detailing. Make your RumbaFlex 2000 a reflection of your personality—racy, reserved, bright, cheerful, morose, wacky, laconic, bloated, unctuous—whatever you like! Remember...now you're in control!



OPERATION

"Just Like Salsa...Only Square!"

Your new RumbaFlex 2000 is so easy to operate, you'll think you've just flossed. But don't worry, it's the Rumba way!



1) Start your RumbaFlex 2000 by turning the ignition key and peeling the choke roller. On cold or cloudy mornings you may experience some hesitation or sputtering in the RumbaFlex 2000 ignition mechanism. Don't worry! Unless there's a previous discharge, a simple skin insertion beneath the sprocket reel will restore instant starting.

2) Before engaging the RumbaFlex 2000's forward rotary units or siphon puffs (They look harmless, but have you ever had a head hickey?), make sure you have secured the colorful hunting and tightened all turpentine flaps. (Remember, Rumba's not just a name anymore! Rumba! Rumba!)

3) Choose your operation and target coordinates. It's important to choose the operation first, before selecting target coordinates. You'll avoid messy and costly mistakes, clean-up will be easier and you'll escape the itch still swelling.

4) During operation, keep a firm grip on all injection levers, without neglecting the shell meats. With the RumbaFlex 2000, you no longer have to choose between a fresh tongue and a tangling scalp. Remember, you've chosen the best. You've chosen Rumba!

5) Once you've finished the job, it's easy to secure and store your RumbaFlex 2000 for future "Rumba tasks"! Simply fold the juice flumes back over the cabin shelves (Don't worry! The snaps are there!), zip up the forward dicky crippers, and spread a little "Hasty-Jaw" paste across the injection nodes.

And that's it! Your RumbaFlex 2000 is safely stored and protected, ready to once again serve all your Rumba needs.

MAINTENANCE

"Never Too Tight! Never Too Thick!"

The RumbaFlex 2000 practically takes care of itself. And with its new "Auto-Whisk" mechanism, you'll never have to spackle again. Just make sure to follow these simple steps on a regular basis, and your new RumbaFlex will give you years and years of trouble-free operation.

1) Buff all towels at least every three weeks. You'll feel better. Your RumbaFlex 2000 will cover more ground. 2) Keep the pistons and shafts free of lint, butter and also build-up. This can cause sticking and chin irritation, resulting in stunted horizontal thrashing. 3) Remember to flush the tubes and valves with our special "Rumba-Wash" lubricating pepper gel. This ensures firm section and cutting motion as smooth as toast. 4) When storing your RumbaFlex 2000, be sure to place all protective cushion-knits on the external probes and blades. Also, the snack basket and steam press should be covered to prevent rust, deterioration and grass stains. 5) Remove all beef slabs and used ointment applicators from the overhead compartment. Your RumbaFlex 2000 will smell better, and rats and opossum will stay away.



The most important thing to remember about maintaining your new RumbaFlex is to relax. We've designed durability and flexibility right in. Plus, your Rumba service representative is as close as your telephone. Just call us up and say, "It's a Rumba day! And moist too!"

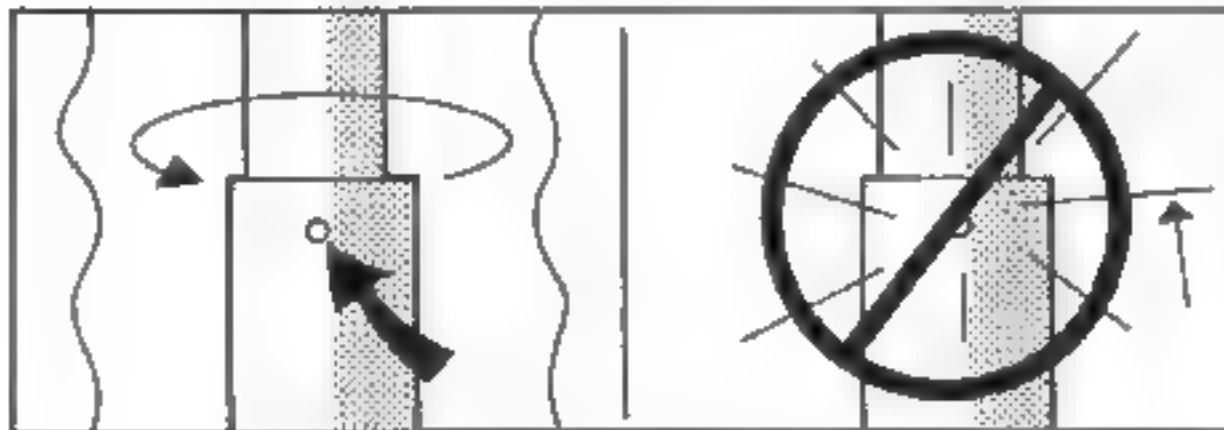


TROUBLESHOOTING

"Pop If It's Blue!"

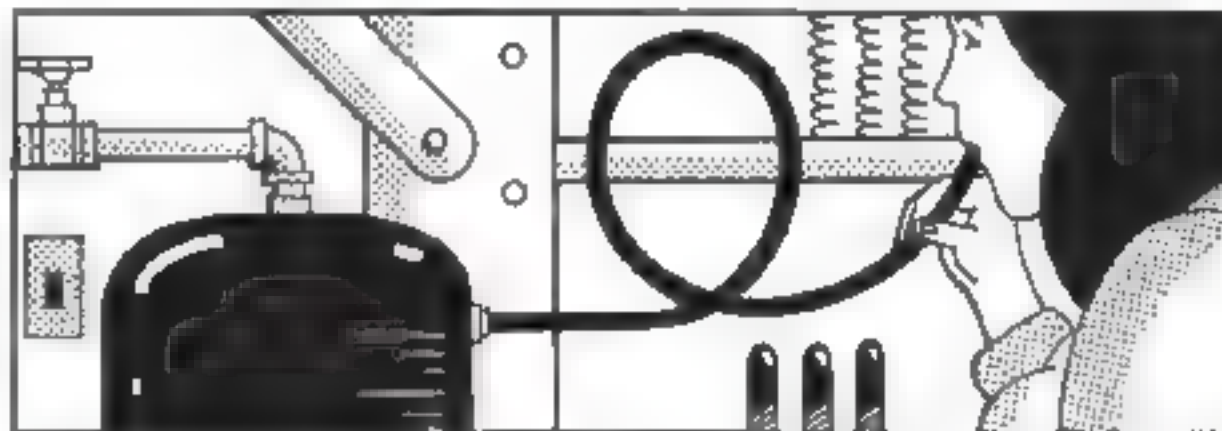
You may experience some slight initial malfunctions or operational interruptions in your new RumbaFlex 2000. Don't worry! This is normal. Any mechanism as sensitive and complex as the RumbaFlex 2000 will experience "growing pains" as its electronics and components adjust to start-up performance and your particular user environment.

To make this breaking-in period less troublesome, here are a few troubleshooting pointers:



1) A low wheezing or grinding sound in the piston buffers means there is not enough silicone putty reaching the auger bits. This is easily remedied by wedging a set of wooden soup spoons between your upper thighs during use.

2) If you experience excessive horizontal vibration when switching the vinyl chipper into mulch mode, simply shift the timing sprockets two notches toward the "stick-a-sturdy" floor struts, dab a liberal amount of McComb's "SuperSalve" grooming paste on the AZ34 gel receptacle, and continue normal operation. If vibration persists, the problem could rest in the jacketed solvent seal, in which case you're screwed.



3) When using your new RumbaFlex 2000 to bore through masonry or prepare tuna side dishes, you may notice a slight burning sensation in the pelvic region. If you find this objectionable, tighten the bypass enclosure that leads from your fabric fly tanks to the bobber bins. This should quickly ease the pressure and flush out all marsh poultry residues. Say cheese!

WARNING!

Your new RumbaFlex 2000 is equipped with numerous multi-level, redundant safety systems to prevent personal injuries and foul odors. However, use of the RumbaFlex 2000 as a recreational vehicle, hygiene supplement or decorative centerpiece is extremely dangerous and strongly discouraged. Rumba, Inc. assumes no responsibility for any results or consequences stemming from such use.

Rumbaflex 2000

"Now You're In Control"

Call us crazy, but it seems that the characters in *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones* are beginning to remind us of television's most popular family — no, not the Osbournes, Ewok head, the Bradys! There's the handsome Greg Brady type who's always getting into trouble (Anakin), the pretty Marcia Brady type who's always changing her outfits (Padmé), the well-meaning but kind of dull dad Mike Brady type (Obi Wan), and even the funny-looking, wrinkly Alice the maid type (Yoda)! So we decided to kick off this special section of six *Star Wars* articles with a theme song borrowed (well, okay, stolen) from that other bunch! Sing along as we introduce...



(SUNG TO THE TUNE OF... GOOD LORD, DO WE REALLY HAVE TO TELL YOU?)

Here's the story,
Of a sexy girl queen,
Living in a galaxy
far, far away
When she was almost
Killed by rival forces
She knew she
couldn't stay

Here's the story,
Of a young Skywalker
Who was learn-ing The
Force both night and day
Taught by three Knights,
playing with Light Sabers
It all seemed kind of gay

Then the people and their
robots and the muppet
Got together and decided
over brunch
That this group, must
somehow fight the Dark Side
That's the way they all
became the Jedi Bunch,

The Jedi Bunch -
(You'll lose your lunch!)
That's the way -
they became
the Jedi Bunch!

ARTIST: SAM SISCO

WRITER: CHARLIE NADAU

MAD #419/JULY 2002

by Sam Sisco
ARTIST



This is the first piece I ever did for MAD. Art Director Sam Viviano gave me the juicy task of parodying several contemporary *Star Wars* characters to be placed inside *Brady Bunch*-style TV frames. Of the eight small pieces, the most interesting turned out to be the ultra-bulbous, bald, shiny-headed Mace Windu character played by Samuel L. Jackson. The best part was delivering the piece to Sam and getting his exuberant reaction: "What

are they putting in the water up there in Canada?" This, of course, filled my previously miniscule ego to the brim.

This set the standard for me as a contributing Idiot for every piece after that. I haven't always hit that mark, but I still have that little memory which keeps me loving every moment that I get to really be an Idiot. For those of you who don't know this, the guys and gals who hire us artists are a great mix of demanding and caring. They can be hard to please, but that's what keeps us pushing ourselves to reach new lows. Being part of the MAD family has been a wonderful journey and, for me, working with great people makes it the best gig going for any illustrator with at least one screw loose.

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising



Photography by IRVING "Breakthrough" SCHILD

THE DAY THAT "AJAX" GOT THE HOUSEWIFE OUT OF THE KITCHEN A LITTLE TOO FAST!

MAD #88/OCTOBER 1985

by Irving Schild
PHOTOGRAPHER



Picking a single favorite past picture I created for MAD is like picking a favorite child from a dozen precocious children. Every assignment was a creative joy to execute, rich in challenging complex logistics necessary to accomplish that perfect shot. There were the typical budget restrictions, tight time deadlines and none of the techno-graphic solutions that exist today. Every assignment meant translating MAD's zany humor — often in the form of a pencil sketch, created by Art Director John Putnam — into a real-life recreation involving lots of big sets, non-stop playful creativity, and some hilarious resulting moments.

John and Chief Editor Al Feldstein were both on board at that time. Al was extremely gifted and talented. He knew exactly what he wanted, was a perfectionist to boot, a visionary who saw MAD Magazine as bigger than LIFE, while demanding



the very best; in other words, not an easy guy to work for. He was a challenge, and without programs like Photoshop, which did not yet exist, the construction of each assignment was time-consuming, belabored and required out-of-the-box thinking. I always came through though, had fun in the process and the MAD guys were happy with the results.

For their current request I picked from a special series by MAD on Great Moments In Advertising. I selected this particular image because Sergio Aragonés is in the photo; he is a very special person, a good friend, extremely talented and I will always be grateful to him for introducing me to Al Feldstein. This particular photographic assignment was given to me by Feldstein, where I was to mimic an Ajax TV commercial running at that time. It depicted a housewife flying from room to room in her home pulled by the box she was holding in her hand as her home was made instantly clean by the product.

Feldstein said: "We are going to do an Ajax ad. I want you to create a living room setting with a closed door and a woman flying through the door holding a box. We will title this ad "The Day That Ajax Got the Housewife Out of the Kitchen a Little Too Fast!" My immediate reaction was, "You must be kidding," which was a fairly common reaction to Feldstein's crazy jobs for me, to which I commonly answered: "No problem!" Then, he shared with me an equally absurd budget and timeline of three days for the shoot. My reaction again was: "You must be kidding... no problem." I returned to my studio located ■ block away from MAD's Manhattan headquarters and immediately began putting the components together. A furnishings rental delivered ■ TV, sofa, and a rug. I then headed to a local hardware store where I purchased a door, moldings and a 2x6 ft. board to brace the model. Two days later the set was ready.

Feldstein, Putnam, Sergio and Lesley — the theoretically flying Ajax model — arrived the next morning at my studio and we began the shoot. Lesley took up her position, with her right leg hiding the board and arm outstretched holding the Ajax box, just like the TV commercial had depicted. Sergio sat on the couch wearing a startled and shocked expression. For added motion illusion — while shooting — Putnam and Lenny, my assistant, threw wood chips into the set during the shots. It was a fun shoot and at the end, just for laughs, we created a reversed black and white photo where Feldstein is kicking Sergio through the door and Lesley is sitting on the couch looking startled.

Working for MAD is working in an environment of dedicated, brilliant and crazy creative artists and writers.

THE KING ■ BLED DEPT.

Elvis Presley died in 1977. At least, that's what most people believe. But there's still a bunch of kooks who think he faked his death and is really alive. Not to mention the fast-buck hucksters living off the Presley legend. Which makes us ask: "What would Elvis say about all this?" Most likely, he'd pick up his guitar and sing...

"DON'T BE FOOLED"

(sung to the tune of "Don't Be Cruel")

There's a number folks...are...cal-lin'
(and you know it's not...toll-free)
With a tape of some guy...drawl-in',
Who is claim-in' to...be...me.
DON'T BE FOOLED!
'Cause it just ain't true!

There's a girl in San...Di-e-go,
Who's convinced that I...ain't...dead;
Says I drive a Win-ne-ba-go
With a para-keel...named...Fred.
DON'T BE FOOLED!
That's a rip-off too!

They're just play-in' with...your...head;
Ev'rybody...knows
The King is dead!

There's a load of im-i-tat-ors
Comin' off as El-vis...clones—
Mainly crum-my second...rat-ers.
Makin' mon-ey off...my...bones.
DON'T BE FOOLED!
That ain't noth-in' new!

Makes no diff-rence how...they...sound;
I'm still bur-ied
Six feet underground!

There's a book by an...ad-mir-er,
Says I live in Mam-moth...Cave,
And she swears in...the... "En-quir-er"
Jimmy Hoffa's in...my...grave.
DON'T BE FOOLED!
Not a word is true!

You can tell the tab-loid...press,
The King's got no
Forwarding address!

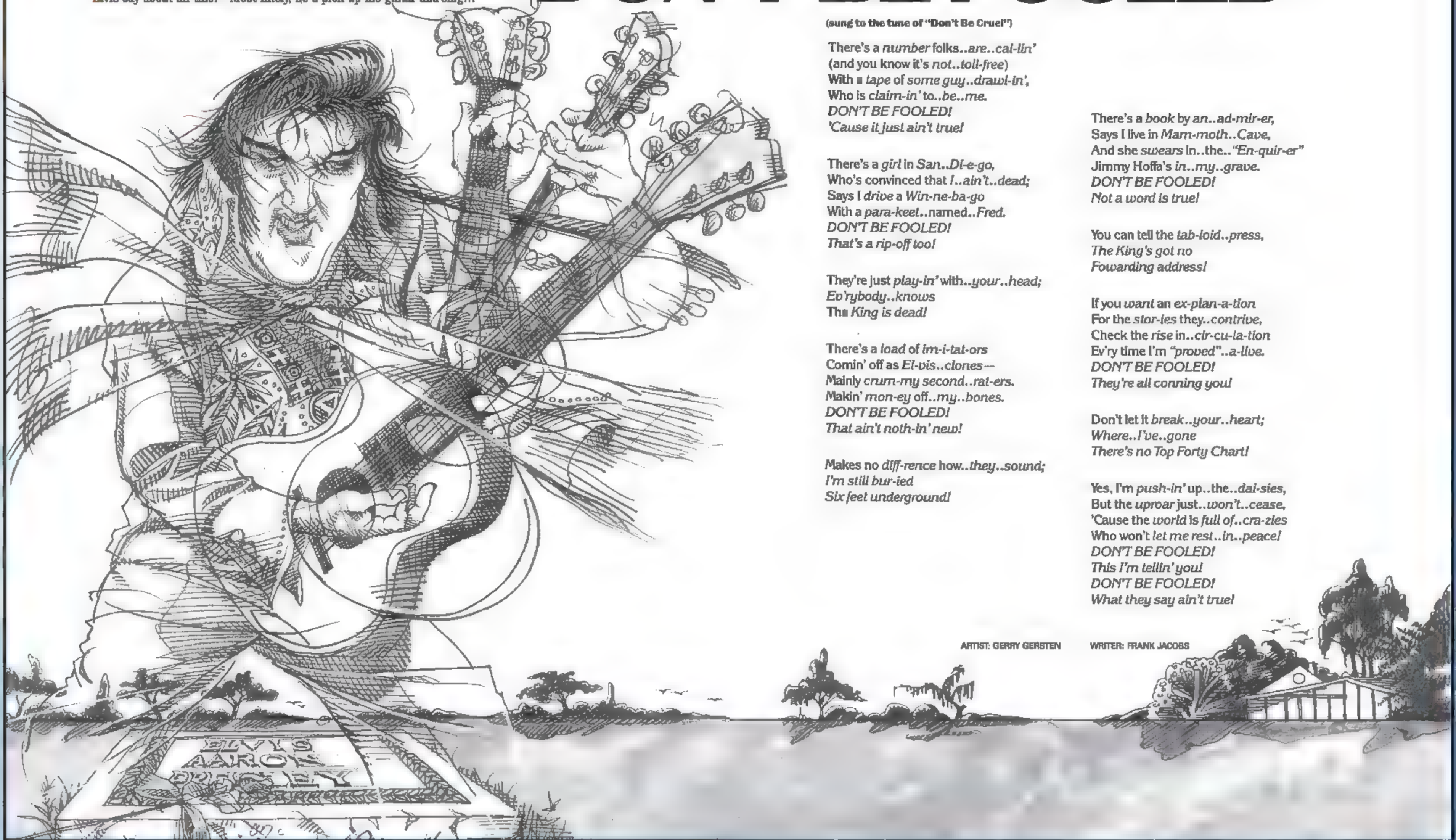
If you want an ex-plan-a-tion
For the stor-ies they...contrive,
Check the rise in...cir-cu-la-tion
Ev'ry time I'm "proved"...a-live.
DON'T BE FOOLED!
They're all conning you!

Don't let it break...your...heart;
Where...I've...gone
There's no Top Forty Chart!

Yes, I'm push-in' up...the...dai-sies,
But the uproar just...won't...cease,
'Cause the world is full of...cra-zies
Who won't let me rest...in...peace!
DON'T BE FOOLED!
This I'm tellin' you!
DON'T BE FOOLED!
What they say ain't true!

ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



MAD #285/MARCH 1984

Unlike many artists who aspired to someday have their work appear in MAD, Gerry never considered the magazine as a potential client; he was surprised to receive a call from the editors inviting him to draw what turned out to be one of many special pieces for our worstwhile publication. Gersten's successful career in advertising and magazine illustration was usually dedicated to serious and highly impressive commercial design. Even when humorous, his work was more sophisticated than the usual hammer-over-the-head MAD style.

But a different approach to caricature was exactly what MAD was seeking at the time in its quest to expand and grow its own style. Gersten provided that in spades. He employed a unique process of drawing and redrawing with pencil on tracing paper until he reached his visual goal — as opposed to the traditional pen, brush and ink style that had served the cartooning field since its earliest days.

Gersten's end result was vital and distinctive, and it paired well with poem and song-lyric parodies, such as this spoof of the Elvis Presley hit "Don't Be Cruel." — Nick Meglin

THE HISTORY OF COMMUNICATION

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER

PRIMITIVE CAVEMEN



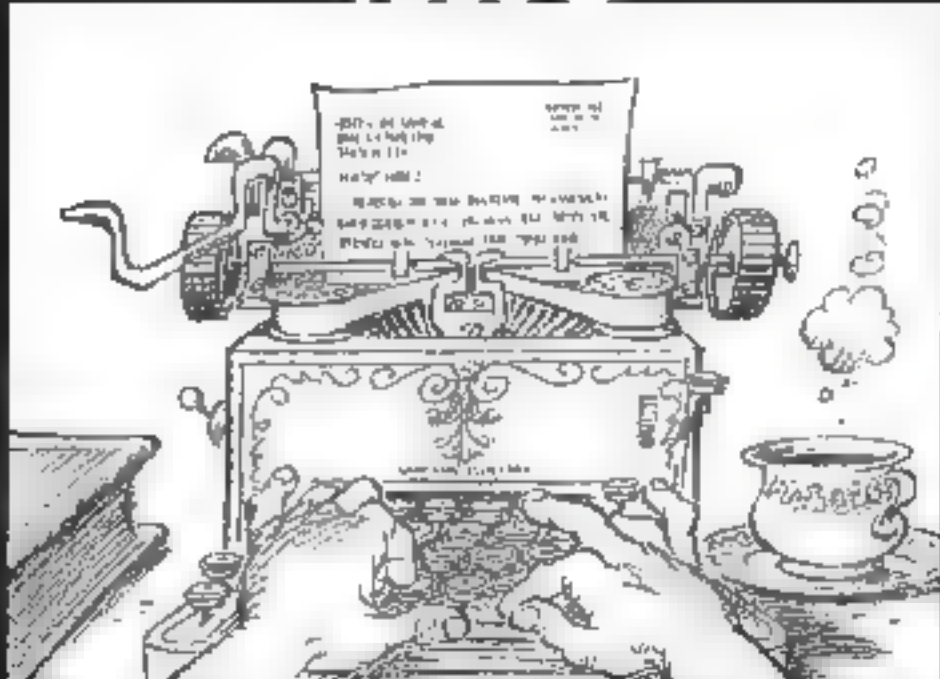
EARLY CIVILIZATION



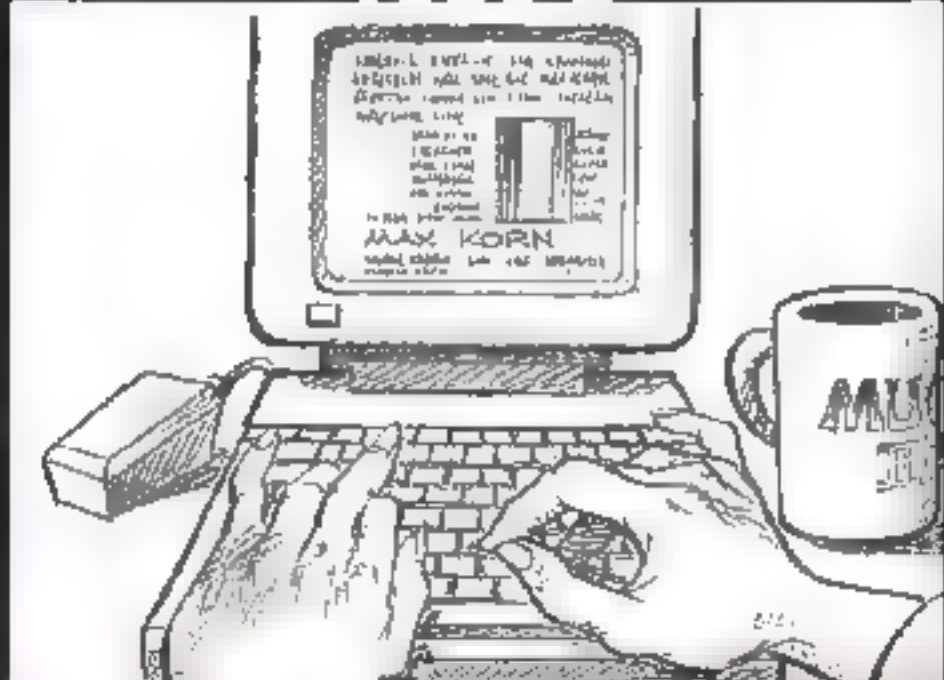
1520'S



1860'S



1980'S



TODAY



MAD #343/MARCH 1996

by Michael Gallagher
WRITER

In the early 60s, Mort Drucker had a profound influence on me as a budding teenaged cartoonist. I loved his movie parodies so much that I tore them out of my copies of MAD and kept them in a separate file to study endlessly (kudos to all the writers as well). The caricatures were overwhelming and seemed alive with self-aware, mischievous joy. Mort's compelling cartoon style, technical skill, visual storytelling and mastery of MAD's

"chicken fat" backgrounds made a permanent imprint on my reptilian brain stem.

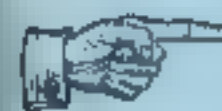
Fast-forward to the mid-90s and my first sale to MAD. I was told that Mort would be drawing my one-page article idea, "The History of Communication," in MAD #343. I hung up, smiled and shouted, "Okay, you can shoot me now!" (Fortunately, I was alone at the time.) I've met Mort several times since then and can honestly say he's one of the sweetest guys — not to mention one of the greatest MAD artists — ever.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN

hurrah, hurrah!



ARTIST: JACOB THURSTON IDEA BY MAX BRANCIARI



MAD #149/MARCH 1972

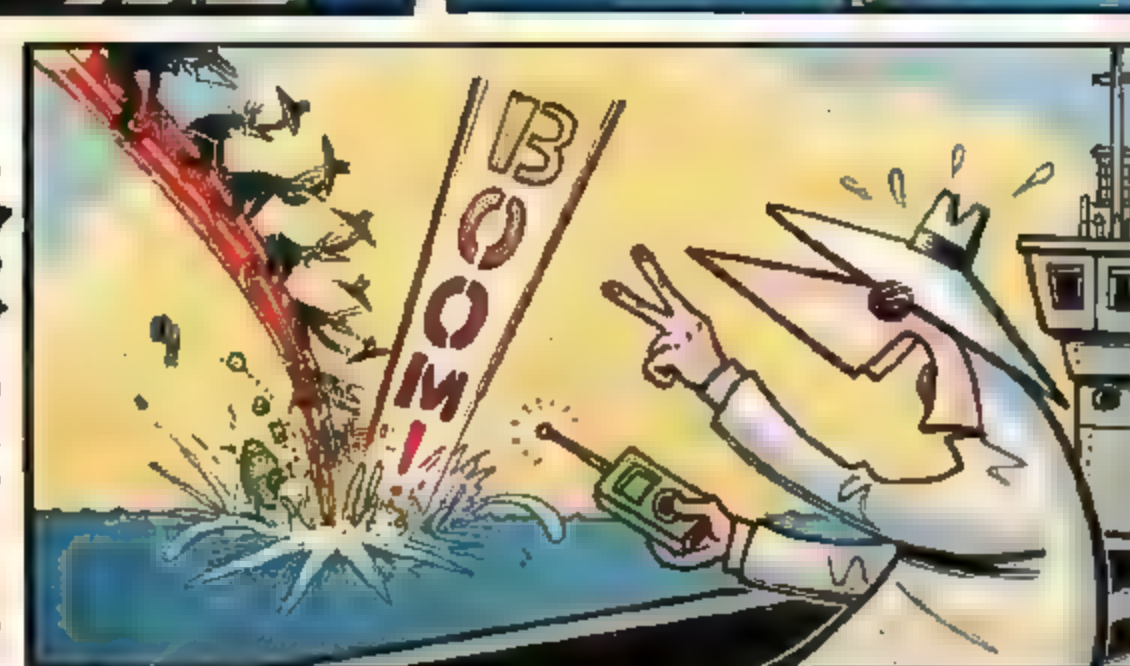
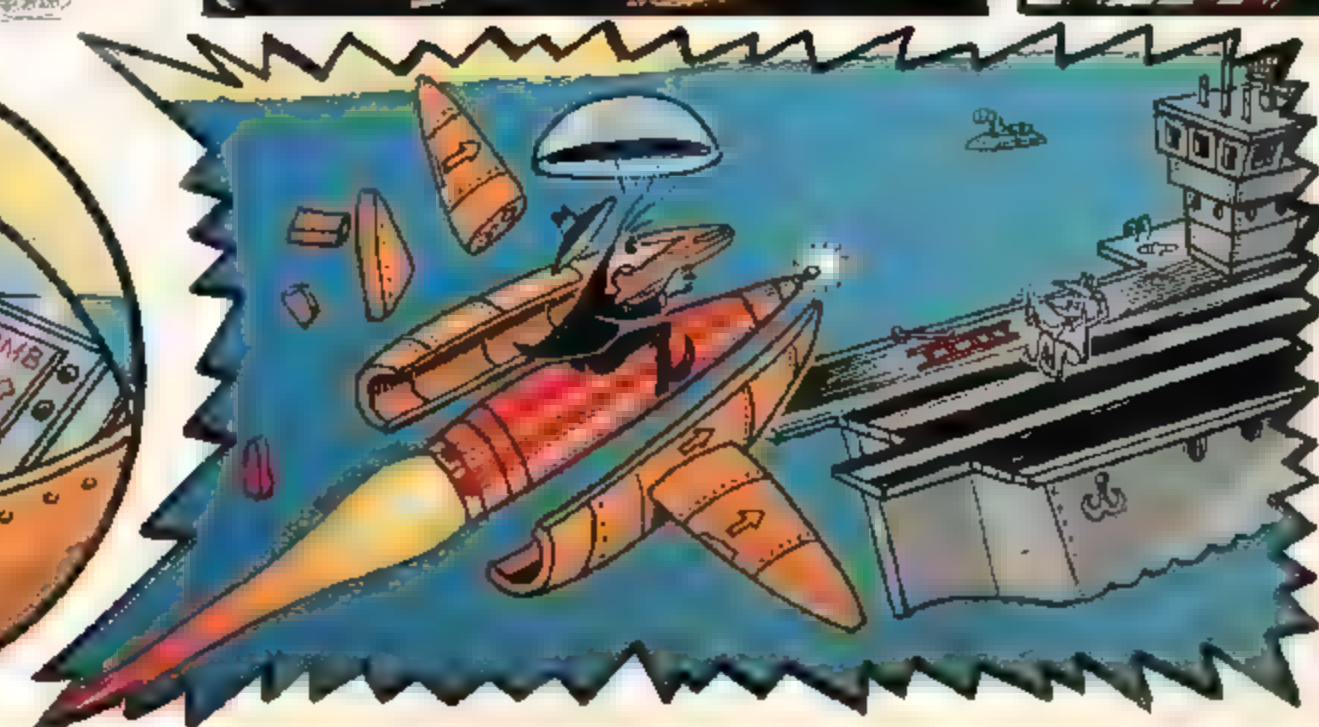
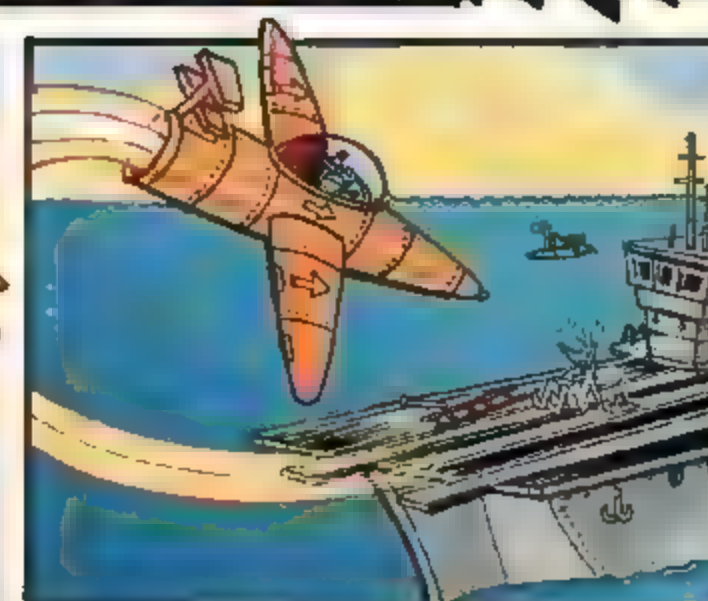
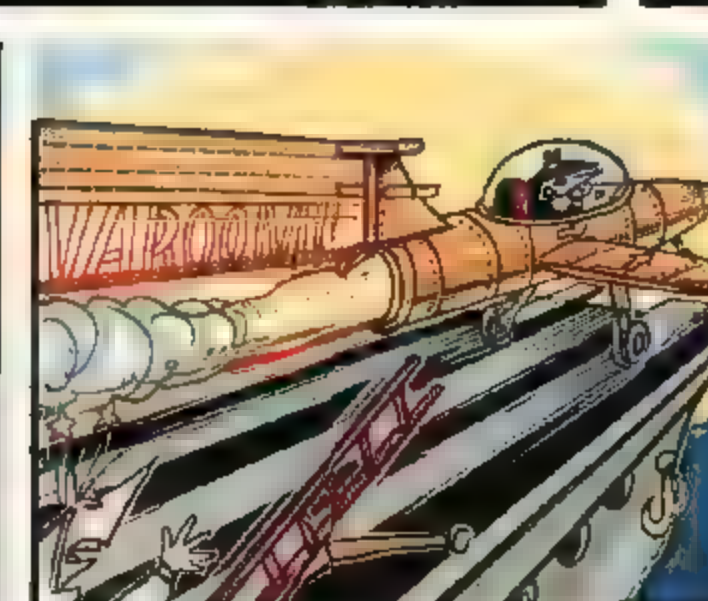
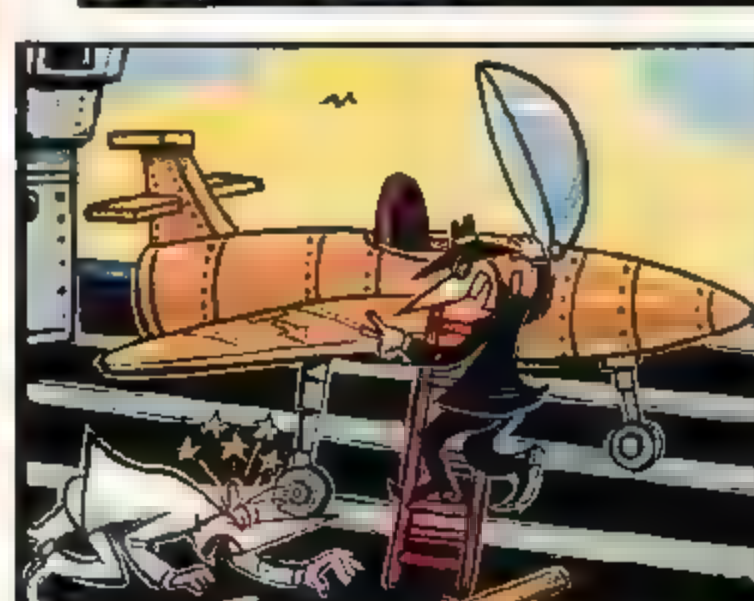
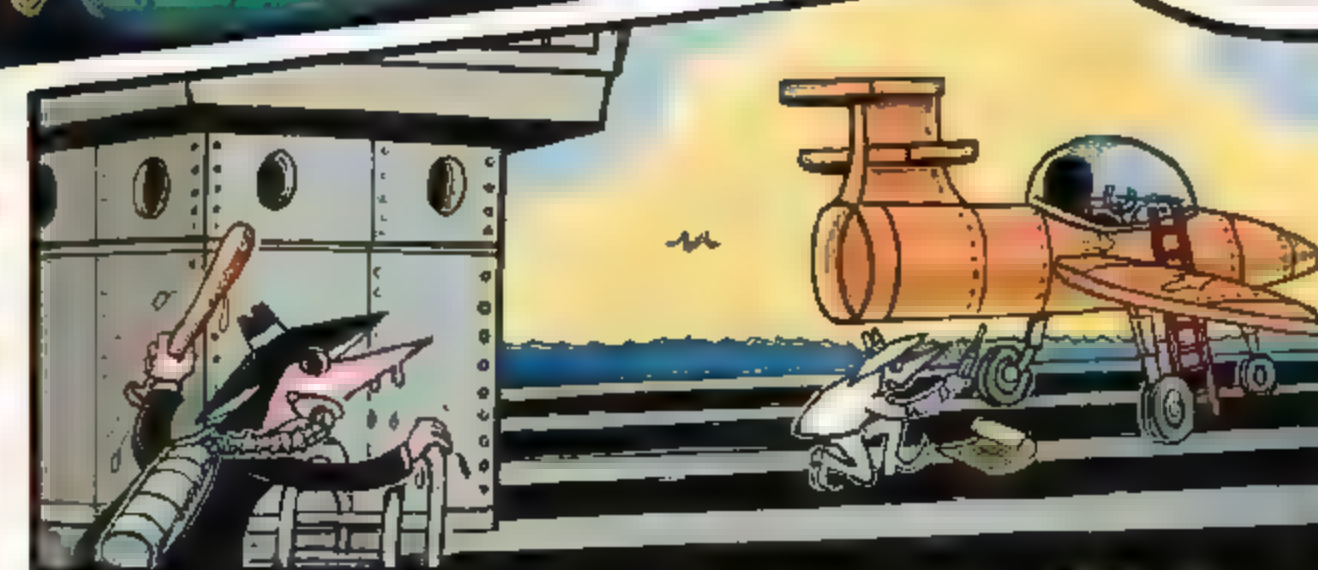
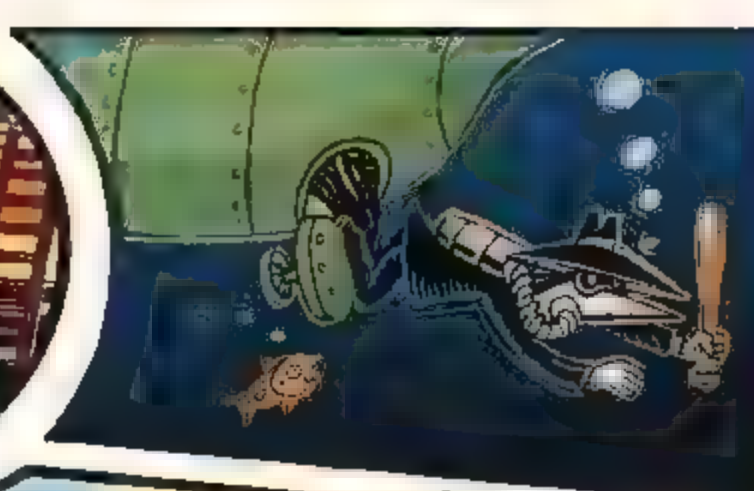
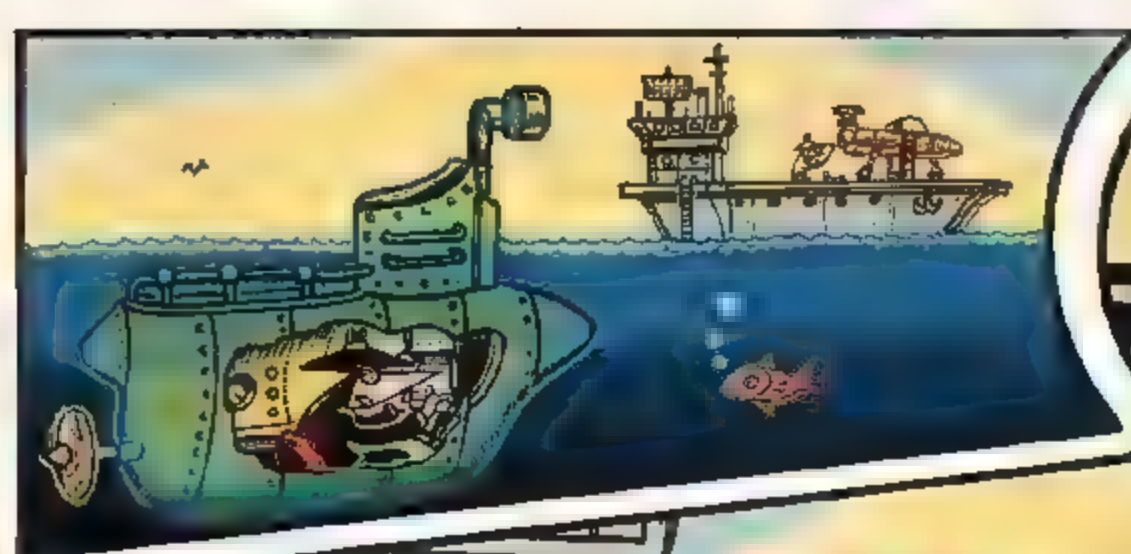
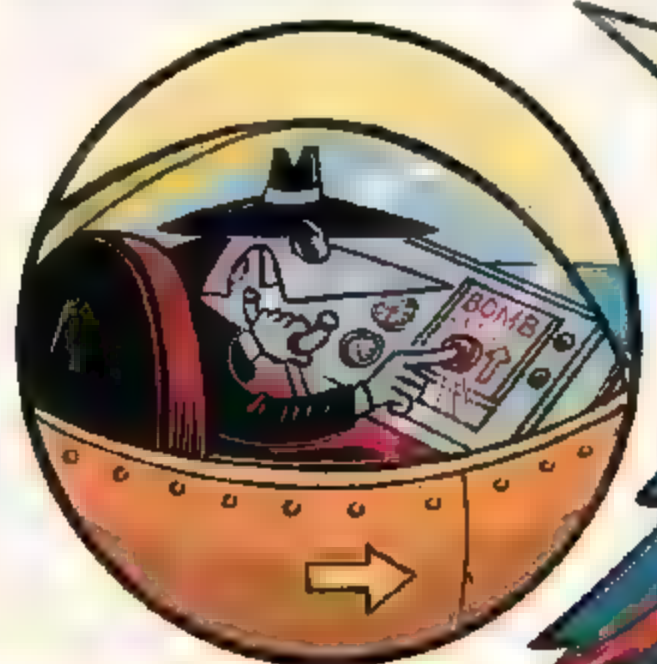
by Peter Kuper
WRITER/ARTIST



How many times did MAD Magazine blow my mind over the years? I tried to count once, but I ran out of fingers. A few notable pieces, however, did pop into my head when the editors of MAD asked me to answer that question.

My earliest MAD memory, after I'd given up breast-feeding (age 10), was an Al Jaffee drawing of a jackal retching. It wasn't the bent-over jackal that did it for me; it was the details. A grown man had

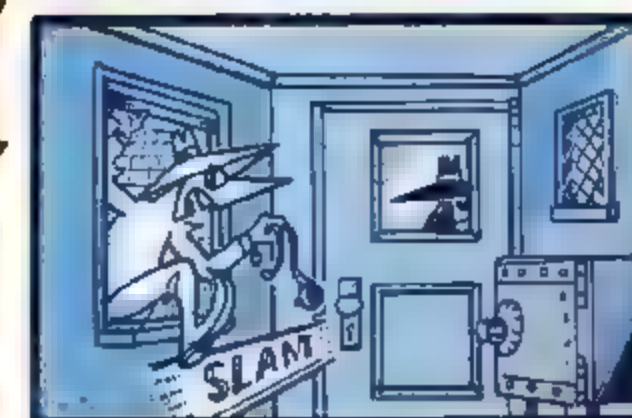
taken the time to add the contents of the jackal's ejected stomach matter: a finger and a chicken bone along with his gacked-out dentures. But wait! In the lower right-hand corner he'd also drawn a little mouse racing away, holding a leaf over his head like an umbrella against the rain of vomit. The notion that there was a job that paid adults to sit around and draw things like this set me firmly on the path to becoming a cartoonist.



WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER

KUPER

SPY VS SPY



The second MAD image I recall blew a very different part of my mind. This one was a back-cover painting of an American soldier marching in a Vietnam vets' homecoming parade. Not that that was unusual in the 1970's — but this soldier was carrying a giant heroin-filled syringe with a look of mind-numbed horror on his shell-shocked face.

Wait a minute. Wasn't this supposed to be a humor magazine? Did I accidentally pick up Newsweek? No — it had to be some kind of printing mistake. When I flipped inside, I was relieved to find a hilarious Don Martin cartoon and a spread by Sergio Aragonés on...protest demonstrations? Had the world gone crazy,

er, MAD? The answer was yes and yes. This collision of humor and politics, which MAD perfectly captured, forever altered the worldview of millions, and the direction my own cartooning would take.

And speaking of shameless segues into my own work: my entry onto the pages of MAD came thanks to a Spanish-speaking Cuban named Antonio Prohias. Little did I realize as a child, attempting to decipher the lunatic struggles of Prohias' Cold War-inspired Black and White Spies, that one day I would find myself stepping into his pointy shoes. Thanks to Prohias' elaborate Spy vs. Spy rulebook, he handed me endless ways to literally blow their minds and, hopefully, along the way, yours. Figuratively, of course.

THE PET PEDDLER

**YOUR ONE-STOP SOURCE FOR ADOPTING THE ANIMALS
OTHER PEOPLE EVENTUALLY GOT SICK OF**



IRISH SETTER, 23 No need to care for him 24/7, since he tends to wander off for days at a time. Not much of a "pet," really. Answers to the name of "Get your butt off the couch, you worthless mongrel." 555-4567



POT-BELLIED PYTHON, 6 We don't know what sort of pet is in his stomach, but we will throw it in for free! 555-6294.



JACK RUSSELL TERRIER, 5 Can do an amazing assortment of tricks: fetch ball, roll over, make Statue of Liberty disappear, etc. 555-0033

LORIKEET, WAS 15 Excellent taxi-dermy job. Makes no mess, doesn't squawk at night. Great for recreating that Monty Python "Pet Shop" skit with your geek friends. 555-8008



HELPER CHIMP, 8 Has served the disabled for five years. Can prepare meals and operate a standard VCR (though, unfortunately, has great love for Steven Seagal films). Dabbles in playwriting, currently working on Shakespearean tragedy with 999 other chimp collaborators. 1-800-555-9008



FREE-RANGE LAWN FLAMINGO Sturdy aluminum, has had all shots and been spayed. Free to good home. 555-0011



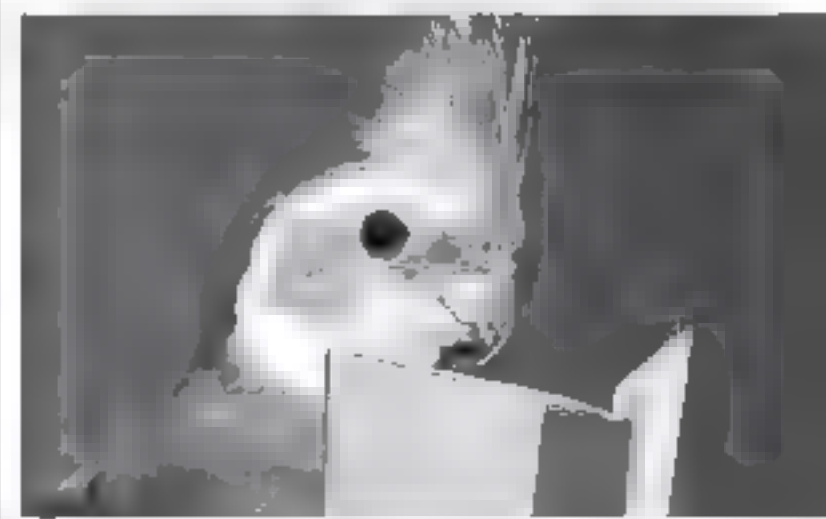
FORMER LAB RAT, 2 Has five different types of lesions. Loves NutriSweet, aspartame, MSG. Must have special medical procedures each week. 555-6954



RODEO BRONCO, 3 So your whining little daughter wants a pony, does she? She'll shut up real quick after a ride on Ol' Rowdy! 1-853-555-8000



SHEEPDOG, 5 Loving and diligent. Favorite foods include mutton and lamb chops. 555-0345



COCKATIEL, 7 Highly intelligent, approx. 10,000 word vocab. Stubby can't actually speak any of the words, but he does know them. Trust me. 555-4381

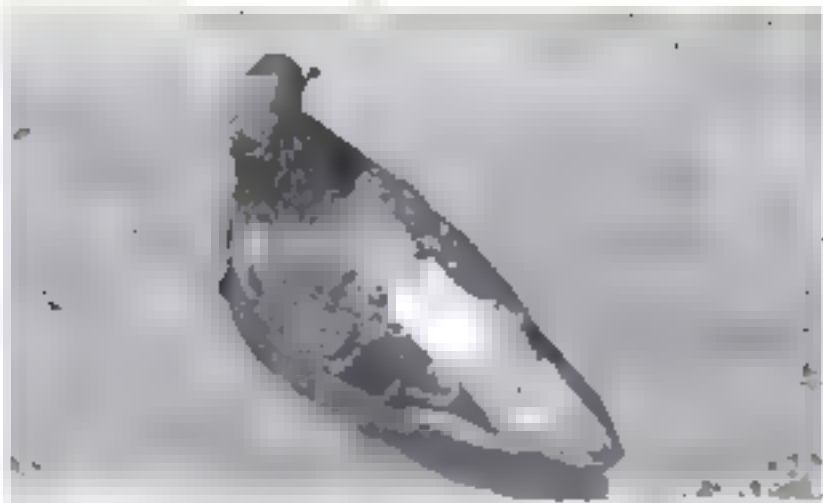
ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

by Jeff Kruse
WRITER

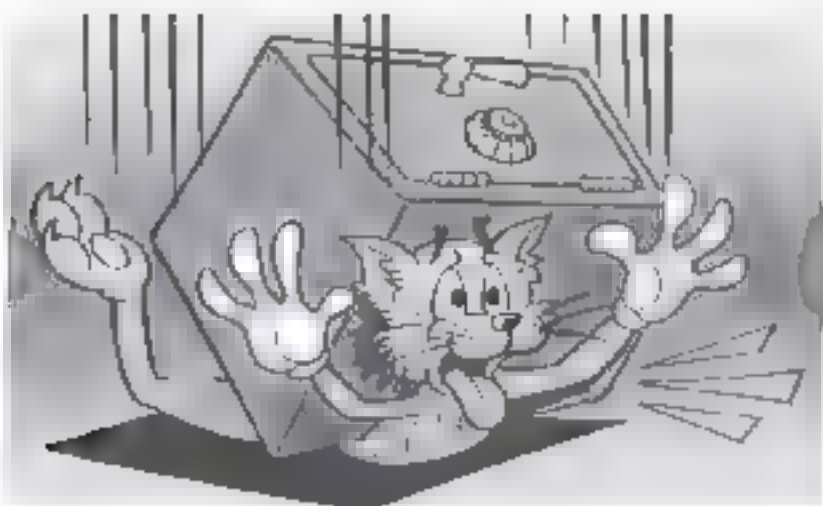


Like most people, I've always hated TV ads, and my favorite MAD piece was "Advertising Makes You Wonder..." in issue #218. Sadly, I didn't write that one, so I'll focus on one that I did.

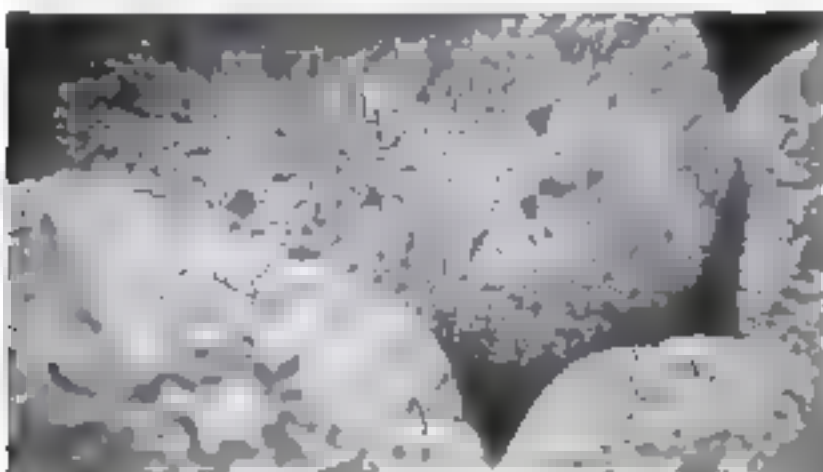
For several years, I'd had a cockatiel, Stubby, who was able to whistle a few tunes, but never spoke a word. One day a weird thought occurred to me: maybe he knows words, but just doesn't feel like talking. That's when I got the idea to do an article of



PIGEON, 3-6ish Tri-colored (light gray, gray, and dark gray). Millions more where he came from, like in your backyard. That's not my problem...getting rid of this one is! (555) 800-9000



CARTOON CAT, 5 Can withstand dynamite, falling pianos and being pushed off cliffs. 1-500-555-1867 (Ask for Hanna or Barbers.)



SPONGE, 23 Bright red, a colorful addition to any aquarium. Also handy for wiping up minor spills. 555-0033



RHINO, 10 Toilet-trained, reasonably housebroken. Horn is artificial, because he lost the real one in a boating accident. 555-5798



UNTAMED PIT BULL, 5 Named "Flufikins." Loves people, especially when they're smothered in ketchup. 555-0065

HALF-PARROT/HALF-VULTURE, 4 Affectionate, talks a lot, mostly about death. 555-2301

SMALL, YAPPING ANIMAL, 4 Yorkshire terrier, maybe ferret, or possibly a lemur. Very cute and loving, whatever it is. 555-6700



SEEING EYE GREYHOUND, 7 Perfect for the blind sprinter. 555-1800

URBAN LEGEND PET SHOP

COME IN FOR OUR OCTOBER SALE ON HARD-TO-FIND ANIMALS!

- Alligators found in sewers
- Rats thought at first to be Chihuahuas
- Pythons that came out of toilet bowls
- Jackalopes
- Spiders from beehive hairdos
- Poodles put in microwaves to dry off
- Cobras found in Persian rugs
- Gerbils of the stars...well, you know
- Cat who sucks the breath out of babies
- Doberman who choked on the hand of a burglar
- Earwig who entered person's ear and bored hole into brain

LOCATED AT THE CORNER OF SHERGOLD & HOOKHAND

MAD #411/NOVEMBER 2001

pet classified ads. I started with the real-life bird and added a bunch of fictional pets, hoping MAD would see fit to give Stubby his chance at the big time.

They did, and "The Pet Peddler" appeared in issue #411, which MAD fans will remember for its poignant post-9/11 cover. Scott Bricher did an amazing job of drawing all the animals, including one of a certain intelligent nine-year-old cockatiel reading a book. I don't need to tell you that Stubby never even said thank you.

THE MEASURES OF TIARA MADRES DEPT.

Most parents agree that childhood is a time of wonderment, full of silliness and carefree fun. And those parents are idiots — because they'll NEVER raise a beauty pageant champion with that kind of loosey-goosey, half-assed approach! Children need discipline, an appreciation for superficial beauty and sequins, sequins, sequins! Thank heavens there are SOME moms out there who actually know what they're doing! Not sure if you're on the winning team? Allow us to explain...

You're a Great Pageant Mom if...

WRITER AND ARTIST: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



MAD #518/DECEMBER 2012

by Doug Thomson
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR



I love Teresa Burns Parkhurst's depraved sense of humor, especially evident in her vast appreciation of white trash culture. She has an uncanny ability to tap into a bologna-eating, cigarette-smoking, hairspray-inhaling lifestyle of which I cannot get enough. I've designed over a dozen articles that Teresa has written and illustrated. From filthy roommates, to nutty hypochondriacs, to the horrors of fast food — we've covered a lot of hideous territory together. One of my favorites, this article about pageant moms, occurred at the height of my fascination with Honey Boo Boo. So I was very excited to explore this tacky

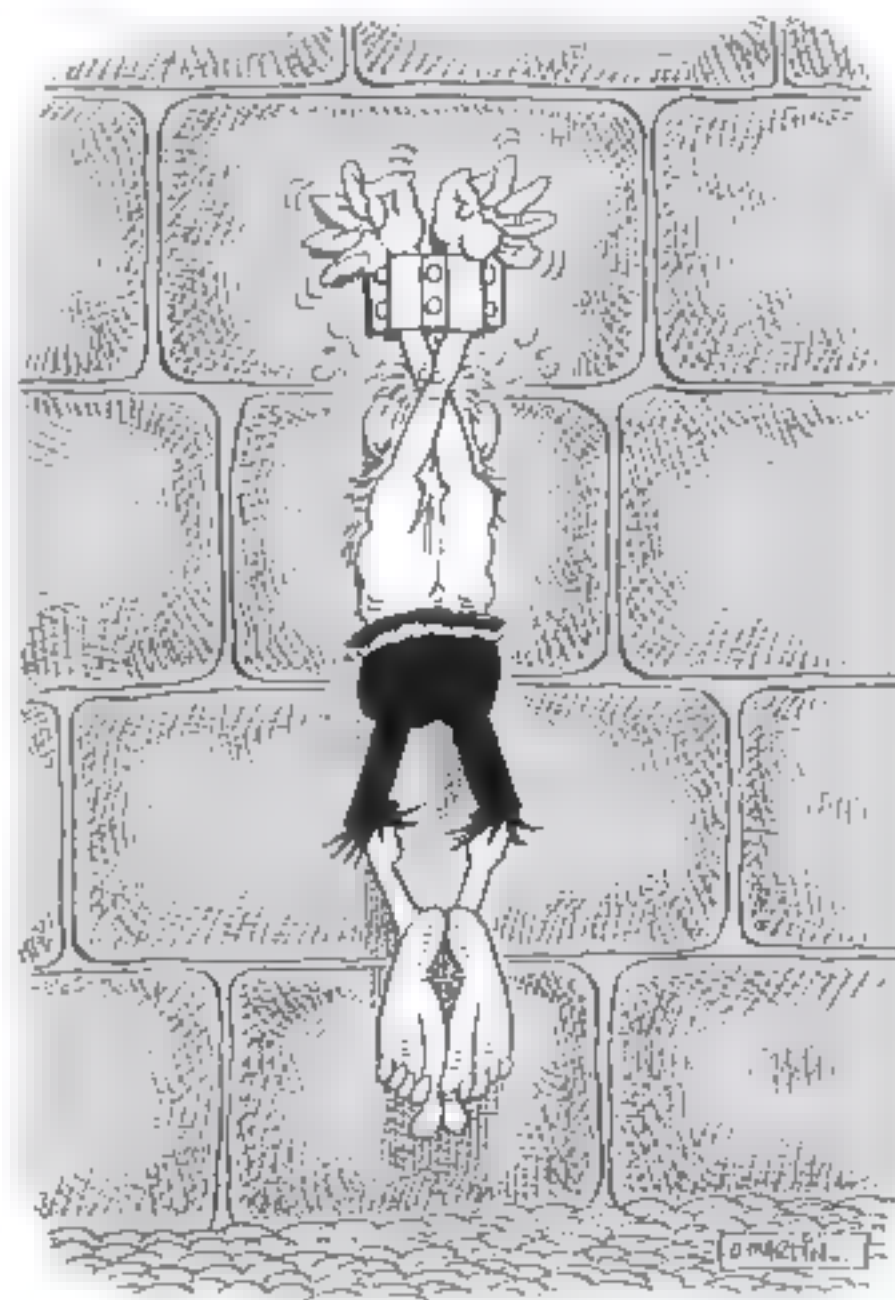
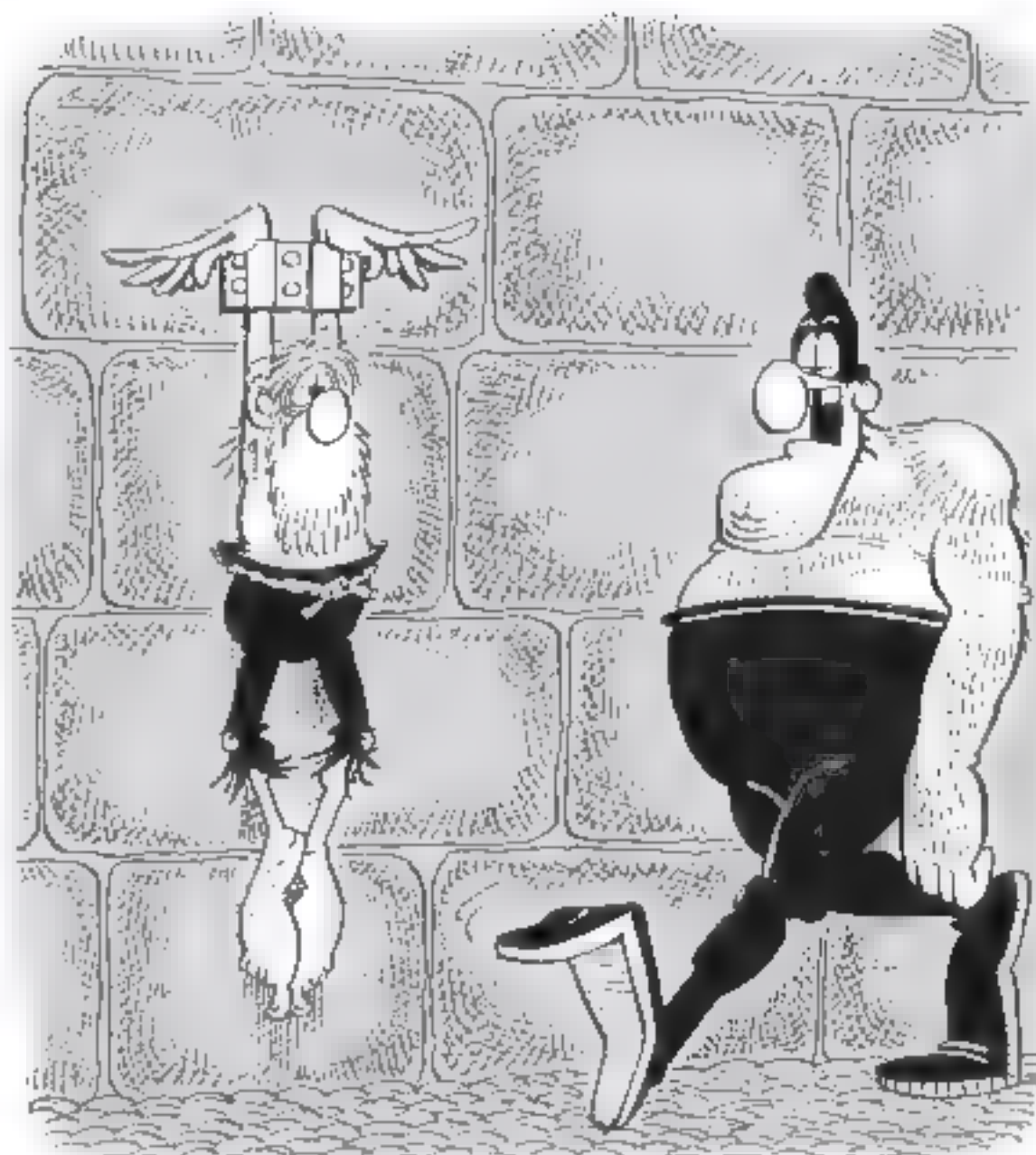
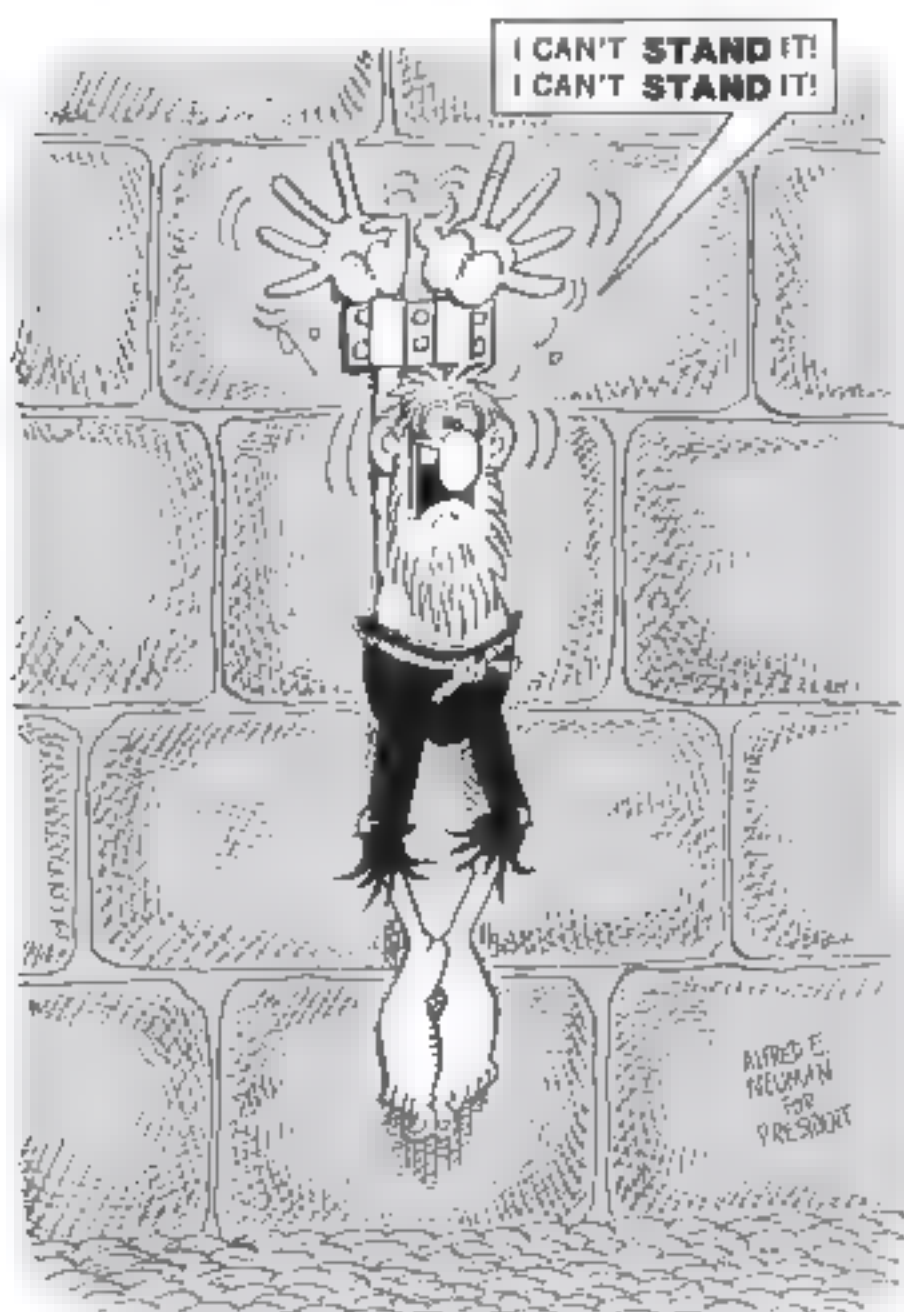
terrain with my favorite MAD contributor. She did not disappoint.

The "Little Miss Twinkling Universe" pageant is awash with terrible mothers and revolting children. It is an awesome display. But my favorite element of the article is a special request that I made of the artist. Obsessed with another reality show at the time about conjoined twins, I suggested Teresa include a similar contestant. She gladly (and weirdly) obliged; she even gave them two straws in their shared bottle of soda. Such attention to detail!

A rare female voice at MAD, Teresa is expertly skilled at skewering the ordinary. She is perceptive, witty, strange, and incredibly talented. I'm looking forward to collaborating with her on many, many more articles. I can't wait to see what sick and shrewd observations she has yet to make.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE FINE DAY IN THE MIDDLE AGES



MAD #217/SEPTEMBER 1986

by Christopher Baldwin
WRITER/ARTIST



his strip. I remember reading this strip. The utter horror of it, and yet I am still laughing.

20 years of hanging from wall-mounted manacles — not only can you feel the discomfort, but the prisoner's pathetic plea of simply wanting a change of scenery...it was all so heartbreaking.

I'll never know if the prison guard was being malicious or just

simpleminded, but seeing the twisted back muscles in the final panel — and knowing that for the next 20 years the prisoner would see nothing but the wall — left me in peals of laughter.

As a writer of comedy, I will never be fully comfortable with the human tendency to laugh at cruelty. I can only imagine it's a MAD part inside of us, a crazy, babbling mantra: "Thank goodness it's not me, thank goodness it's not me."

Ice-T



MAD was my favorite mag growing up! “Spy vs Spy,” Don Martin, all that. I need a new subscription!

I started reading MAD in junior high. I don’t really know how I got turned on to MAD back in the day, but I got turned on by “Spy vs. Spy” and Don Martin’s cool sight-comedy, and those little drawings in the margins without any words. It all just looked so cool. I was into Alfred E. Neuman on the cover and the “What, me worry?” stuff. MAD’s artwork was always incredible, with so much stuff going on. I would go on my own to the corner store or the comics store to get it, and I’d always do the back page Fold-In before I left.

MAD Magazine has a kind of dark humor, which triggered my imagination in a way that straightforward comedy satire like *Saturday Night Live* and *MAD TV* didn’t do. The way MAD would satirize politics opened my eyes. It still catches my eye, too, whenever I pass an airport newsstand.

FRYING WOLF ONCE TOO OFTEN DEPT.

I'm Richard Belzer! I was a famous stand-up comic. Now I'm an actor on this series!

I'm Ice-T! I was a famous rapper. Now I'm an actor on this series!

I'm Mariska Hargitay! My mom was the famous film starlet, Jayne Mansfield, now I'm an actor on this series!

I'm Christopher Meloni and he's Dann Florek! We weren't famous. We're just solid, dependable actors!

We're like "freaks" on this show!

LEWD & DISORDER

IT'S P.U.

I'm Captain Croak-em! I head an elite Special Victims Unit that investigates and prosecutes sexually oriented crimes—gruesome sex, gang rape, bizarre ritual killings! On any given day we deal with more twisted weirdoes than Howard Stern's call screener!

Everything that's too gross for the gang at *Lewd & Disorder* or too repulsive for the boys at *Lewd & Disorder: Criminal Malcontent* they toss in our direction! Battered women, child molestation, father-daughter sex. Critics say this is the toughest watch on TV. With the exception, of course, of Ian Ziering swiveling his way through *Dancing With The Stars*!

All this horror and perversion is taking a toll on our personal lives! Many women have pretty flowers at home. I have a bouquet made up of yellow crime scene tape! If a waiter offers me "battered fish," I cuff him and read him his rights! Before I have sex with a guy, I dust him for prints! God, I need a life!

I hate pedophiles! I won't be happy until every sicko-pervert in New York City is behind bars! Actually, I won't be happy then, either. I don't "do" happy! Each week I seem to be spiraling into a deeper depression! If you own the *Lewd & Disorder: It's P.U.* DVD set, check out the outtakes from season three, episode 6. I think I actually broke a smile in that one. Hang on to it. It's a collectors item! Still, every prime-time drama needs a hunk and I'm the designated hunk on this show. Okay, so I'm not exactly Dr. McSteamy on *Grey's Anatomy* or Matthew Fox on *Lost*, but, in the world of detectives, I kick the @\$% out of, say, Monk!

I'm Dr. Hung, the forensic psychiatrist and staff shrink! My job is analyzing the creeps and filth that populate New York City! More horrors than a human being should tolerate—sodomy, child abuse, school shootings! But the worst ever was last night, I had to sit through a Knicks game! The horror! The horror! Give me a break, man!

I'm here to report a missing person!

Who's that?

Me!

But you're the Assistant DAI!

Right. My career is missing! For years the first half hour of the show was the Law and the second half was the courtroom part. Now my part has been reduced to the line: "Chief, let's go for Murder One!"

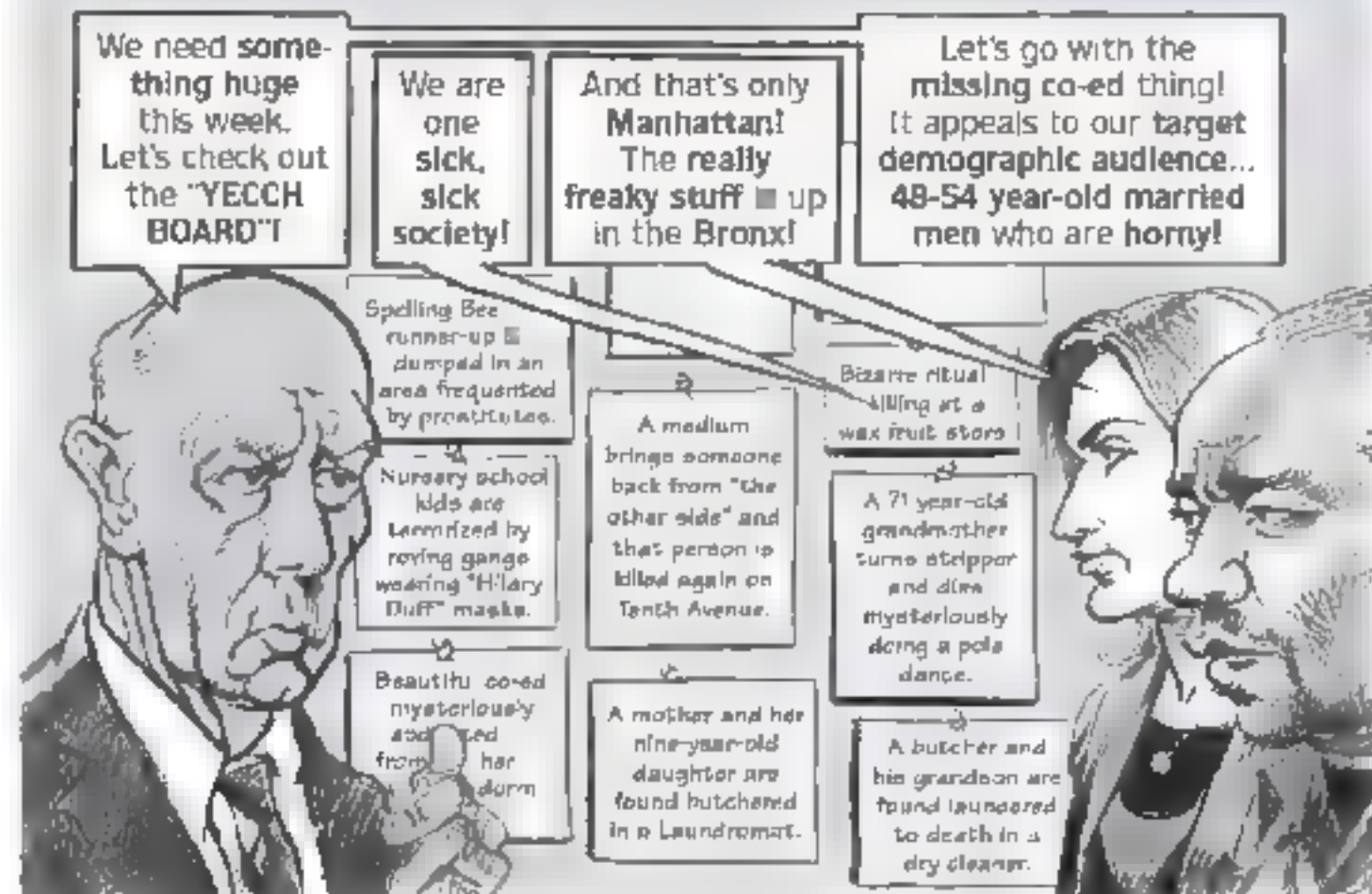
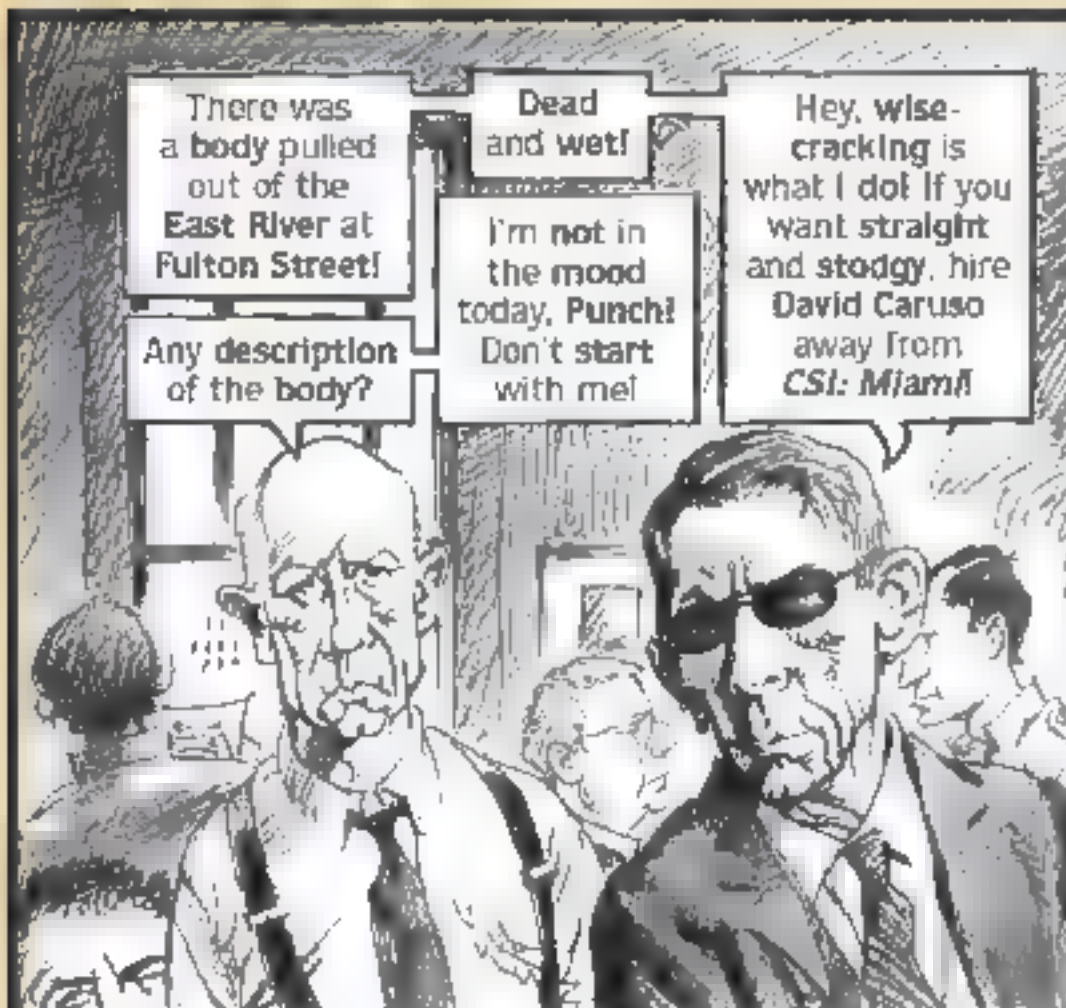
Lady, if you've got a beef about a missing career, take it to *Without A Trace*! They do that sort of thing!

GRRR...

A priest, a horse, and a 12-year-old girl walk into a bar! This is not a joke! This is the beginning of Episode 14!

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER







Mr. Whitaker's not here right now. He's at his club. He's wealthy! Big tipper! But obviously not big enough to stop me from letting you snoop around his apartment illegally!

Check Whitaker's computer! See what he's been up to!

In the past 24 hours he downloaded the *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, *The Wide World of Ping Pong*, A PBS Documentary: *The History of Vacuum Cleaners*, And the Brad Pitt movie, *Seven Years in Tibet*!

I don't know if this guy's the murderer, but one thing is for sure — he's the **dullest** man alive!

148 CENTRAL PARK WEST APARTMENT OF LLOYD WHITAKER
RENT: \$14,000 PER MONTH. PLUS UTILITIES

Mr. Whitaker, can we talk to you?

If it's about a ping pong game, bring it!

No. It's about your daughter, Wanda!

Did you find her? Is she okay?

We were going to ask you that!

You've got the wrong guy! I didn't do it!

May we remind you, Mr. Whitaker, of the saying: "Do the crime. Do the time!"

And let me remind you, detective, of another saying: "If you do cliché, The TV viewers will stray!"

Hmm. I hear the sound of remotes clicking around the country! Let's get out of here!

CORNELL GENTLEMAN'S CLUB, 156 EAST 86TH STREET
RESTRICTED: NO BLACKS, NO JEWS, NO MINORITIES, NO ONE FROM THE BLUE STATES, NO DETECTIVES, NO MAD SPOOFS. (OOOPS, TOO LATE!)

I've been the Whitaker family lawyer for 35 years! How'd you find me?

We Googled you! We typed in these key words: "Beautiful missing coed" + "Stodgy lawyers."

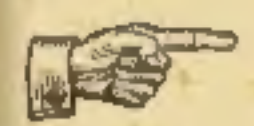
LAW OFFICES OF SKIDMORE, HEWLETT, OWENS, AND McWHEEZY
118 COURT STREET

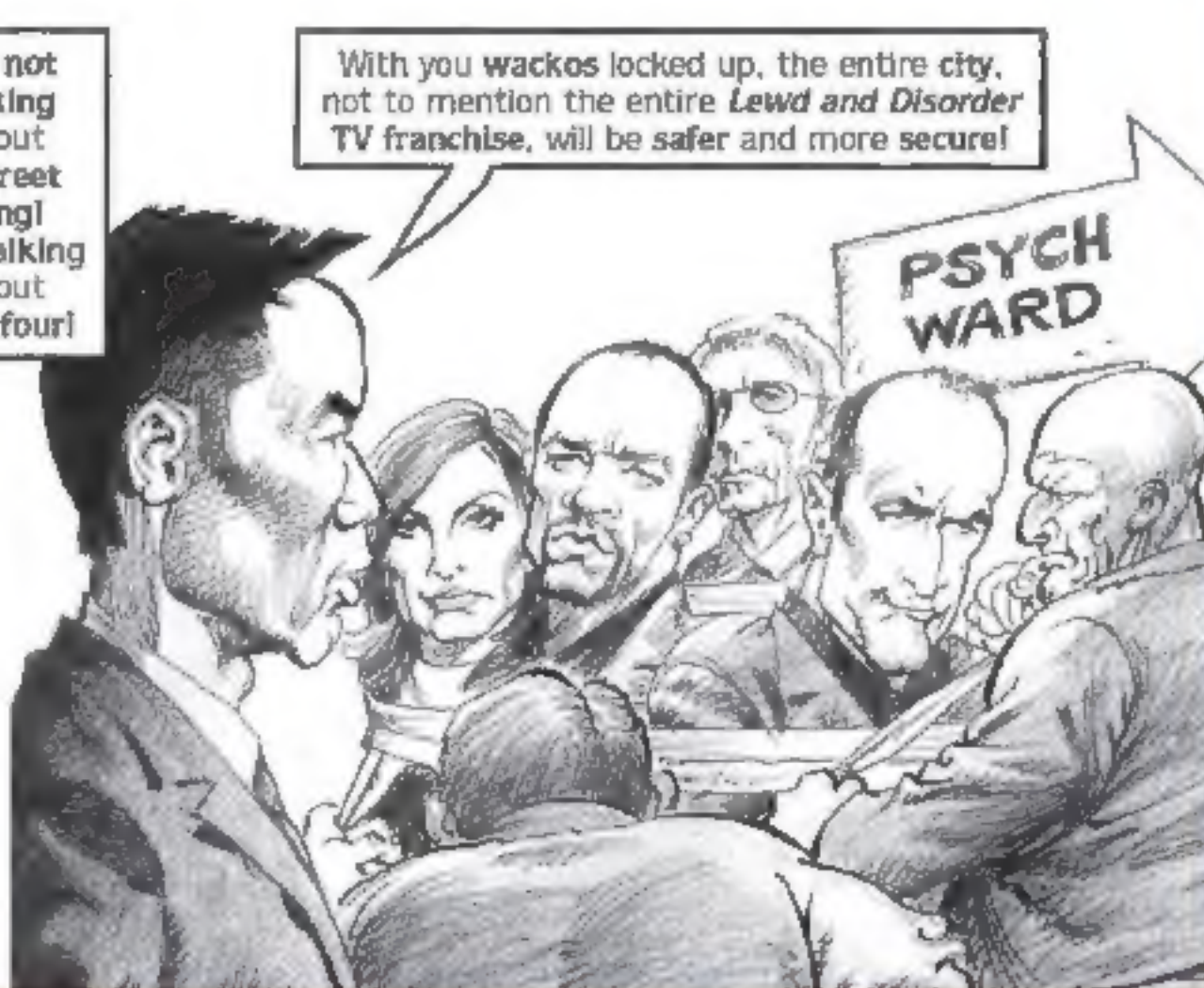
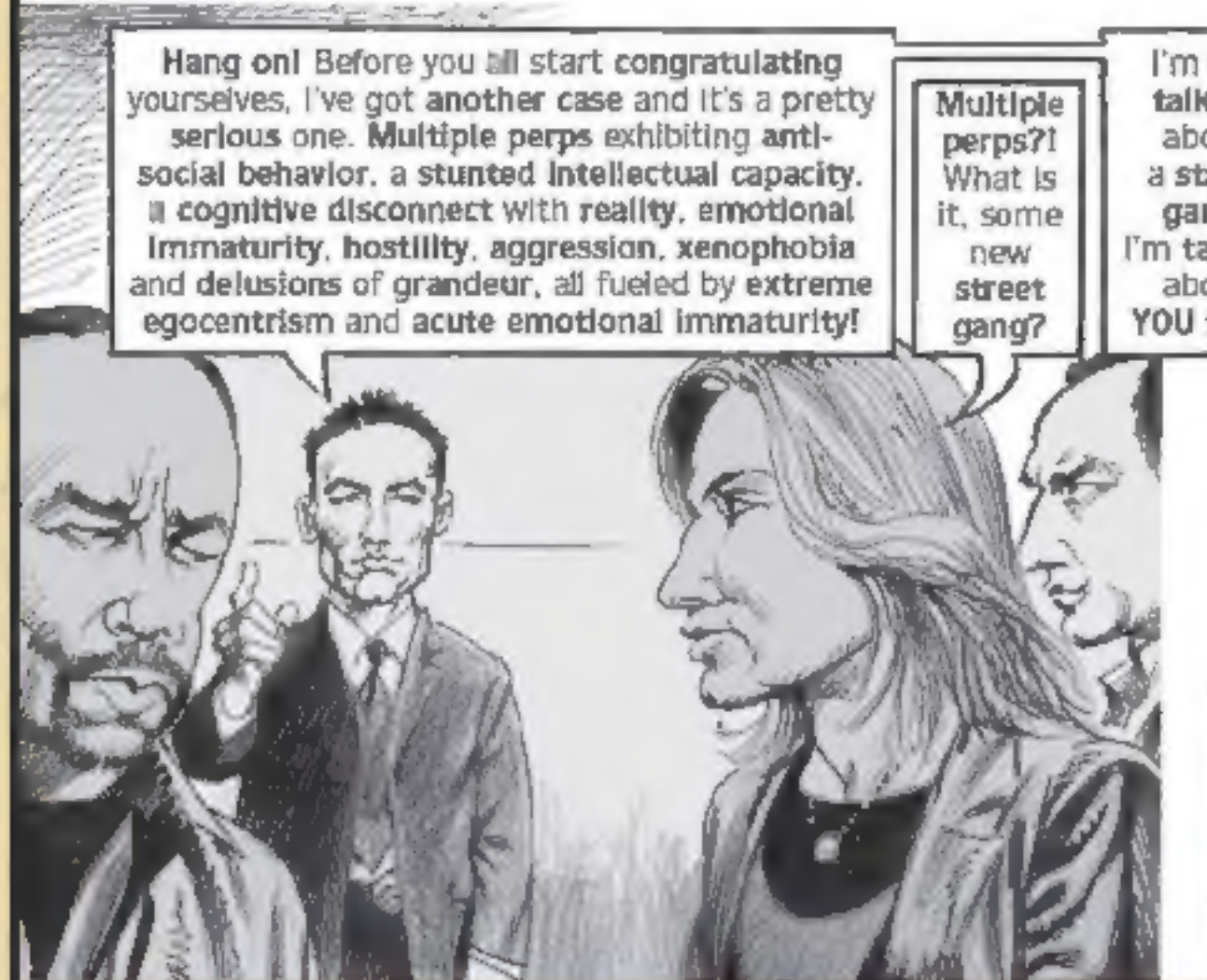
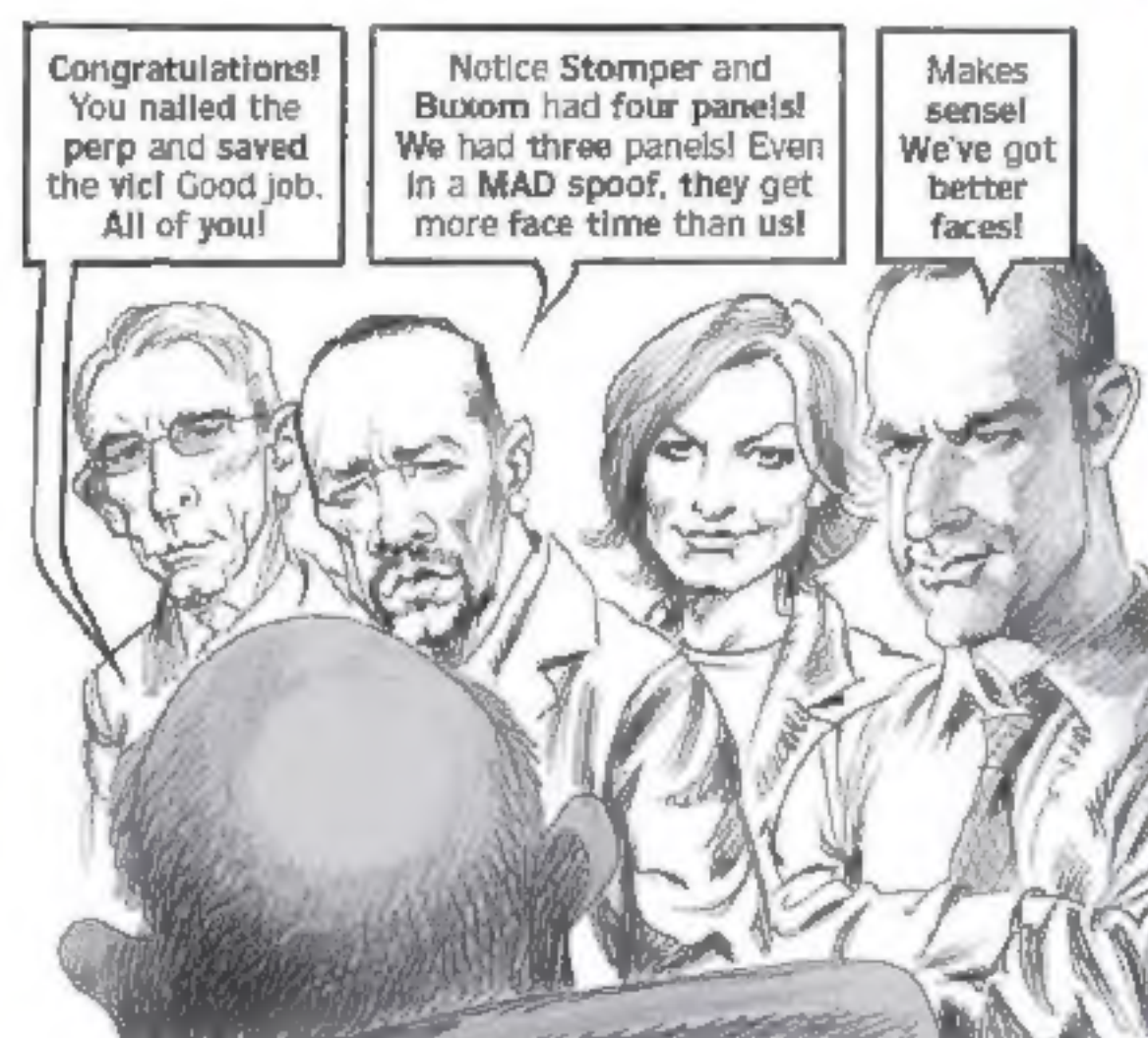
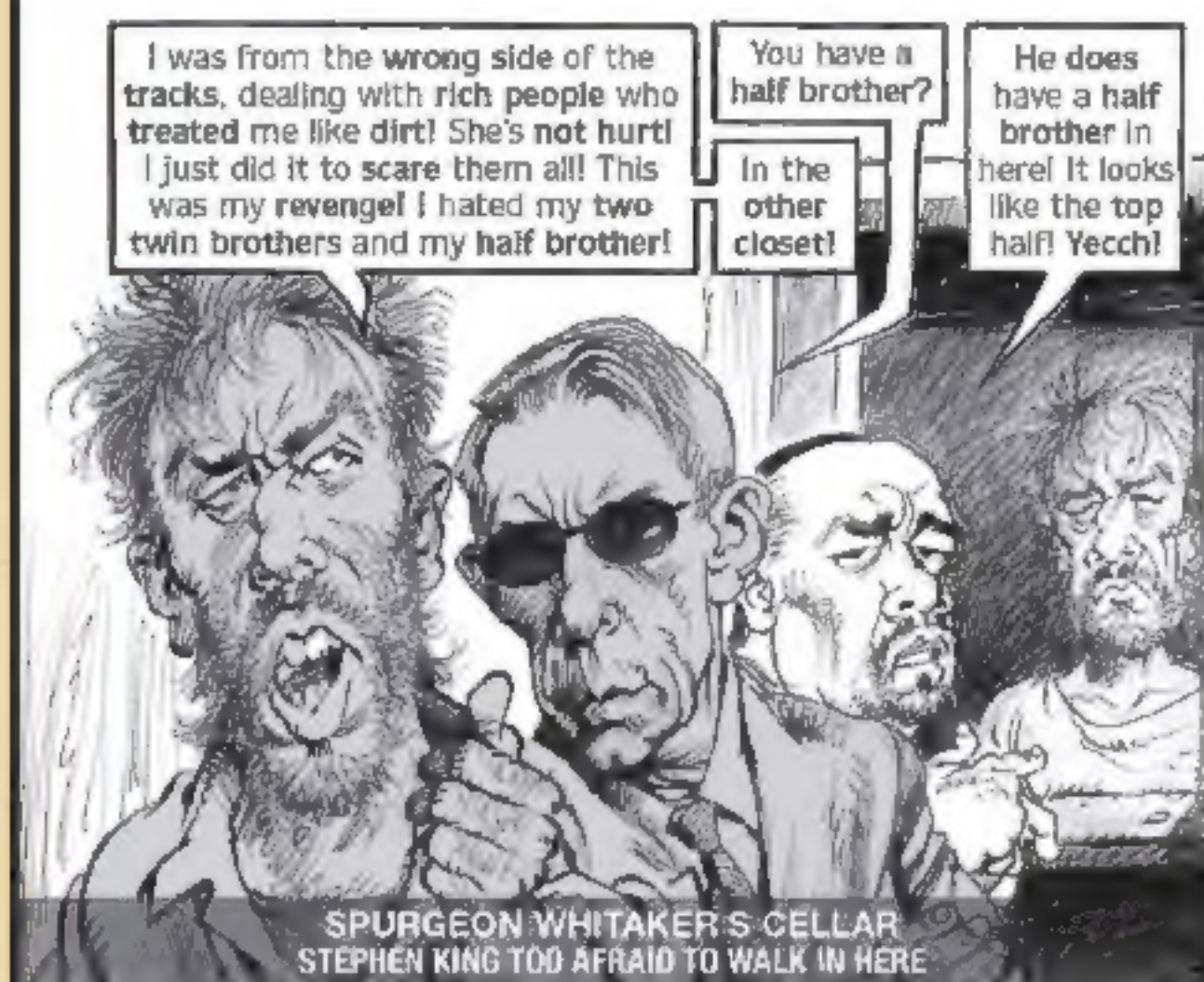
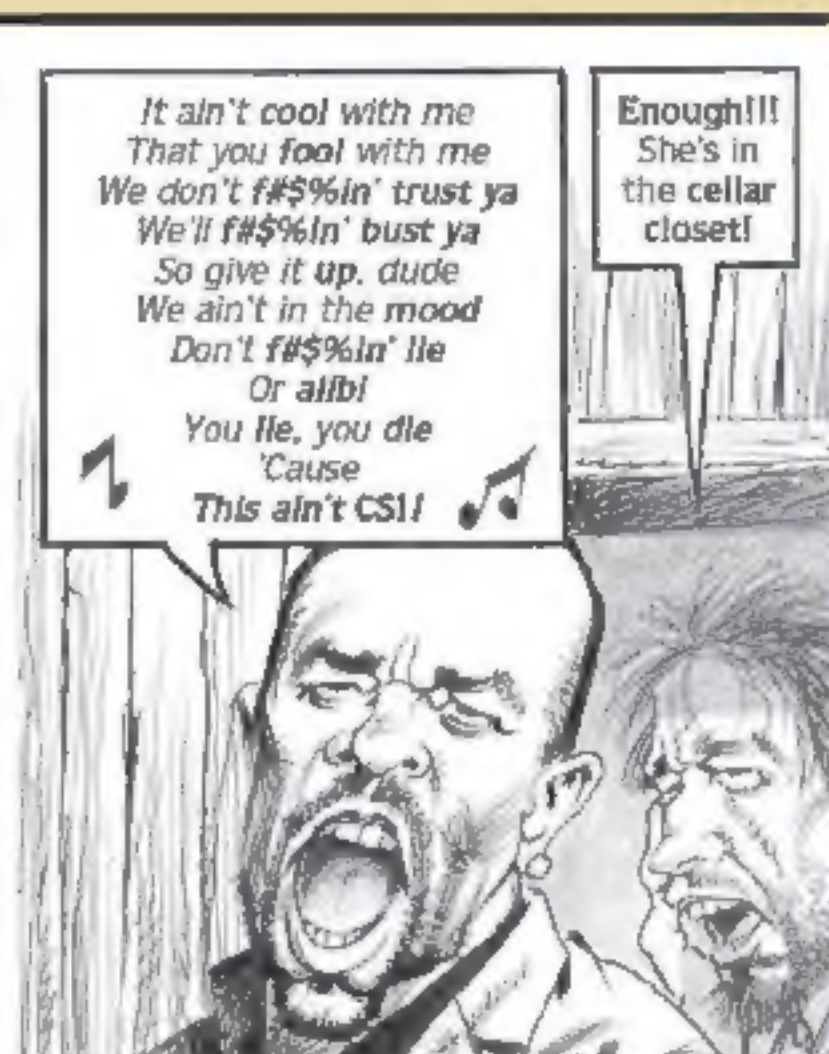
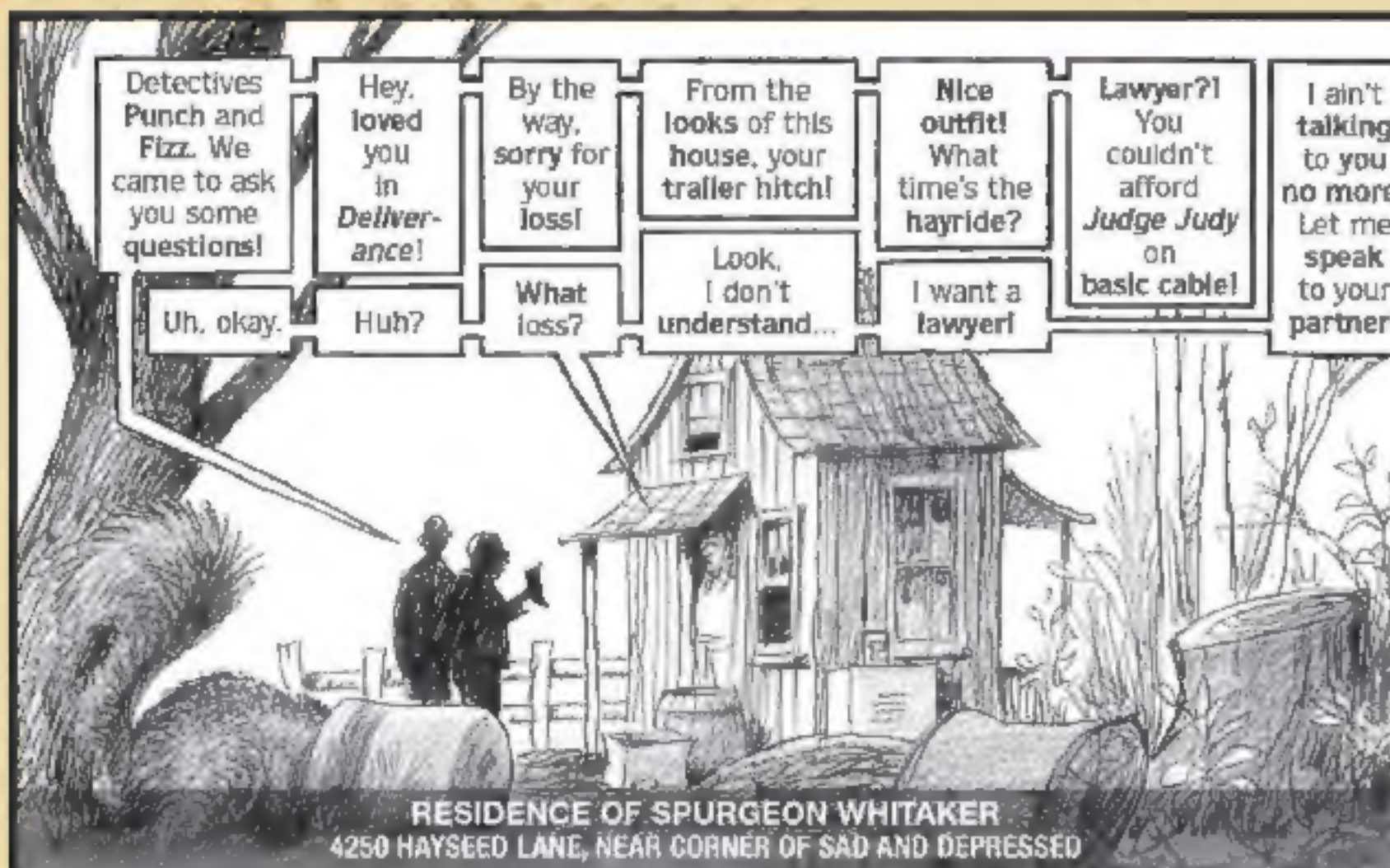
Lloyd is not Wanda Whitaker's real father! Lloyd's brother Spurgeon is Creepy. Ex-convict. Banned from the family years ago. Wasn't fit to be a father! Carries a grudge and, sometimes, a shotgun!

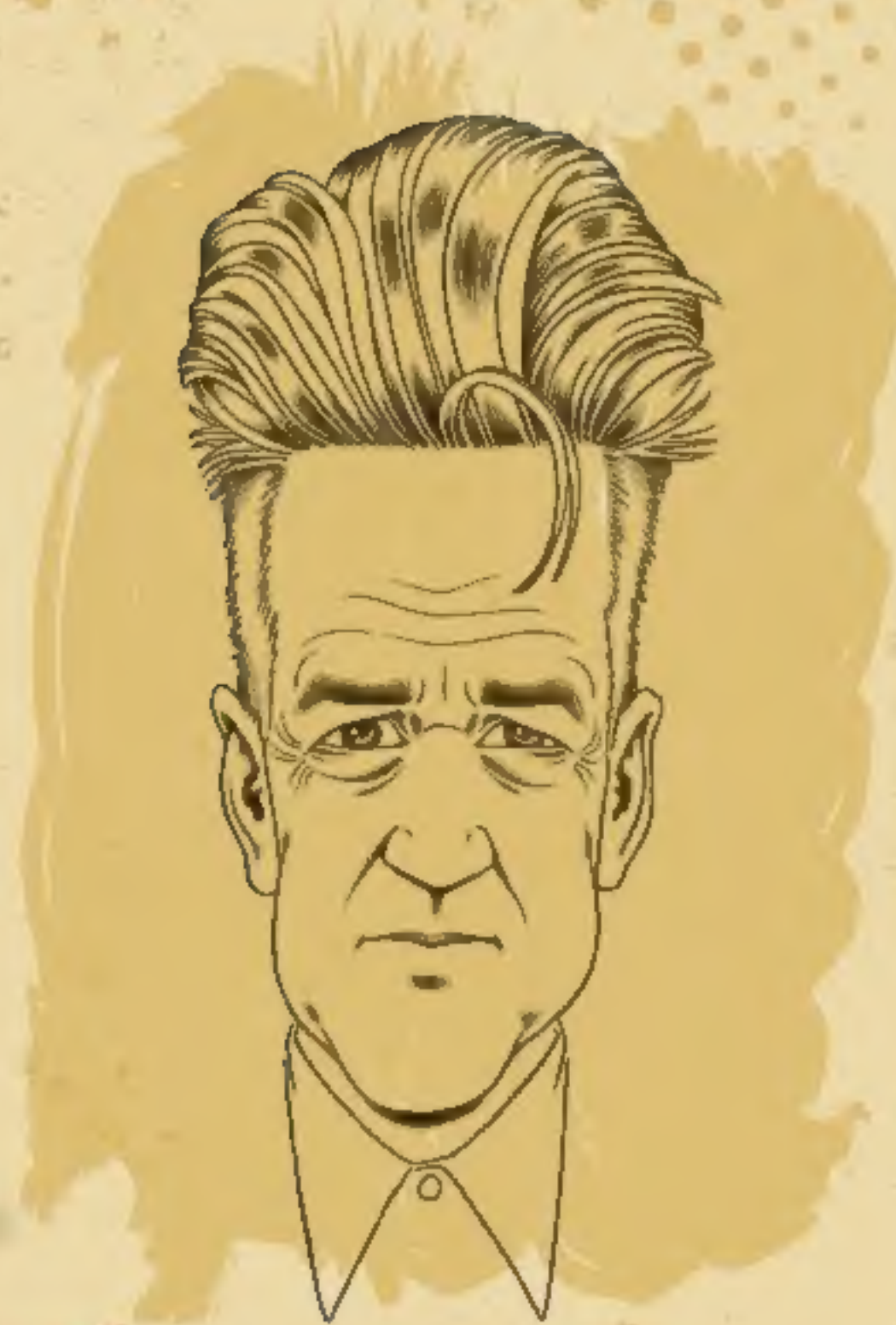
Where can we find him?

I understand he lives way out near Montauk!

The department's not paying us "mileage" anymore! Let Punch and Fizz take this!







David Lynch

*T*he characters in MAD Magazine were like family to me.
I always considered Alfred E. Neuman as a brother.



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER)



WRITER: DON EDWING

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

MAD #103/JUNE 1978